The Saturday Evening
POST
October 3, 1959 — 15¢

RAYMOND BURR, TV'S PERRY MASON

A Novelette by Sean O'Faolain

BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO
OCT 2 '59

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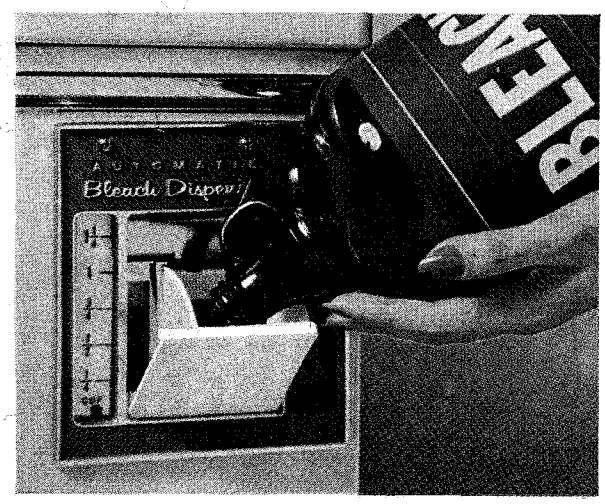
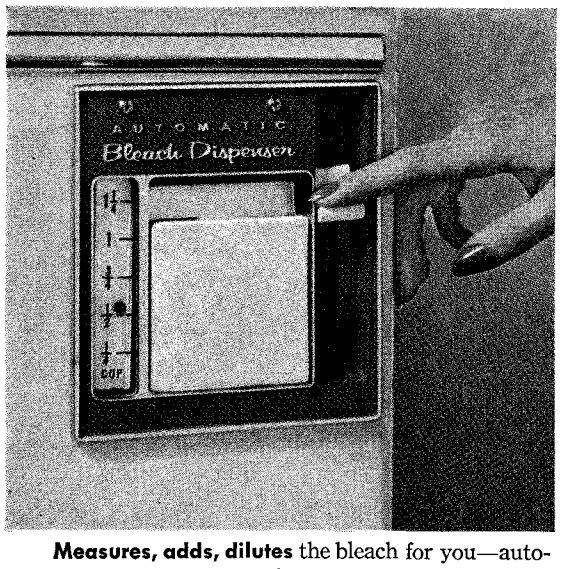
PROBLEM:
to store, measure, dilute and add bleach to your wash water... and avoid risk of bleach damage

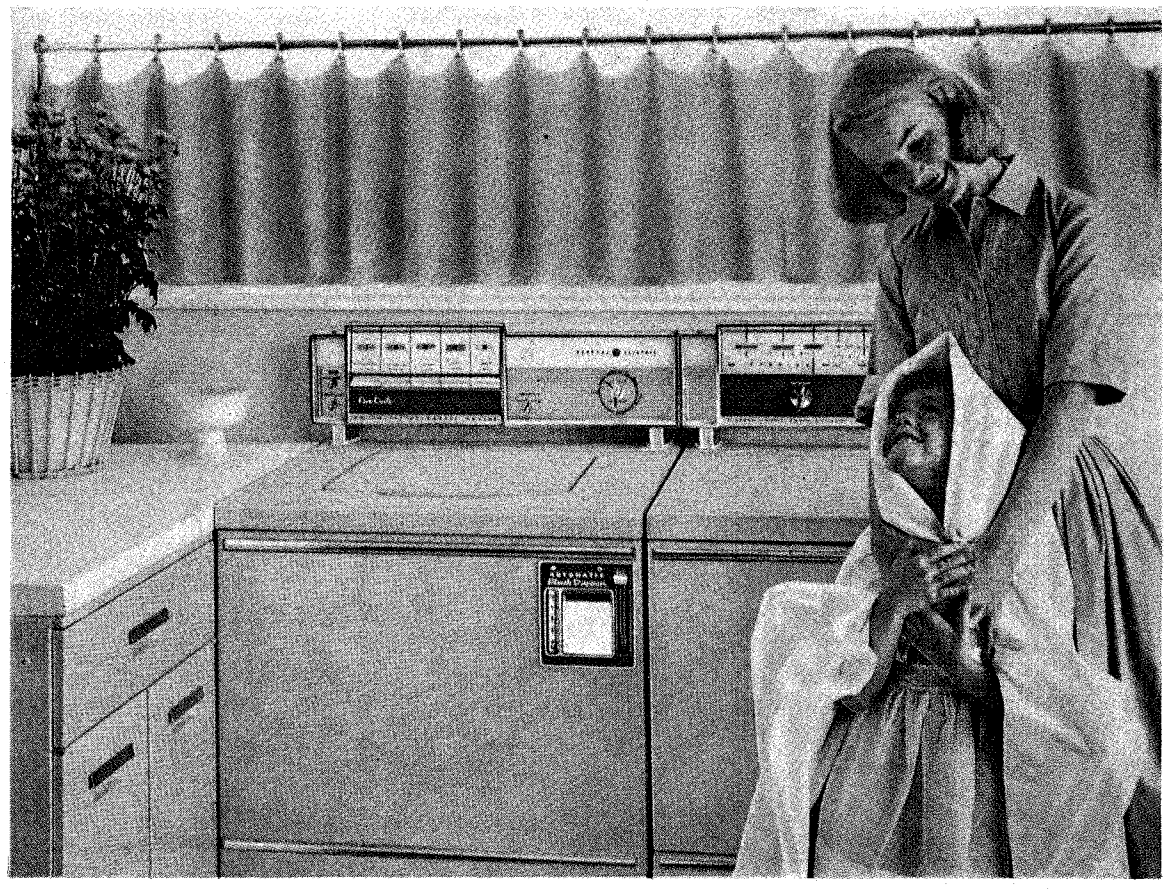
ANSWER: Only the new General Electric Filter-Flo® Washer with Automatic Bleach Dispenser

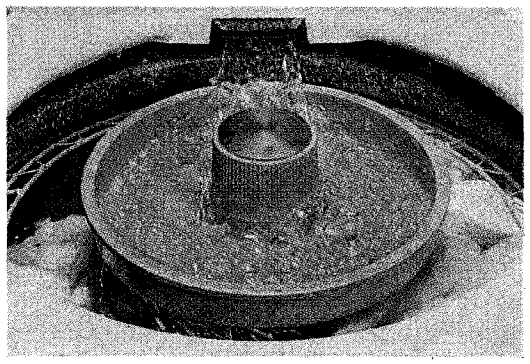


Only the General Electric Washer stores a month's supply of bleach. Just tip the economy-size bottle into the convenient spout; the dispenser stores 3 full quarts. And remember: fill the dispenser only once a month—after that bleaching's automatic.



Measures, adds, dilutes the bleach for you—automatically. Press the fingertip pump to measure the bleach you need for any wash load. Then—even before the bleach is added to the wash water—it is diluted to safe solution. Result: sparkling, spotless, perfectly bleached clothes every time.





No lint fuzz. Lint is caught in the non-clogging moving filter, not on your clothes. Plus: Big 10-pound capacity, Cold Water Wash Key, Rinse Agent Dispenser. Mix-or-Match colors, or white; full General Electric Written Warranty.

5 automatic cycles bring "hand laundry" care to all your washables. Just touch a key, turn a dial to get correct wash and rinse water temperatures, correct wash and spin speeds and times for any washable fabric. Even wrinkle-free treatment for wash 'n wear, special handling for woolens.

Only $3.30 weekly, after a small down payment. See your dealer for his prices and liberal terms. Ask to see the matching high speed dryer, too. Most models available in Canada. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

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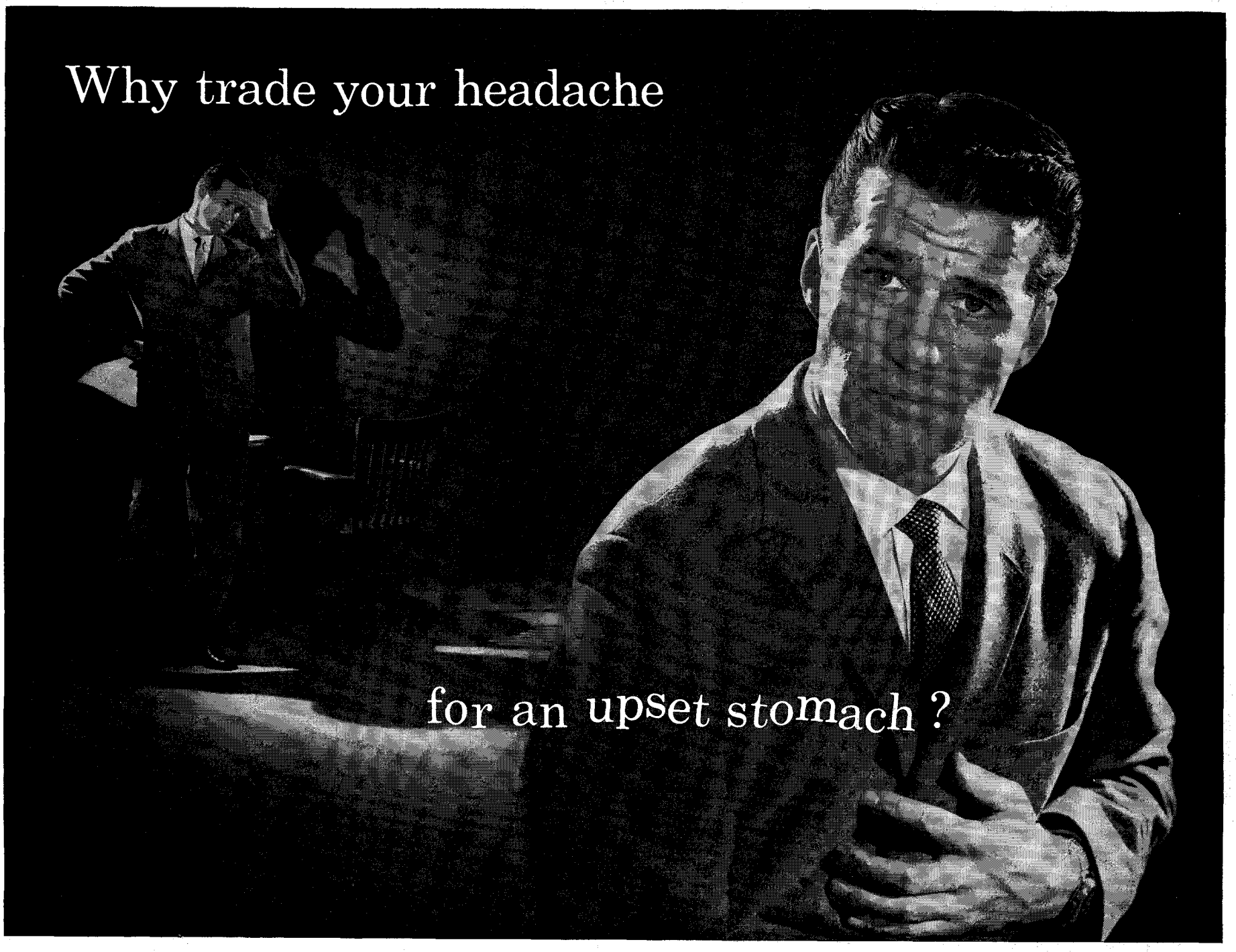
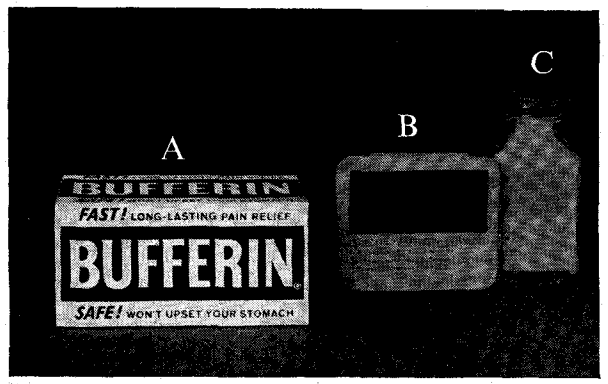
Why trade your headache



for an upset stomach ?

Bufferin® gives twice-as-fast pain relief without upset stomach!



1 **Aspirin can cause stomach upset!** All 3 leading pain remedies contain aspirin, A) Bufferin, B) the remedy advertised as a "combination of ingredients" and C) plain aspirin. But aspirin alone has one drawback. It's acid, *acetylsalicylic* acid. It can increase stomach acidity, and it can upset your stomach.

2 **Bufferin protects against stomach upset!** *Only* Bufferin adds to its aspirin Di-Alminate*, an exclusive combination of special anti-acids that protects against the *aspirin irritation* so often associated with the other two leading brands of pain relievers. And Bufferin contains no nerve-jangling, sleep-disturbing caffeine.

3 **Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin** for millions, even faster for many others. That's because Bufferin gets its pain reliever into the blood stream, where it must go to relieve pain, with *incredible speed*. For headaches, muscular aches and pains, neuralgia and painful cold misery take Bufferin.

*Bristol-Myers' Registered Trade Mark for aluminum glycinate and magnesium carbonate.

Another fine product of Bristol

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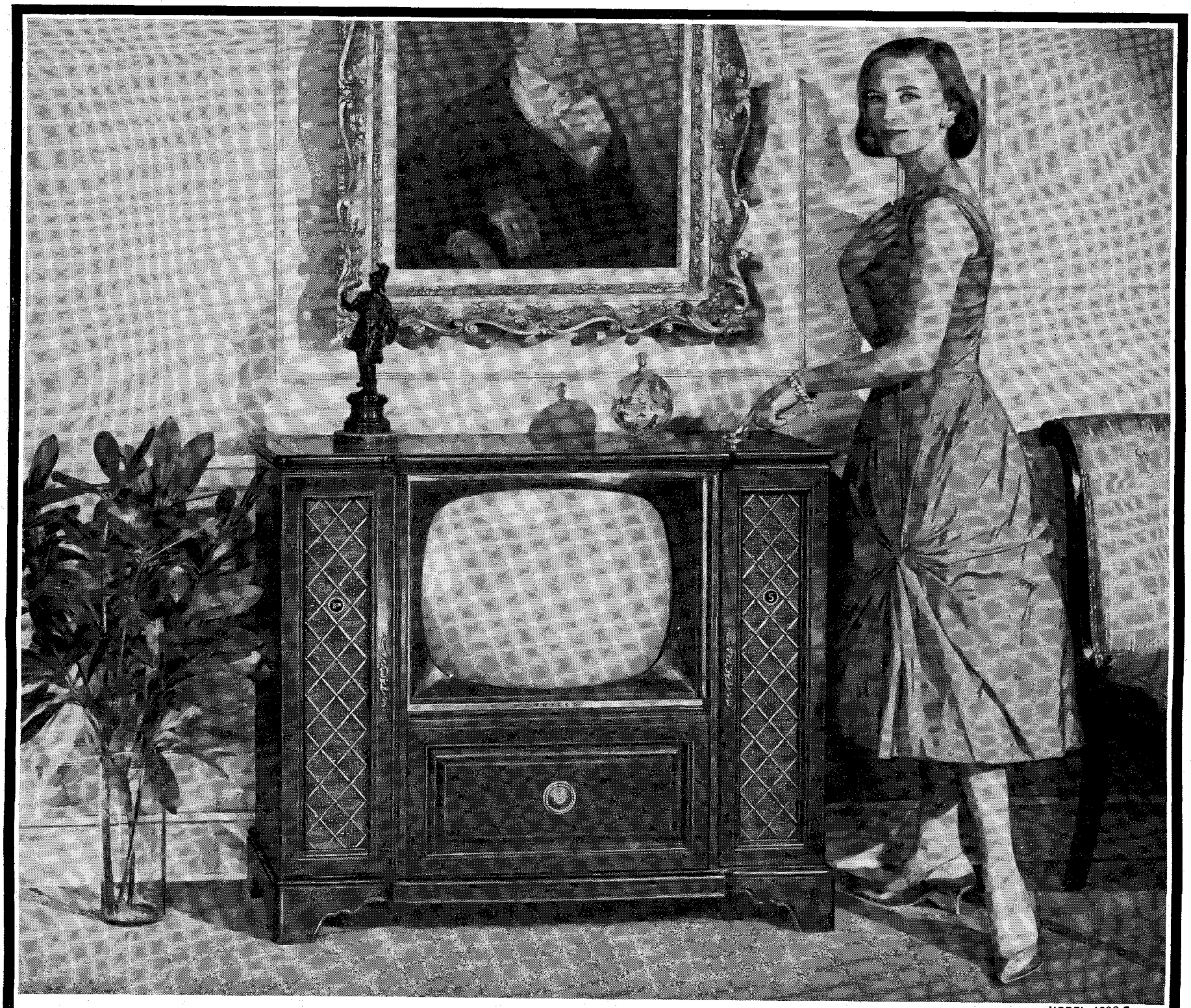

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Superb Console Craftsmanship

FROM THE PHILCO **MASTERCRAFT** COLLECTION

The Rittenhouse captures the spirit of the Mastercraft Collection. It's a breakfront style with panel front and inlaid top. Details are hand-finished and the solid mahogany cabinet* is hand-rubbed to a warm glow. The carved frame has been set off by antique English finish grilles and antique bronze door pulls.

Rittenhouse styling is matched by its superb performance. Ten new advancements in Philco's transformer-powered chassis produce a brilliant picture. A new 4-speaker audio power system fills your room with truly balanced sound.

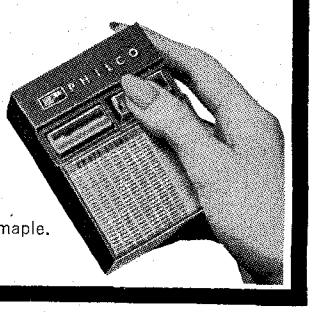
All seven consoles of the Mastercraft Collection combine television's best picture with fine furniture cabinets. Only selected veneers and genuine hardwoods are used in these cabinets. Choose your next television console from the Mastercraft Collection, priced as low as **$359.95** before trade in.

THE NEW AGE OF FURNITURE ELEGANCE
PHILCO Mastercraft COLLECTION
AUTHENTIC CABINET INTERPRETATION IN THE AGE OLD TRADITION OF FINEST FURNITURE HANDCRAFTSMANSHIP

Look for this tag—it's your assurance of a Mastercraft Collection console.

NEW PHILCO **Directa** WIRELESS REMOTE CONTROL

A finger's touch turns set on and off, changes channels, adjusts volume. Just two buttons . . . no wires. No getting up to make any adjustments, Philco Fine Tuning is pre-set for each channel.



Philco Replacement Tubes improve the picture of any make set.

*Also available in provincial maple.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Our treasure-hunt theme shows that happiness can be found in quaint places. Although the young spouse has been groveling in grass-stainy dew and wallowing in a refuse urn, joyfully he cries, "Yay! This your fork, lady?" And Mrs. Spouse echoes his emotion, "Oh, thank heavens to Betsy!" Not only had Mrs. S. been grieving about losing a sterling utensil so soon after their wedding but about how unamused her affluent Aunt Hepsibah, donor of the silver set, would be to learn that already the box has a vacant socket. Sad thought: Will Mrs. S. later discover that an antique salt spoon is also missing? Happy thought: Spouse will swiftly locate it in the trash vessel—he's had practice. Memo to Sniffy, who artist George Hughes says is the next-door neighbor's cat: Scat!

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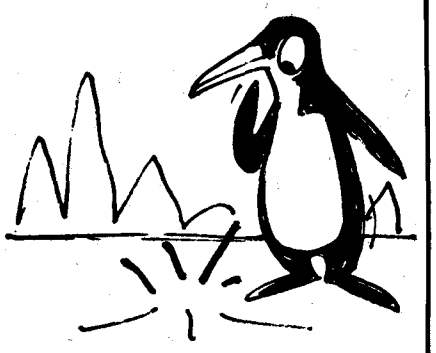

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Letters

By the Grace of God

Dear Sirs:

Thank you very much for the very fine article, PARSONS-COME-LATELY [by Hartzell Spence, Aug. 29]. It was most sympathetically done. . . .

I, too, am a parson-come-lately. Knocked out of college in depression days, I never got back. . . . In 1949 my wife and I both left Caterpillar Tractor Co., and cut our income in half by taking jobs as superintendent and matron of a Lutheran home for the aged in Connecticut. Two years later we went to Liberia as lay missionaries. . . . I entered Northwestern Lutheran Seminary in Minneapolis in 1954 at the age of 45—and believe me, I have never had a rougher three years in all my life. . . . By the grace of God I made it through with a reasonably decent academic average and was ordained into the ministry of the Lutheran Church in May, 1957.

Thanks again, and may God bless you for the fine work you do through your magazine.

REV. ALBERT C. NEUBAUER
Hope Lutheran Church
Klamath Falls, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

Your article . . . neglects the very fine gentleman who commanded my Medium Bombardment Marauder group flying out of Colchester and Great Dunmow, England, during World War II.

Brig. Gen. Lester J. Maitland (of 1927 San Francisco-Honolulu flight fame) . . . took us overseas and helped us win a Presidential Citation for excellence in the bombing of vital targets in occupied France in 1943–44.

1949.

1957.

General Maitland is now The Rev. Lester J. Maitland, rector of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church at Escanaba, Mich. . . . He is a truly great leader of men.

MAJ. C. E. MCKINNEY, USAF (RET.)
Erie, Pa.

● *On Oct. 15, Mr. Maitland will become rector of St. Peter's Church in Red Bluff, Calif.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

Excellent article. . . .

Unfortunately the statement under my picture . . . is incorrect and has certainly been the cause of great consternation in this vicinity. I am still Executive Director of the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies and expect to continue in that capacity. The University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn., conducts a five-week summer graduate school in theology. By commuting weekly between Oak Ridge and Sewanee I was a member of the faculty of this school in the summer of 1956, but this had no effect on my position at Oak Ridge.

WILLIAM G. POLLARD
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

● *We regret that reference to Doctor Pollard as the institute's "former head."* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

After being without a resident clergyman for some time, we were fortunate to have John Keene, his wife and five children come to us in July, 1958. Reverend Keene was ordained in our little church of roughly 100 families in December. He is in his late thirties, and this is his first church.

This year . . . *two* of our vestrymen, both in their thirties, married and with two children each, are leaving us to enter training for the Episcopal ministry.

PHYLLIS M. ROBBINS
Rockland, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Spence took occasion to mention The School of St. Philip Neri for Delayed Vocations. We were, of course, happy to receive this bit of publicity. . . .

We regret only that Mr. Spence did not . . . consult us. . . . He says: "In its first ten years this Jesuit institution aided eighty-four men who now are priests. . ." This is technically true, since 1956 was the tenth anniversary of the school. But in the last three years we have had 100 more graduates ordained to the Sacred Priesthood. . . . We like to think that 100 extra priests working in the Lord's Vineyard make quite a difference.

REV. JAMES F. GEARY, S.J., *Director*
School of St. Philip Neri
Boston, Mass.

Ruinous Wages

Dear Sirs:

The article, HIS BUSINESS IS RUINS, by John Wesley Noble, Aug. 15, attracted my attention. I am a native of Sonora, Mexico. . . .

The minimum wages have been for the past six years about one [U.S.] dollar per day, not one peso (or eight cents) as Mr. Noble states.

HENRIETTA ENRIQUEZ
Los Angeles, Calif.

● *"Bad reporting," Noble admits.* —ED.

Snakes Alive

● *In our Aug. 29 Letters, we reprinted the Joseph Zeis cartoon below, along with a protest from an Illinois reader who insisted that "many kinds of snakes make friendly and interesting pets."* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

A pretty thing's the little snake
In colors, two-tone or mosaic!
But obviously not designed
For being cuddled or confined.
He's better in the woods by far
Than wriggling in a Mason jar.

VIRGINIA BRASIER
San Bernardino, Calif.

(Continued on Page 6)

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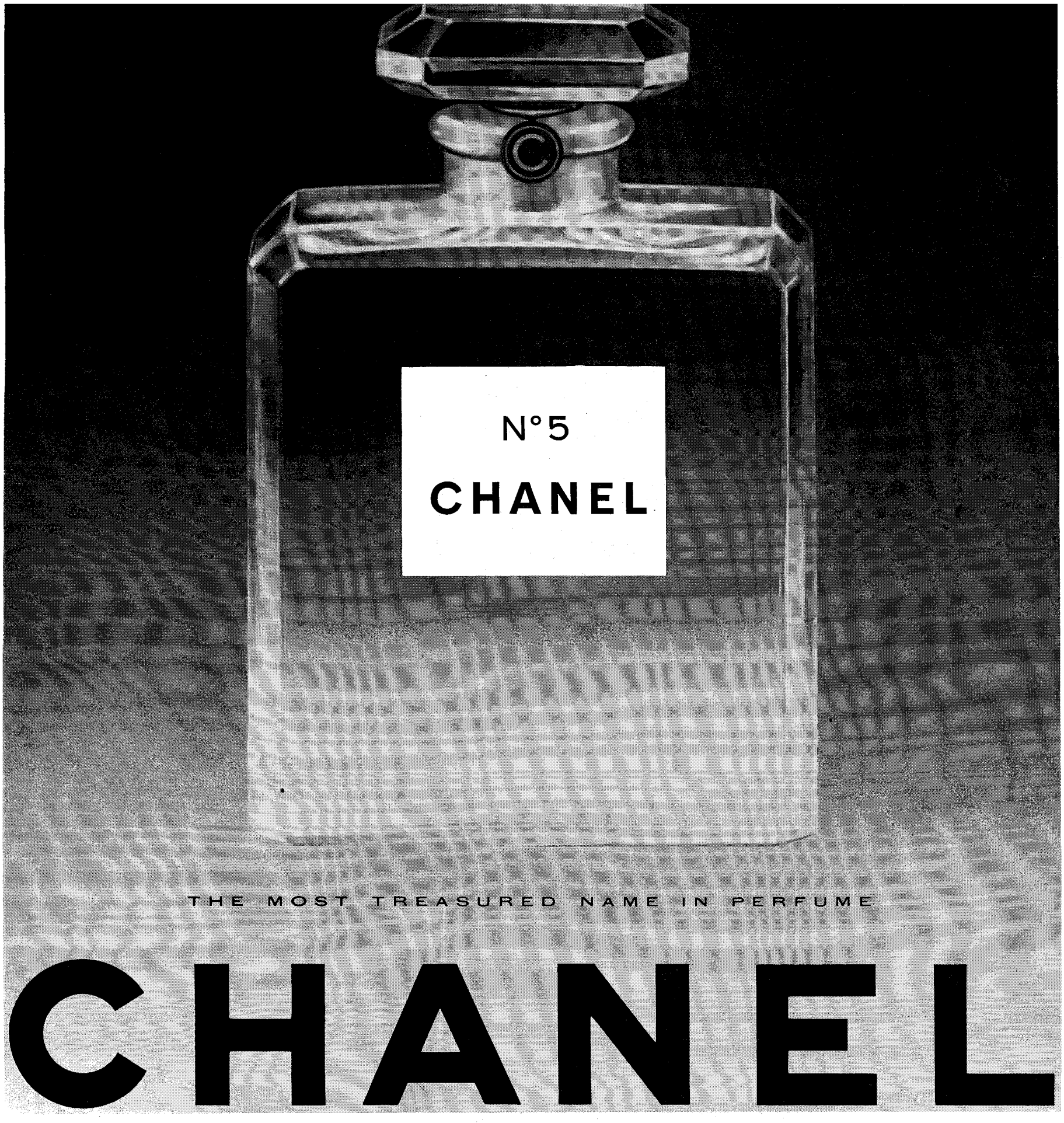

ALL PRICES PLUS TAX

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What should you look for in a winter oil?

CHECK THESE FIVE IMPORTANT POINTS IF YOU WANT COMPLETE PROTECTION. YOUR FALL CHANGE-OVER SHOULD BE TO A WINTER OIL THAT CHECKS OUT ON ALL POINTS!

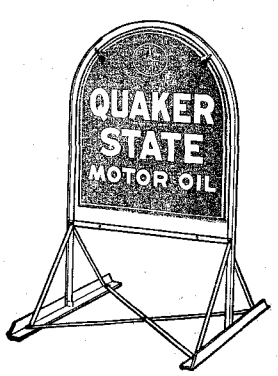
Temperature range—For complete protection, an oil should hold its effectiveness over a wide temperature range. That's why Quaker State is 'Dual-Graded.' By combining 2 grades in one oil (SAE 10W-20), Quaker State assures full protection under all winter driving conditions.

Quick, sure starts—Full-time lubrication is important for instant cold-morning starts. (Quaker State is cold-tested to flow freely and lubricate every moving part, even when engines stand idle at sub-zero temperatures!)

Endurance—Only the toughest winter oils will stand up under sustained long-range driving in cold weather. (Quaker State has proved in performance that it lasts longer, even under the roughest winter conditions, than any other oil!)

Economy—A good oil can save you money in the long run! (By preventing sludge and other harmful deposits, Quaker State helps increase gas mileage. And Quaker State is fortified to last longer, assuring increased oil mileage, too!)

Freedom from wear and breakdown—A good motor oil can keep your car on the road and out of the repair shop! (Quaker State gives all-weather protection against sludge, damaging deposits and acid action—the major causes of wear and breakdown in today's high compression engines.)



This month is the best time to make your Fall Change-over to Quaker State . . . the best winter motor oil your money can buy!

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION
OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Sand Bar Johnny and "The Old So-and-So"

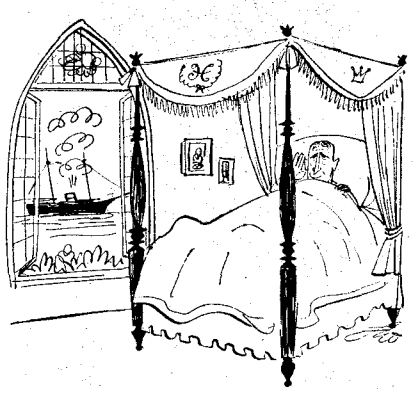
Dear Sirs:

Being a seafaring man I am luckier than most, getting to read a pile of *Posts* at one time. Gluttonous perhaps, but pleasant.

In your May 9 issue I enjoyed Frank J. Taylor's THE INCREDIBLE HOUSE THAT HEARST BUILT. It took me back many years to when I was a crew member of an old steam lumber schooner that plowed its way back and forth between San Pedro [Calif.] and Aberdeen, Wash.

We had an old Swede skipper known as Sand Bar Johnny Peterson, and for some reason he had an intense hatred for Hearst. Going north we always kept well inshore, out of the current, and day or night Sand Bar Johnny was up when we passed San Simeon. When we would come abeam of the castle he would hang onto the whistle cord, blowing long, mournful blasts that always sent the chief engineer into a nervous fit over the fuel consumption. But it was Peterson's joy in life, and he would growl happily up at the castle:

"Haw, I bet that wake up the old so-and-so."



No one could ever convince him that Hearst took it as less than a salute to himself. . . . I was always sure that it made the two of them happy.

ROBERT LUND
Corpus Christi, Texas

Diving for the Nose Cone

Dear Sirs:

I am writing to correct an error in the article WE RECOVERED THE SPACE MONKEYS [by Lt. (j.g.) R. Edward Foy, as told to Clay Blair Jr., Aug. 22].

The two men who actually descended in August, 1957, for the first nose cone ever recovered were Walter H. Fuiston Jr., and Howard G. Kluge, both U. S. Navy E.O.D. divers. The officer in charge of the operation was correctly stated by the article as Lieutenant Asman; however, at the time of the actual diving operation, Lieutenant Asman was on board the *U.S.S. Escape* approximately two hours from the position the nose cone struck the water. . . .

Albert Lawrence and Robert Black, mentioned as participants in the first recovery, were not there. They may have been present for the second recovery in May, 1958, but Kluge and Funston were the only two divers in the water for the first recovery.

LT. (j.g.) RUFUS H. GORDON JR., U.S.N.R
Disposal Technical Center
Indian Head, Md.

● *Lieutenant Foy, who didn't witness the first recovery, muddled his facts.* —ED.

Monkeying With Religion

Dear Sirs:

Garrett Hardin's article, IN PRAISE OF WASTE [ADVENTURES OF THE MIND 34, Aug. 29] dramatically demonstrates the drastic change that has taken place in the once-raging battle between science and religion. Whereas the proponents of the theory of evolution once tore Biblical texture to shreds and the religious fundamentalists hurled invectives at the atheistic Darwinians, both camps now obviously seek a *rapprochement*. Mr. Hardin . . . is one of a large group of scientists who distort Biblical text by interpreting it in the light of scientific theses. . . .

We have progressed from that period when unlettered religious fundamentalists taunted Darwinians with the aphorism, "Maybe their ancestors are descended from monkeys, but not mine." But we must recognize and readily admit that Mr. Hardin's concept of evolutionary progress through waste · sharply clashes with the Biblical view of a purposeful and ordered universe.

GEORGE RUSHFIELD
Flushing, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The time and effort given to the article . . . is surely waste of the worst kind in itself. When the writer says, "We know now that a completely planned heaven is either impossible or unbearable"—brother!

The Scriptures tell of things like this that will come to pass in the last days.

CHARLES A. HUFFMAN
Clinton, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

To my favorite nephew, Garrett Hardin—

Dear Garrett:

Have just attempted to read your ADVENTURE OF THE MIND in the Aug. 29 issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*. All I have to say is:

Your article is enlightening,
Of that I have no doubt.
But, Garrett, tell your "Aunty Grace"—
What is it all about?

MRS. GRACE GARRETT, *age 77*
Los Angeles, Calif.

P.S. You used to ask me questions. Now I am asking you.

● *Hardin's reply to his Aunt Grace:* "*In a word, evolution.*" —ED.

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TIME FOR FALL FESTIVITIES . . . cookouts . . . games . . . dates . . . Halloween treats . . . anniversaries . . . dormitory parties . . . the theater . . . Thanksgiving. Giving Whitman's, America's favorite quality chocolates, can make fall events more fun, more gala. Treat with the famous Whitman's Sampler, above, $2 lb.

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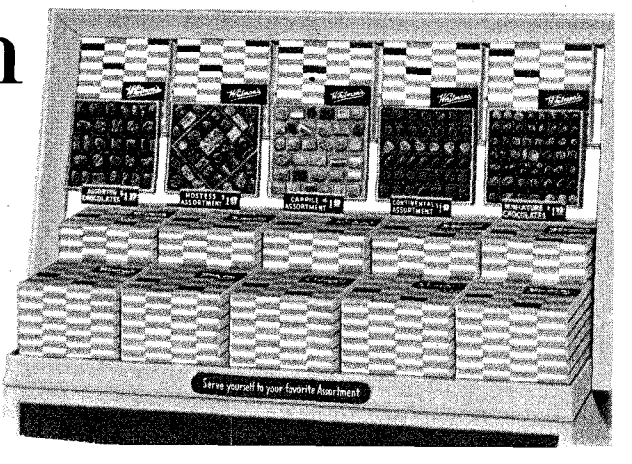

Look for this display in your dealer's store. New Philadelphia Store Assortments, $1.49 to $3.15

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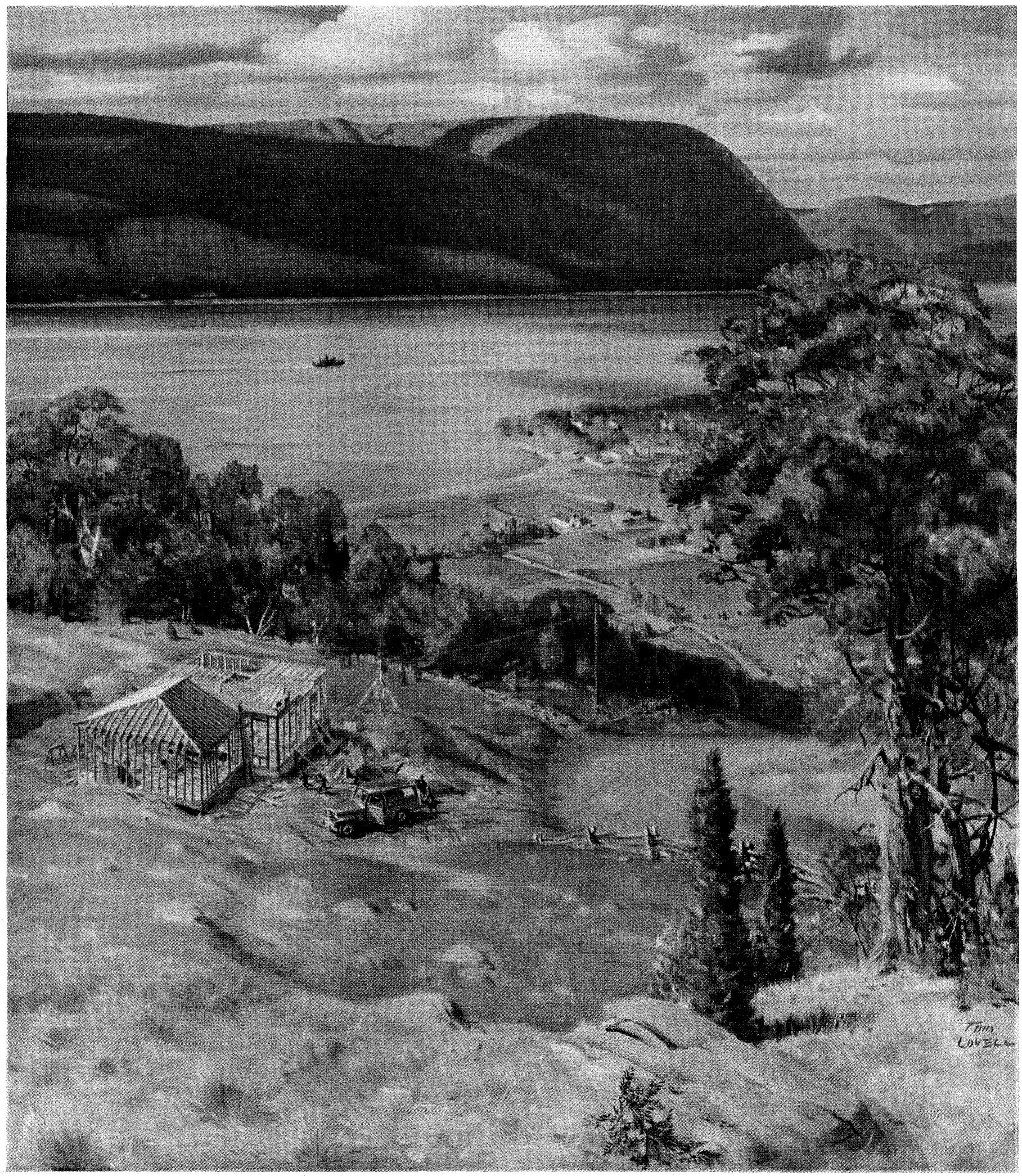
A BETTER LIFE



FOR A FRAMING PRINT OF THIS PAINTING OF A SCENE ALONG THE HUDSON RIVER, WRITE NEW ENGLAND LIFE, DEPT. A, BOSTON 17

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FOR YOU

begins with the guaranteed benefits you get in this "Better Life" policy

The great thing about life insurance is its ability to take a load off your shoulders for years to come. Just how well your life insurance does this depends on the guarantees of your policy contract. Those benefits should be numerous enough and generous enough to cope with the many unpredictable situations in your future or your family's future.

It is important, then, to know what you are getting when you buy life insurance. We raise these questions to give you an idea of what is involved.

How generous are the provisions if you want to change your policy from an "ordinary" life to a retirement plan, or vice versa?

Will you have the widest choice of ways by which money in your policy can be paid to you? . . . the widest choice of ages at which you can retire? . . . and will you continue to share in the company's earnings?

Can you arrange for automatic loans to pay your premiums?

Will you be able to use dividends to pay up your policy ahead of time?

Can you use dividends to increase the amount of income you'll get from the policy or the amount your beneficiary will get?

Is the cash value of your policy available at *any* time?

Is the company currently paying a lot more than the guaranteed interest rate on funds left on deposit?

If you don't keep up your premium payments, can you still maintain some insurance? Even after the "grace" period has expired, will you have opportunities to pick up where you left off regardless of physical condition?

Can you add protection on the members of your family to your own new policy?

Will the net cost per $1000 of your insurance be lower if you buy $5000 or more?

Does your company offer an unusual number of ways of adding extra protection to the basic policy you buy? How does the cost of such "riders" compare? Can you more than double your coverage at this exceedingly low cost?

Will payment for coverage beyond the month of death be refunded?

Will the provision guaranteeing an additional payment in case of accidental death be in effect after age 65? . . . and will still another extra payment be made if death results from a passenger accident in a commercial plane, train or bus?

Will you be able to add term or permanent insurance to your policy automatically with your dividends?

Can a young man get a policy rider which allows him to buy more insurance in the future without medical examination and regardless of physical condition?

Do women qualify for lower rates?

If you want to pay premiums semi-annually, quarterly, or monthly, how favorable are the terms?

Buying life insurance is not a do-it-yourself job. You will need the competent and trustworthy help you will get from a New England Life representative. He's a specialist in *fitting life insurance to your personal needs* and has the advantage of working with the "Better Life" policy.

THE NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

The company that founded mutual life insurance in America • 1835

The New England Life contract offers the finest combination of guaranteed benefits at any price

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Editorials

That Tax Break for Oilmen Keeps the Prospectors Digging!

A thirty-three-year-old tax provision for oil producers is under increasing attack. The percentage depletion allowance has been called by Sen. Wayne Morse a "pickpocket's knife used to slit the pockets of the American taxpayer." Ever since the first oil well was drilled at Titusville, Pennsylvania, a century ago, petroleum has been subject to political attacks of varying degrees of merit.

Federal law now lets the finder of crude oil deduct, before arriving at his taxable net income, about a quarter of each dollar he gets from selling off his oil, as depletion allowance. This is supposed to compensate him for the fact that he is selling off his property piecemeal.

The allowance has a long history. In 1918, oil hunters, under rising tax rates, found themselves in a "tails-I-lose, heads-you-win" relationship with the tax collector. When they found oil, most of the proceeds were taxed away as income. The nation needed oil. So Congress decreed that an oil producer could subtract from taxable income, on a "finders-keepers" basis, the full value of the oil he found.

By 1926 tax disputes led Congress to a simpler method of figuring the allowance, which gave nearly the same result, making the allowance a percentage of sales. Thus the present "percentage depletion allowance" was born.

The depletion allowance has been criticized by experts in recent years on various counts. Some of these criticisms are captious and some sincere. The criticisms involve fine points of tax law and of economics. Thus the allowance is condemned because it is not like a depreciation allowance; because oil companies can charge off "finding costs" and still take the allowance; and because the allowance cuts the taxes paid by oil-finding and producing companies. These add up to the general charge that the depletion allowance gives oil producers special treatment.

The most fundamental criticism of the depletion allowance goes back to 1918. The allowance started as a real congressional favor to oil producers. Finding oil is essentially a capital-gains operation. But there was then no capital-gains tax. Congress had to choose between taxing the oilman's winnings at the high "ordinary" tax rates of tl day, or not taxing them at all. It d cided not to tax them at all. But b tween 1921 and 1926 Congress whittl down its liberality so far that tod many oil producers find the combin tion of depletion allowance and hig ordinary tax rates more expensive tha simple capital-gains.

Today if a man goes into Wall Stre and in six months makes $1,000,000 l pays a 25-per-cent tax on his gain. B if he risks the same amount in oil an has the same good fortune, he will l lucky even with the depletion allow ance if he comes out as well. Yet ris taking in oil is certainly as much in tl national interest as risk-taking in shar or commodities.

The essential issue is not whether tl depletion allowance gives the oil i dustry equal treatment—or speci treatment. The true goal of Congre should be the cheapest way to assure a ample national supply of petroleum.

That was Congress' original, an successful, purpose. Since 1918 mo than 80,000,000,000 barrels of oil ha been found here. In fact, some Sena critics claim the allowance has be too successful and has overencourag the search for oil. But the search for takes years. Today the country's o producing capacity is excessive, b it may not be tomorrow.

Now It's the Boss Who Has to Have Good References!

If what is happening in New York City is any indication of things to come, we are now edging into the era of the purely decorative office worker. As recently as five years ago any woman who wanted work as a receptionist or secretary had to be prepared to work a hard eight- or nine-hour day and no nonsense about it.

Most businesses still cling to the old-fashioned attitude that work is the principal feature of a job, but the shortage of office help has inspired some startling changes. Today, a girl who likes to laugh it up, a girl who loves her comforts, need only apply and she'll pull down from $65 to $80 a week—provided she's sufficiently attractive. Some help-wanted ads make special mention of the "plush," "ultraplush" or "air-cond. offices." They talk, too, of "grand boss" and "blue-chip company" and one ad, placed by an employment agency, babbled, "This is the kind of man you'd love to work for, alive, young, friendly and generous. He's a doll. . . ."

What does a receptionist do in a New York office? One recent ad spelled it out with dazzling directness: "Recept. Just sit and look pretty. $70. No switchboard. No type. 9–5. Ultra plush! Hi-fashion-type gal."

Other companies take the boy-meets-girl approach: "Meet celebs, dream job," is not unusual. "See people all day long. Never be bored," purrs another. Another company, appealing to the slothful, advertises, "Sleep late. 10–6:30 P.M." One advertiser, putting only a small premium on brains, phrased his ad, "Recept. Pediatrician (This means baby doctor). Must like kiddies."

One firm, in need of several secretaries, offers, "Friendly people, no pressure." A Wall Street firm, willing to pay $110, offers as inducement "free lunch plus 4-wk. vac." And, the secretarial shortage being what it is, a firm in the entertainment business goes through the roof with "Secy., to $115. Frenzied? Find fun-fame-fortune!"

Want ads in several cities outside New York reflect little of this revolutionary attitude. Except for a few feeble echoes in Washington, D.C., and Los Angeles, it would appear that girls who wear glasses and expect to work are still employable.

Our Eyes After Death Could Give Precious Sight to the Blind

Early this year President Eisenhower's former Secretary of the Interior, Douglas McKay, saw an interesting photograph in a newspaper. It showed Mrs. Eisenhower with a boy who had been blind and whose sight had been restored through a corneal transplant. Mr. McKay and his wife agreed that when they died their eyes would be used for such a purpose.

Half a year afterward Mr. McKay died in Salem, Oregon, and his eyes were rushed to an eye bank in Portland. The eye bank gave the eyes to two surgeons. That very night the corneas were transplanted, one to each of two persons.

Why should not a great many of us make a similar arrangement? The eye banks charge no fee to anybody. Corneas from an aged person or from an infant are equally usable; age does not matter, as long as the corneal tissue is healthy.

One point should be kept in mind. It was erroneously reported in many newspapers that Mr. and Mrs. McKay had "willed" their eyes to the eye bank. This wou have defeated their purpose. For takes a long time to carry out tl provisions of a will; and corne transplants must be made witho delay. Hence the giver must sign a authorization for the use of his eye and must hand it to whoever w have charge of things when dea occurs.

To get simple instructions, wri to the Eye-Bank for Sight Restor tion, Inc., 210 East 64th Stree New York 21, New York. It h seventeen affiliated eye banks, rang ing from our Southeastern States t Alaska. There are also some oth eye banks that are legitimate. Bu unfortunately a few laymen, in va ious places, are trying to get int the act by setting up eye banl which aren't under medical cor trol and should be discouraged.

Each of your eyes has many part One of these is the transparer front, the cornea, which collects an refracts the rays of light. Most blin persons have eye defects that ar not confined to the cornea, an therefore a corneal transplant woul be of no help to them. But there ar many thousands of the blind who ailment is in the cornea alone; an of these a large number can get the sight back by a transplant.

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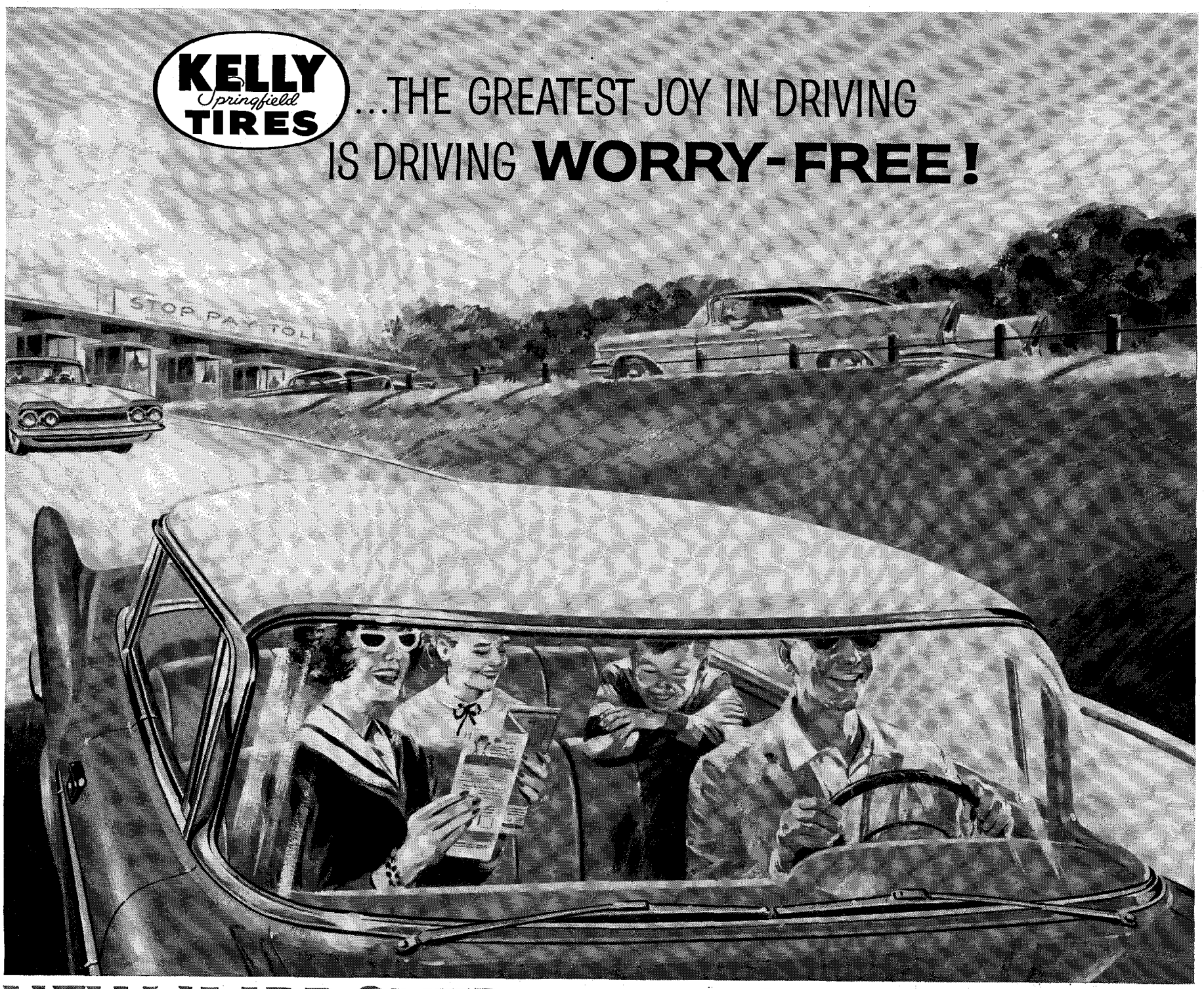
KELLY Springfield TIRES

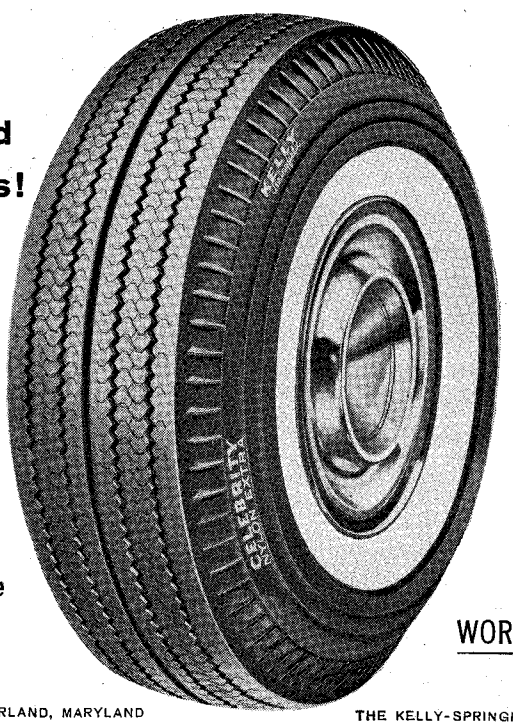
...THE GREATEST JOY IN DRIVING IS DRIVING **WORRY-FREE!**



NEW IMPROVED KELLY CELEBRITY NYLON EXTRA

Now—a thicker, tougher, safer, wider tread for extra thousands of WORRY-FREE miles!

Year after year—for over 65 years—Kelly Tires have maintained the highest standard of quality. And this year, again, Kelly brings you a tire with new pace-setting features . . . the sensationally improved Kelly Celebrity Nylon Extra. This new Celebrity has more of everything that's needed in a tire to make your driving worry-free. Yes, all those extra safety factors that will give you a new sense of driving control and comfort . . . of true freedom on the road. Get all the facts from your Kelly Dealer. The sooner, the better!



1. EXTRA BLOWOUT SAFETY
Tougher-than-ever Nylon cord body gives greater-than-ever protection against blowouts.

2. EXTRA PUNCTURE SAFETY
Advanced tubeless construction gives added protection against dangerous punctures.

3. EXTRA STOPPING SAFETY
New, improved safety-tread design gives extra grip for instant, sure-stop brake response.

4. EXTRA SIDE-SKID SAFETY
Extra-wide, flat tread gives added stability, reduces side-slip, boosts cornering safety.

LOOK FOR THE SIGN OF WORRY-FREE DRIVING...

KELLY Springfield TIRES

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

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BORDEN'S VERY Big on FLAVOR

BEAUREGARD: Hey Mom, what's all the cheering for, I haven't started to run with the football, yet!

ELSIE: *Oh, they're not cheering for you, dear, they're rooting for the new Borden's* ***Banana Bowl Ice Cream,*** *that creamy, rich banana ice cream, with . . .*

BEAUREGARD: But, but . . .

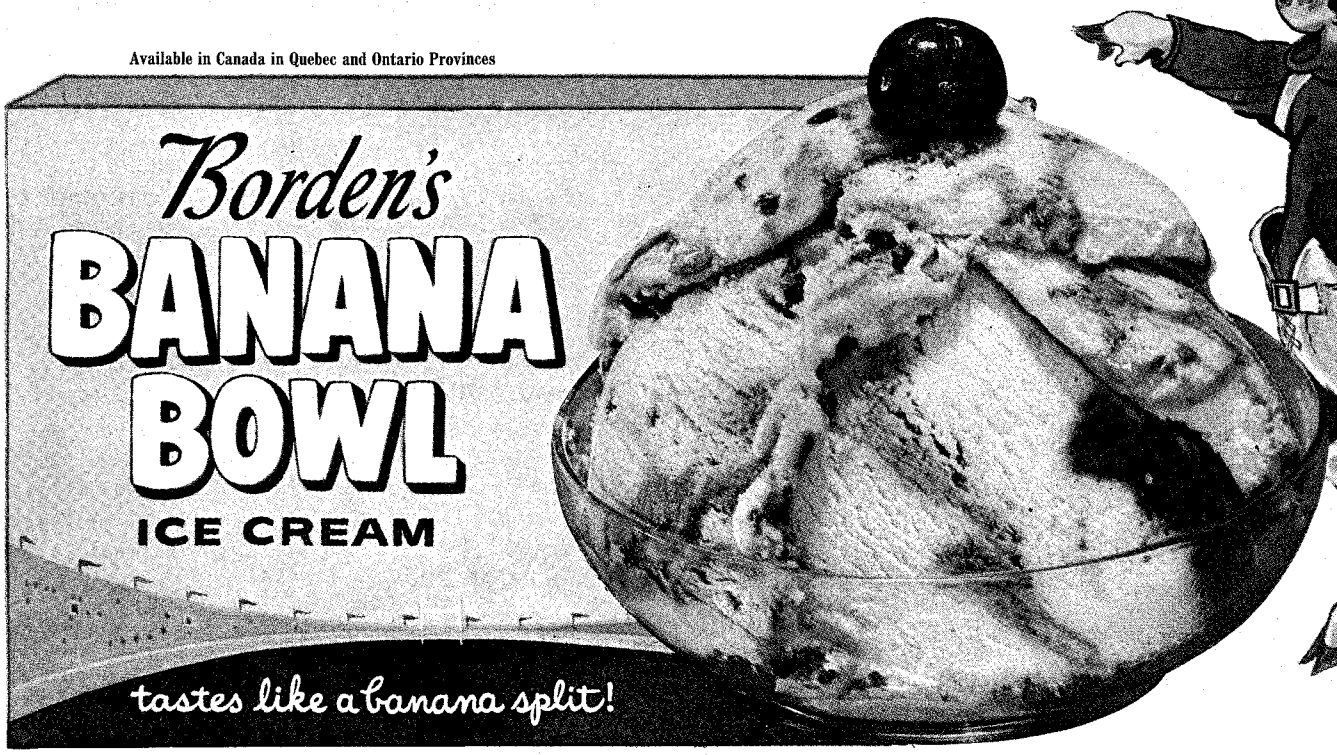
ELSIE: *With lacings of rich, red strawberry and . . .*

BEAUREGARD: But, but, but . . .

ELSIE: *And sprinklings of crunch and chocolate chip. It tastes like a banana split.*

BEAUREGARD: But, but, no wonder they're screaming so loud. What do you say we call this game right now and get some of that new Borden's *Banana Bowl Ice Cream.* Hey team, let's go, my treat!

Available in Canada in Quebec and Ontario Provinces



©1959, The Borden Co.

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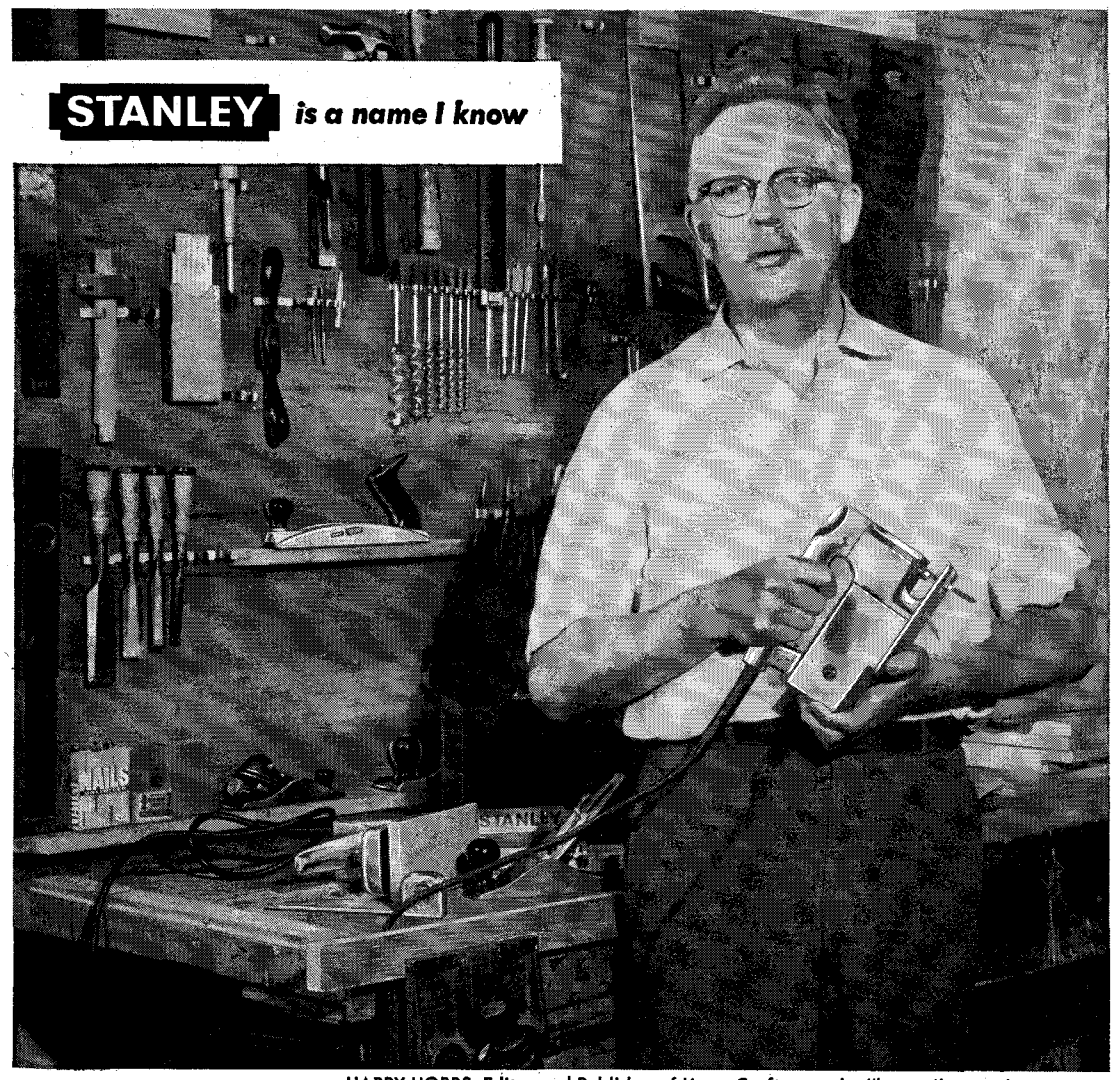


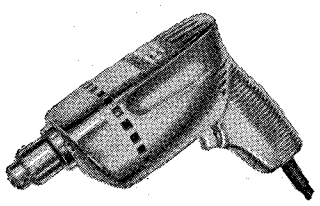
HARRY HOBBS, Editor and Publisher of Home Craftsman, the "how-to" magazine

"Good tools like these help you to better your home on your own."

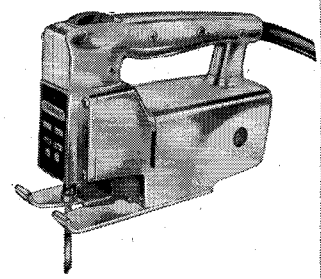
"Ask the craftsman. Look at his tools. Like good friends they wear well. They've been around a long time. Get all the tools you need and get the best you can buy. Because they help so much and last so long, your investment in top quality tools is a good investment. Stanley tools are top quality tools.

"The tools shown here at the right are typical. The electric saws and sander are heavy duty, professional models. There is no better popular priced power drill than this one. The hand tools shown are basic and should be in every home workshop. Every one is top quality . . . reflecting the skill and experience that has earned Stanley the title — *Tool Box of the World*.

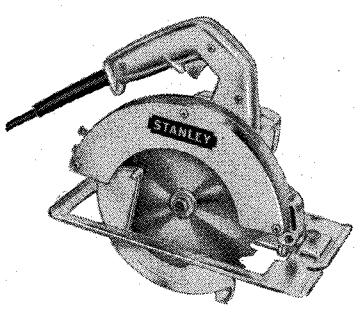
"When you plan to better your home on your own, be ready. Have the tools that can help you most . . . good tools. Buying the best in the beginning is less expensive in the end."



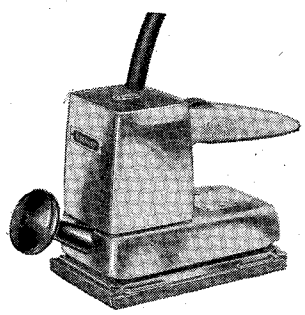
¼" Electric Drill regularly priced at $24.95. Fall Special — only $18.95



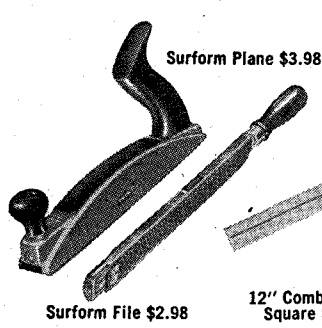
Heavy Duty Sabre Saw with 7 free blades worth $4.90. Fall Special — only $44.50



Heavy Duty 6½" Builders Saw with free carrying case and ripping gauge worth $15.00. Fall Special — only $52.95

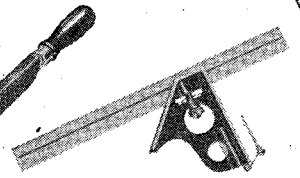


Heavy Duty Orbital Sander with 2 free permanent abrasive sheets worth $4.00. Fall Special — only $49.95

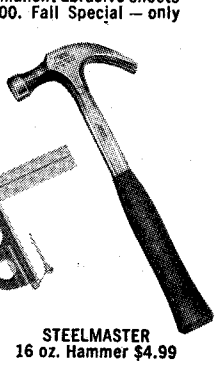


Surform Plane $3.98

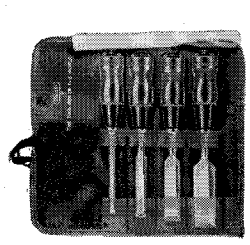
Surform File $2.98



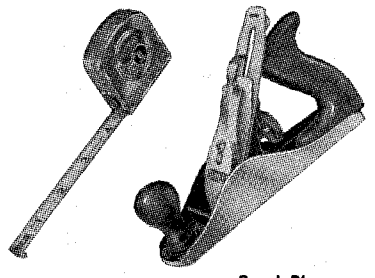
12" Combination Square $3.40



STEELMASTER 16 oz. Hammer $4.99



Chisel Set of 4 — ¼", ½", ¾", 1" sizes $12.00



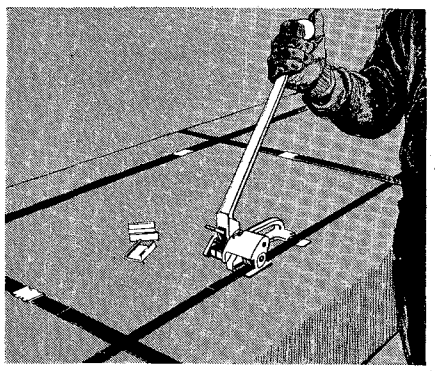
8 ft. Tape Rule $1.39

Bench Plane No. 4 $11.00

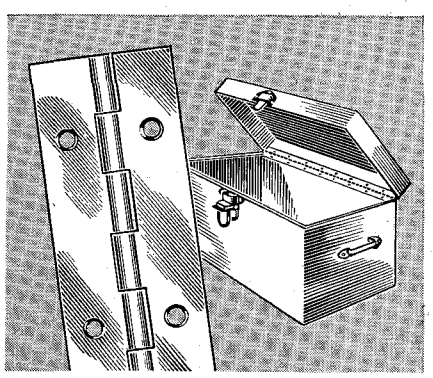
CHECK YOUR DEALER FOR FALL SPECIALS AND CHRISTMAS TOOLS NOW ON SALE

Prices slightly higher in Canada

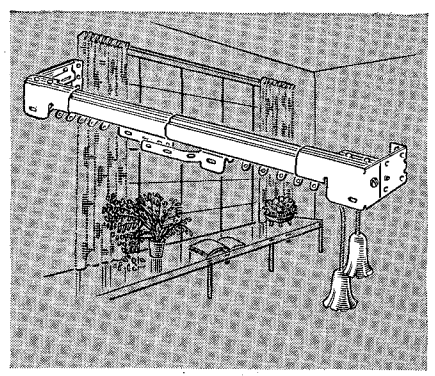
STANLEY IS A NAME TO LOOK FOR ON QUALITY PRODUCTS LIKE THESE



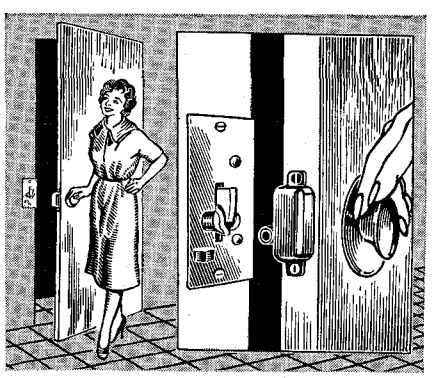
New Stanley "OH" Tightener — one of the Stanley Steel Strapping Tools that help industry package products efficiently.



Stanley continuous hinges are stronger, neater and safer on boxes, chests and cabinets. In steel, brass or aluminum.



Stanley's Duraglide traverse rods for windows up to 18 ft. wide, are sturdy, work smoothly, hang draperies perfectly.



Stanley SURFASET® Surface-Mounted Door Hardware. New concept in door styling. Door opens at a touch — push or pull.

STANLEY

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AMERICA BUILDS BETTER AND LIVES BETTER WITH STANLEY

This famous trademark distinguishes over 20,000 quality products of The Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn.—hand tools • electric tools • builders hardware • industrial hardware • drapery hardware • automatic door controls • aluminum windows • stampings • springs • coatings • strip steel • steel strapping—made in 24 plants in the United States, Canada, England and Germany.

CANADIAN OFFICES: MONTREAL, P. Q. AND HAMILTON, ONT.

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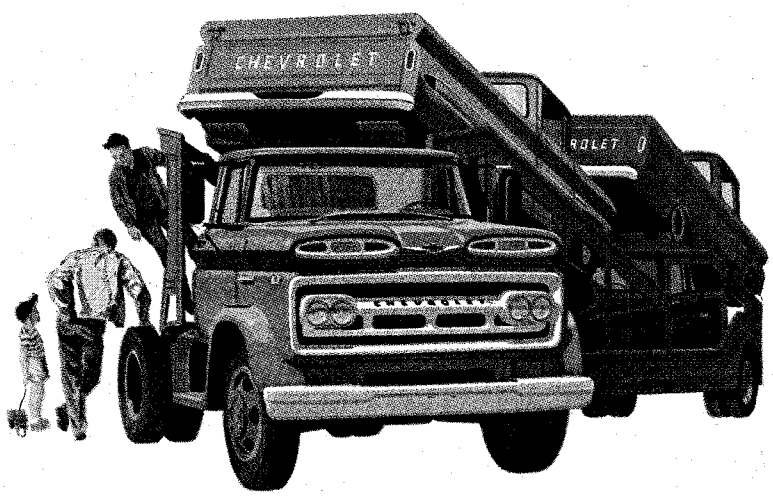
Total Newness! Chevrolet trucks are here for '60

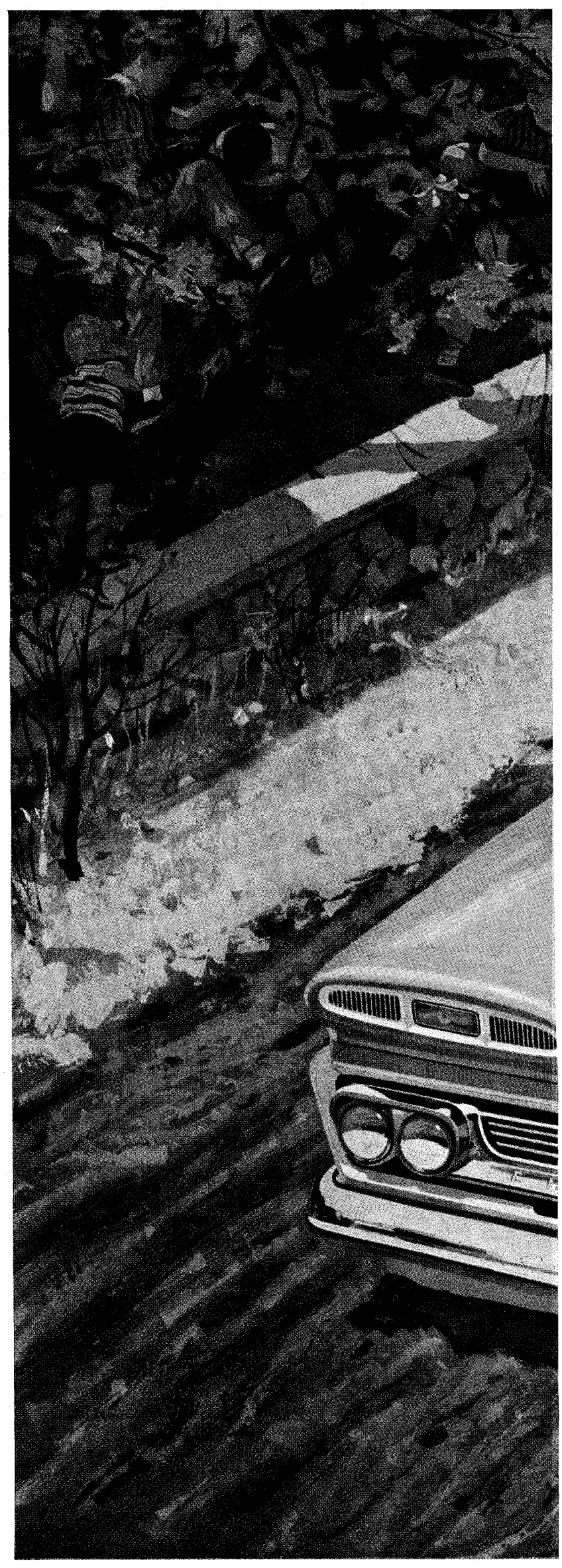
...*with revolutionary new Torsion-Spring suspension!*

Watch and see, 1960 Chevy trucks are going to make hauling history. They've got a *ride* you have to feel to believe. A ride that virtually eliminates shimmy and wheel fight, makes handling far easier, allows faster safe speeds on or off the road to get more work done in a day's time. The big reason is Chevrolet's all-new suspension: its fully independent *torsion-spring* suspension up front, with wide-based coil springs in light-duty rears and variable-rate leaf springs in heavyweights. It's a feature that lends a big hand to another history-making 1960 advantage—Chevy's *bulldozer durability*. With revolutionary new suspension, with new strength and rigidity in frames, in sheet metal, in roomier-yet-lower cabs—these '60 models are tougher than any Chevy trucks ever made. Tougher than trucks long famous for long life! Your dealer's got the full story, the best one he's ever told. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

Anything less is an old-fashioned truck!





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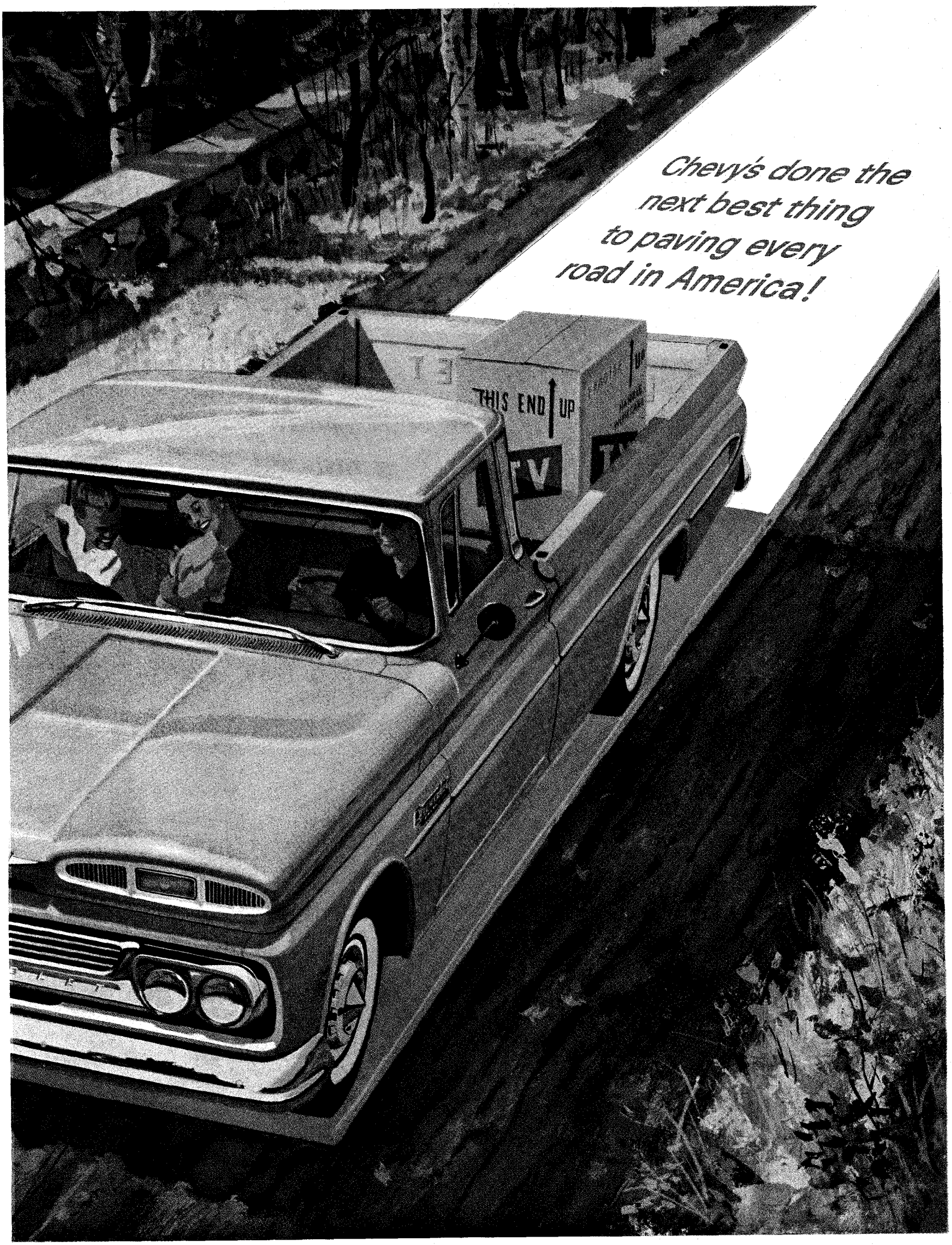

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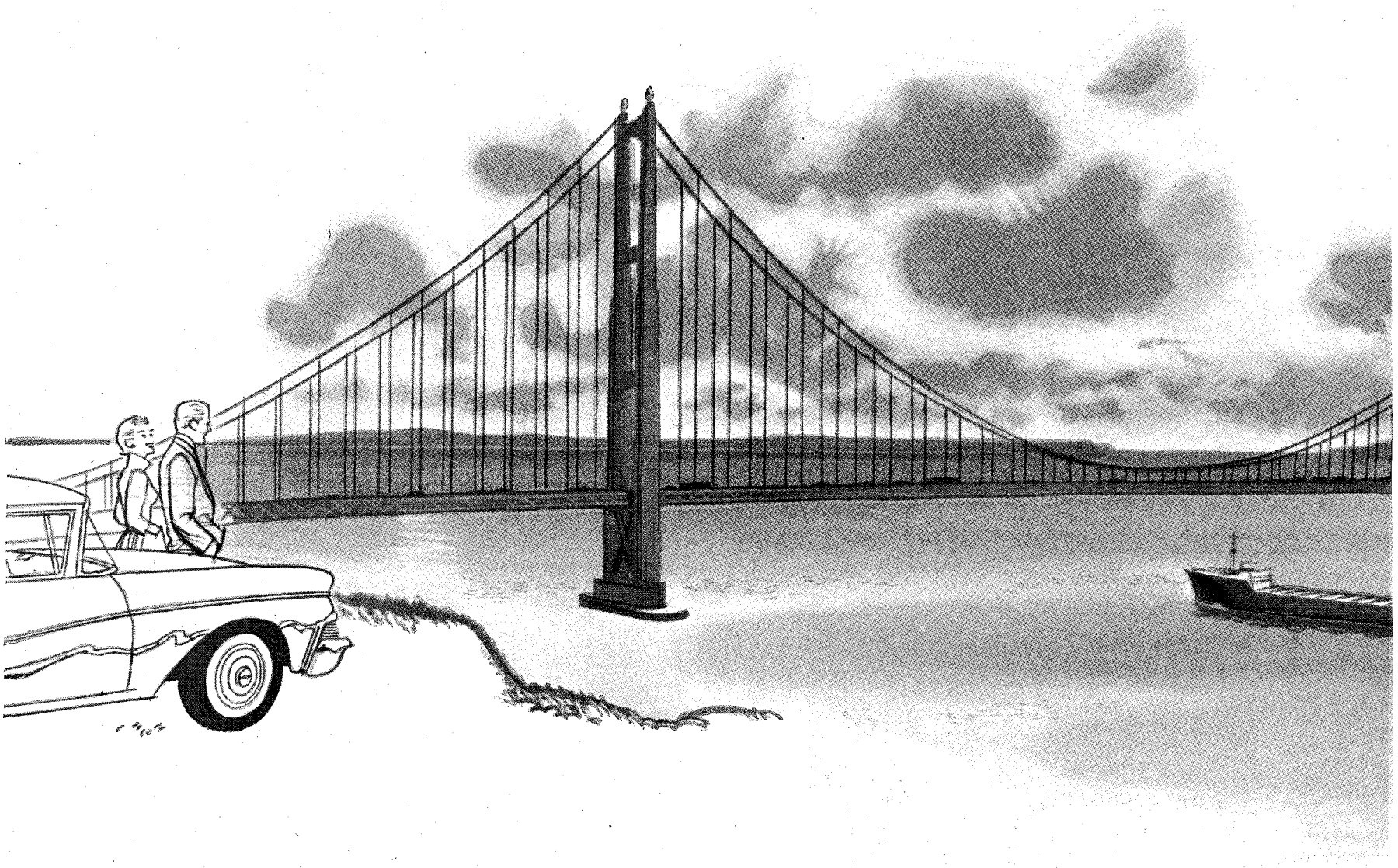
Built to Last LONGER Than You'll Keep Your Car



GENERAL DUAL 90

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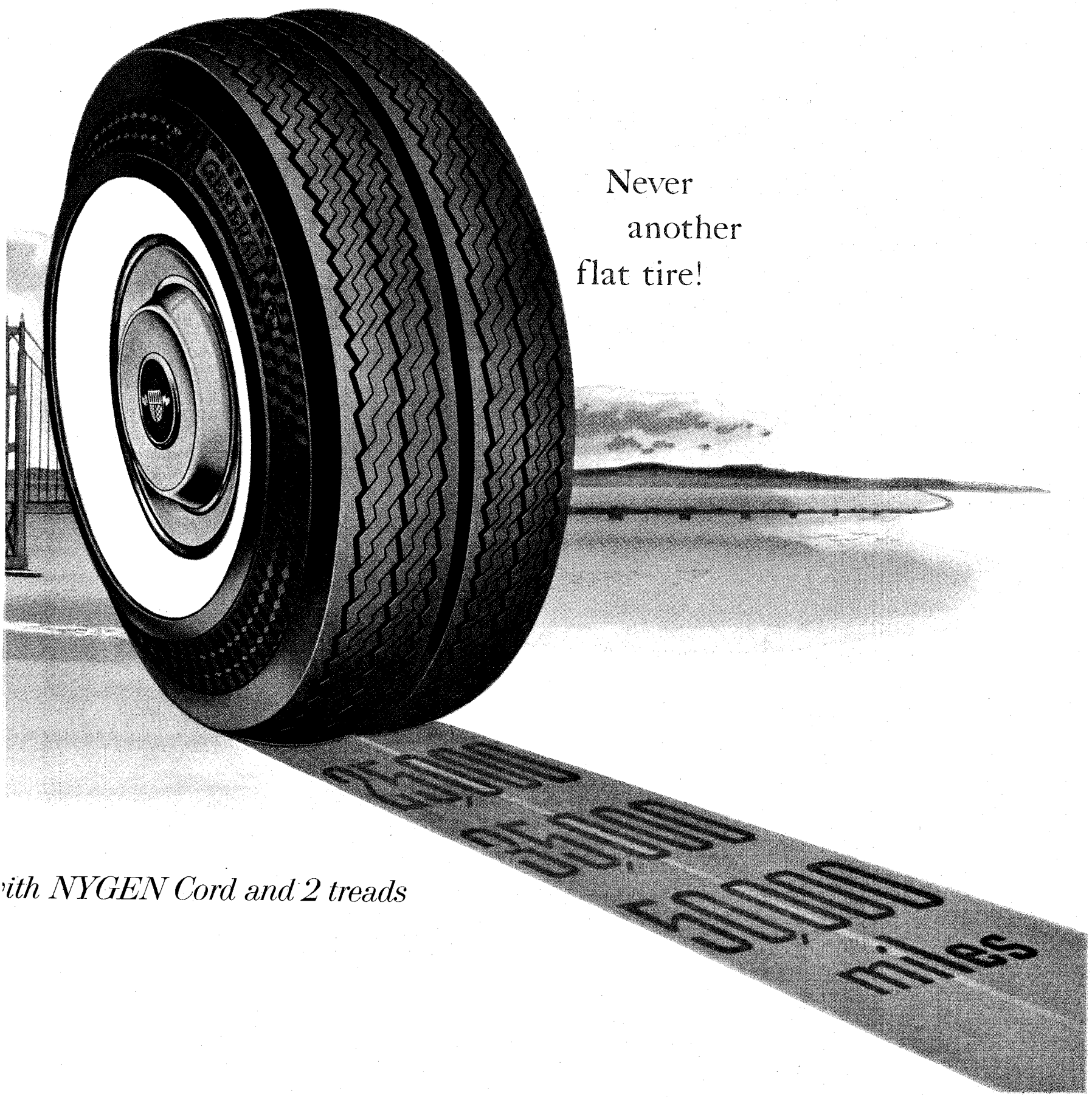

Never
another
flat tire!

with NYGEN Cord and 2 treads

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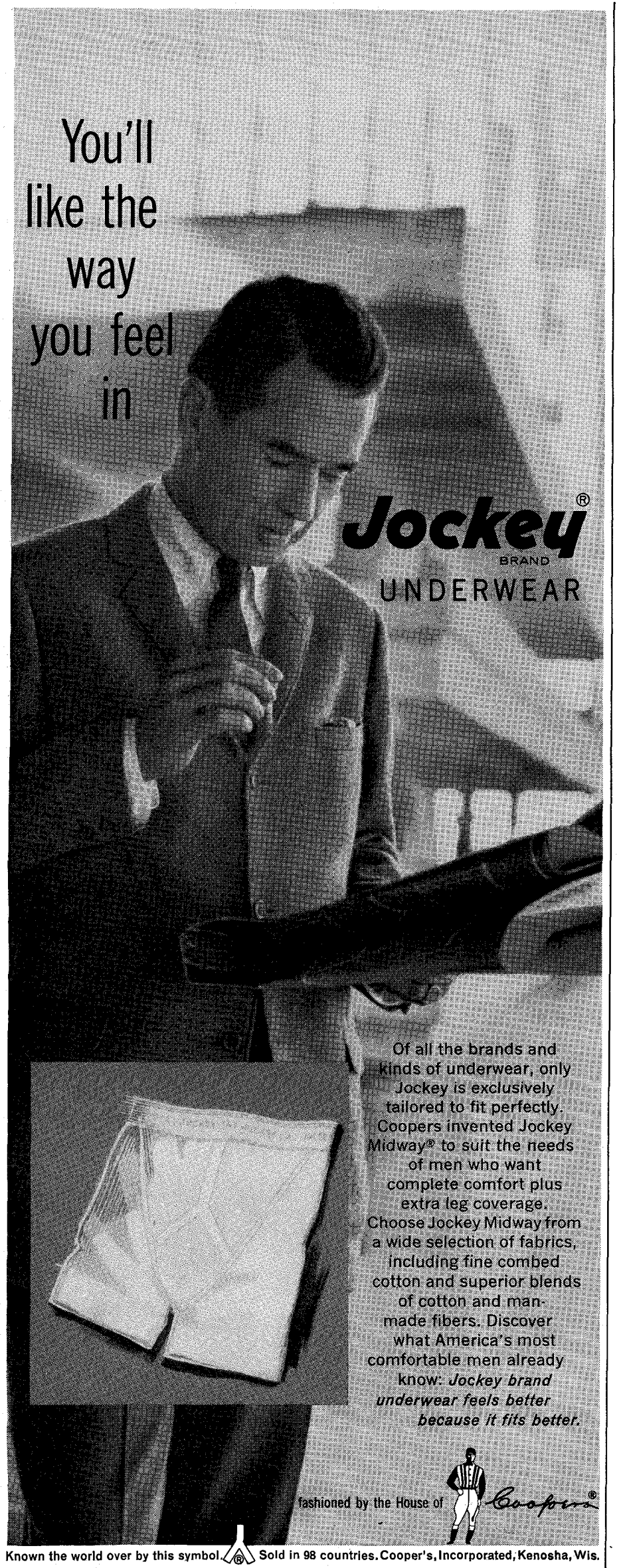
You'll like the way you feel in
Jockey®
BRAND
UNDERWEAR
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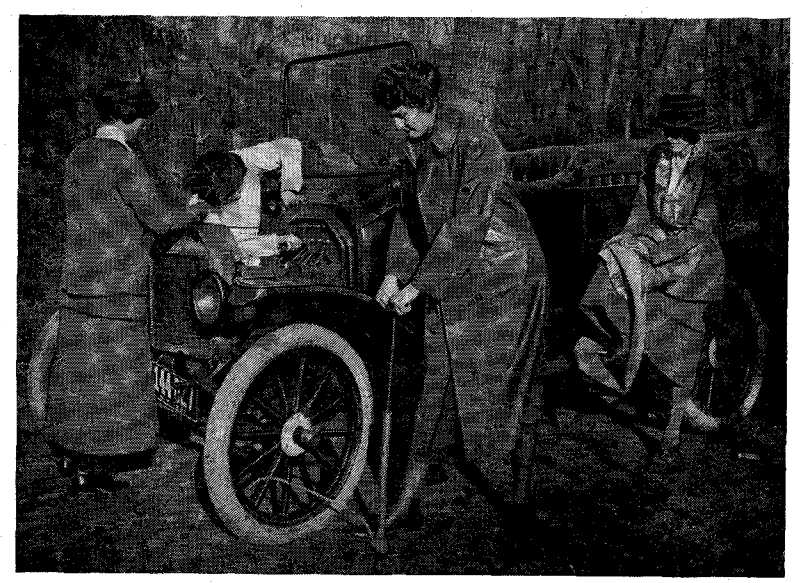
PICTURES WITH A PAST

Remember When?

RECOGNIZE the smiling lad at right? Frank Sinatra was just one of a New Jersey quartet, the Hoboken Four, when he got his start on the amateur hour of Major Bowes (center) in 1936. From radio Frank turned to singing for the Harry James and Tommy Dorsey bands, then to films. He proved he could act as well as sing. Now past his forty-first birthday, he's still going strong. CALVERT GOSTLE

HERE is a grim idea aborning: That planes could attack as well as scout. These Army officers fired a Lewis machine gun from the air in 1912. I made this photo before the take-off. The tests, at 500 rounds a minute, succeeded. The plane did not shake apart. Even so, early World War I air battles were fought with revolvers.
C. J. MAC CARTEE



THIS stirring scene points a moral, as did almost everything in 1921. It was: Woman can master the motorcar. Left, how to caress a radiator cap and get shocked by the ignition. Right, a familiar scene of the day—how to inflate a pneumatic tire and patch a punctured tube. This was habit-forming. EZRA QUINCY

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The Homeowners Policy is the invention of America's oldest, strongest stock fire & marine company, protecting American homes and businesses since 1792. And protecting you today with simple peace-of-mind benefits.

All through your INA agent or your broker, of course.

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The benefits are just right because they're just what you need for security . . . an income if the breadwinner is disabled; payment of most normal *and major* hospital and medical costs for all the family. And you get a real sense of security in knowing that you may continue the protection year after year.

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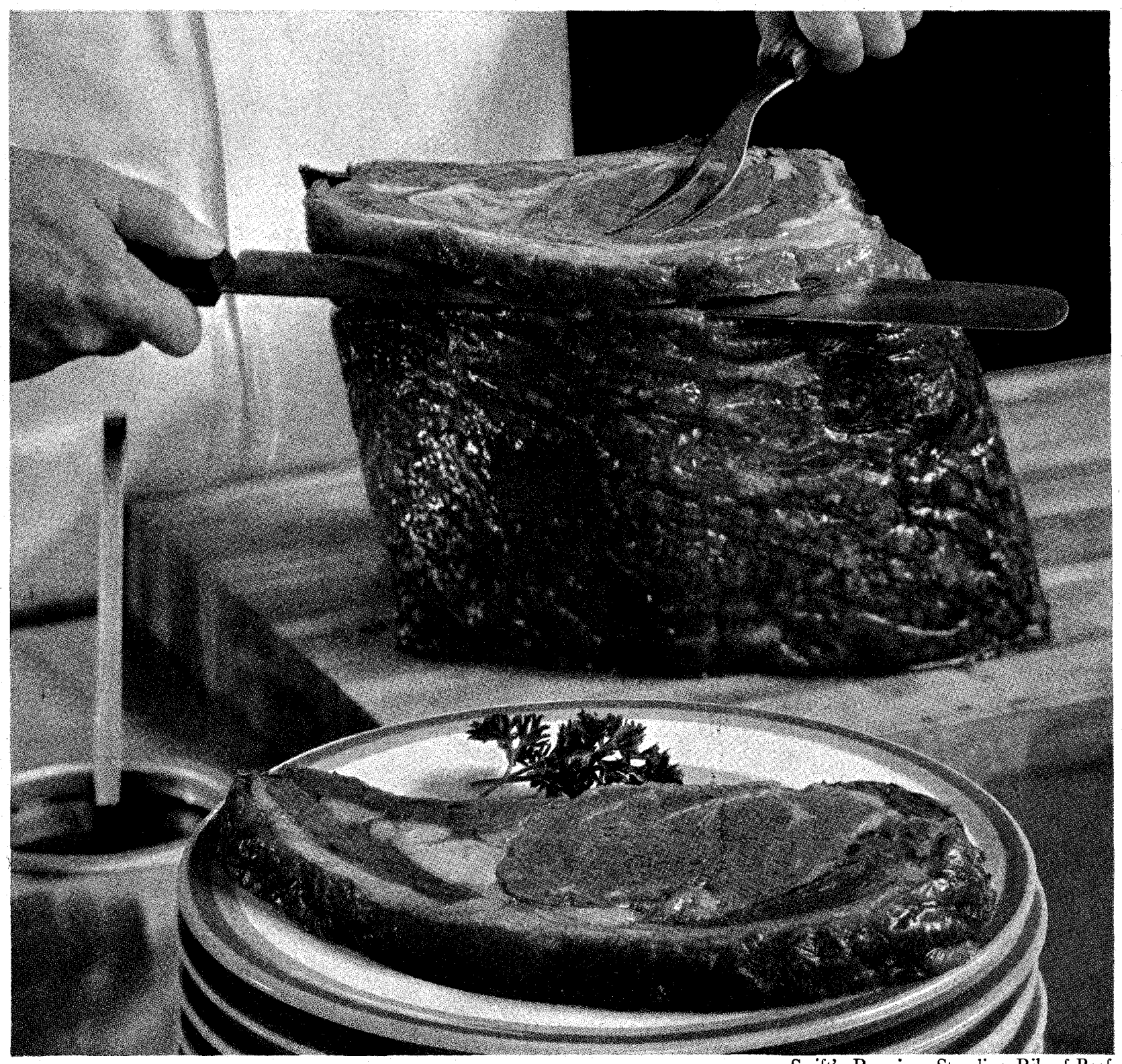
SWIFT'S PREMIUM STANDING RIB OF BEEF AU JUS • SWIFT'S PREMIUM CHARCOAL BROILED CLUB STEAK • SWIFT'S PREMIUM GRILLED T-BONE STEAK • SWIFT'S PREMIUM BEEF POT ROAST • SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAMBURGER DELUXE • SWIFT'S PREMIUM SALISBURY STEAK • SWIFT'S PREMIUM ROUND OF BEEF • SWIFT'S PREMIUM SHORT RIBS OF BEEF • SWIFT'S PREMIUM



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Eating out gives life a lift!

Go ahead...tempt yourself with this superb slice of standing rib of beef au jus!

Tantalizing, isn't it, even to think of its flavor...the aroma of its natural juices?

Why not really *treat* yourself and your folks to this aristocrat of roasts at your favorite restaurant soon?

Discerning chefs make sure of your dining-out enjoyment by insisting on

Swift's Premium Beef. Remember...meat, rich in complete high-quality protein, makes the meal!

Good eating places
put quality first...so does

Swift
104TH YEAR

National Restaurant Association

One of a series of advertisements prepared by Swift & Co. in cooperation with the National Restaurant Association.
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October is National Restaurant Month...Eat Out Often!

To Serve Your Family Better

SWIFT'S PREMIUM FILET MIGNON • SWIFT'S PREMIUM PORTERHOUSE STEAK • SWIFT'S PREMIUM SIRLOIN STEAK

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"We've been looking for you," the warder said. "If you will follow me, sir?"

The HELPFUL AMERICAN

His wife and daughter expected him to disgrace them among the genteel English. . . .

By LEON WARE

Burt Romberger dropped onto the adjoining stool and eyed Henry Evans' tall drink.

"What's that?"

Hank stirred the ice gently with the tip of a forefinger. "This? A lemon squash."

"A lemon what?"

"Lemon squash," Hank said. "You forget: I've been to Europe. I've been exposed to culture. I have had what Louise calls my 'rough contractor edges' sanded down through contact with the finer, nobler things. I have learned much, including the fact that a lemonade is a 'lemon squash.'"

"I heard you'd gone. We've saved for years, but never seem to get enough ahead to make the trip."

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Illustrated by Earl Mayan

Hank sipped at his drink. "Very few people, with the exception of schoolteachers, can afford it. Our underpaid schoolteachers not only have the money but they can take it off their income tax."

"You're kidding!"

"I'm not."

"How do you like that?" Burt shook his head. "Anyway, how was it?"

"Not too bad; but, of course, I went more or less as an ambassador."

"An ambassador? You?"

Hank nodded, lifted his drink, took a long pull at the lemon squash and put the glass down. "I had a letter from the President."

The letter had arrived with the passports. The President of the United States, apprised of the fact that Henry and Louise Evans, their daughters Margaret, eighteen, and Elizabeth, sixteen, were about to embark for foreign shores, wished them well and urged them to remember that each, in a sense, was looked upon as an ambassador, representing the American way of life.

"This means," Louise explained, "no shouting when things go wrong."

"They do things differently in Europe, daddy," Maggie said. "You've got to be tolerant."

"They've got ages of culture behind them," Betty told him. "They've learned to live life; to see the nobler side. They don't want to pull down a building just because it's old."

Hank stared at his family, incredulous. "What am I? An ogre or something?"

There was an interval of more or less painful silence until Lou spoke again.

"I know you don't want to go," she said with the patience of a mother explaining to a recalcitrant child, "but it's time the girls saw something of Europe before it's too late."

"If it's been there for ages," Hank pointed out, "it'll keep a while longer."

She ignored him. "We can afford it now, and ——"

"I'll be lucky if I've got my shirt left when this is over. Not only the money it costs us but the jobs I'll lose."

"You see!" cried Maggie. "There you go: money, money, money! Daddy, that's what they don't like about us!"

Hank looked sadly at his pretty, older daughter. "You're wrong there, Sis: money is what they do like about us."

"Please, dad!" There were tears in Betty's blue eyes. "We don't want to be looked on as just some more gawking tourists from America."

He lifted the travel brochures. "You find a better title for us, honey. We're taking the Easy Way Bus Tour, and look at the ship tickets: Tourist. Not just Tourist, but Tourist B. Makes it sound like we're untouchables, doesn't it? Little old two-thousand-dollar untouchables."

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"I don't suppose the owner would object to our using some of that wire?"

He began a laugh, but it died aborning. Lou's lips had thinned out in a line which made him suspect he might have gone too far.

"Henry Evans," she said coldly, and he knew for certain that he had, "if you do anything to spoil this trip for the girls; if you whimper about the cost or go around picking up odd characters or lose your temper, I'll make your life so miserable you'll want to jump into one of your own concrete mixers."

He grinned feebly. "O.K., O.K."

"Everything is taken care of," Lou went on evenly. "Baggage, tips, meals, reservations: everything. You won't have an excuse to complain: all you have to do is enjoy yourself."

"All right, all right!"

"You promise?"

"I promise."

"Scout's honor?" pressed Betty.

Hank peered into the dim past, then lifted his hand with the little finger and thumb touching. "Scout's honor."

The crossing to Liverpool wasn't bad at all. The girls disappeared except at mealtimes, the sea was rough enough to keep half the passengers in a subdued frame of mind, and Louise found some strong-stomached people with whom to play bridge. Hank discovered by accident that a good cigar assured him of considerable privacy in the library, and he indulged himself in mysteries.

There was a first bad moment just outside Euston Station in London when one of the bags slipped from the cab into the rain-washed street, but a look from Lou forestalled Hank's comment to the driver.

"Accidents will happen," he said cheerfully. "Besides, it was the green suitcase."

"My perfume!" Lou cried. "Why couldn't he have strapped it in?"

"They do things differently in Europe," Hank pointed out.

The balance of the ride to the hotel was made in silence.

The Boarhead Arms, which had sounded so romantic at home, turned out to be three Georgian houses thrown together for a hotel. It was surrounded by new buildings and bombed-out parking sites, but a capricious Fate had saved the relic for the Evans family. They wandered through the creaking halls to their rooms and Lou tested the beds and peeked into the wardrobes with suspicion.

"I thought the girls would be next door," she said. "We certainly made reservations in time."

"Probably figured they were old enough to take care of themselves," Hank commented. "Marie Antoinette was fifteen when she married Louie."

He stood in the bathroom. The floor slanted. The washbasin was in front of the window, but the mirror was on the opposite wall. The fixtures were ancient and oversize. He took the cover from one and peered down into a maze of pipes and

(Continued on Page 93)

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TV's Make-Believe Lawyer

As Perry Mason, the celebrated defense attorney, actor Raymond Burr "eats, lives and sleeps" his role on the set and off.

By Robert Johnson

Every now and then Raymond Burr, the actor who this week starts his third season on television as Perry Mason, the famous trial lawyer, receives a letter complimenting him because he looks "just exactly like Mr. Gardner described you." This is a very neat trick indeed, since not once in the fifty-nine Perry Mason books published to date—eleven of which have run serially in *The Saturday Evening Post*—has Erle Stanley Gardner really described his hero.

This dereliction on Gardner's part has been wholly intentional. "I wanted people to clothe the characters in terms of their own preferences," he says. Now, however, the question has finally been resolved, probably for all time. Gardner himself, along with a television audience estimated by CBS at 30,482,000, will swear that Mason is a tall (six feet two and a half inches), solid (210 pounds), impressive man of forty-two, with square jowls, wavy black hair and large, magnetic, slightly protuberant blue eyes. He wears conservative dark suits and a nearly perpetual frown, talks in a deep, resonant voice and moves purposefully—say, from the defense table in court to the witness stand where, before the hour-long show ends at 8:30 Saturday evening, he will have trapped the hitherto unsuspected killer into a damaging admission—if not an outright confession—thereby winning acquittal for a client whom, until then, all the evidence seemed to prove guilty of murder.

But there is more to Burr than meets the television camera. In the words of Barbara Hale, who plays Mason's confidential secretary, Della Street, "Ray is a surprise. You would think he would be quite stern and serious-minded, but he's not. He has a crazy sense of humor. He has such warmth. He's just a lovely man."

Another Burr characteristic that doesn't appear on the television screen is the man's enormous stamina. It is an indispensable prerequisite on a show which turns out enough

In courtroom scenes Burr (left) has an "inherent sense of what Perry Mason would do," says Mason's creator, Erle Stanley Gardner.

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film for a feature movie every two weeks—and almost all of it dialogue, with no extended chase scenes, gun fights or jazz interludes to eat up footage. "The burden on Ray Burr is prodigious," says Bill Talman, who plays Mason's constant antagonist, District Attorney Hamilton Burger. "If this man didn't have a constitution like a horse, he never would have gotten through."

Burr's alarm clock buzzes him awake at 3:30 every weekday morning—2:30 if he is staying at his home in Malibu rather than in his bungalow at the studio. For two or three hours he goes over his lines for the day's shooting with one of two alternating dialogue coaches. This just leaves him time to shower, shave, dress, eat breakfast and receive the attentions of make-up and wardrobe departments before shooting starts at 8:30.

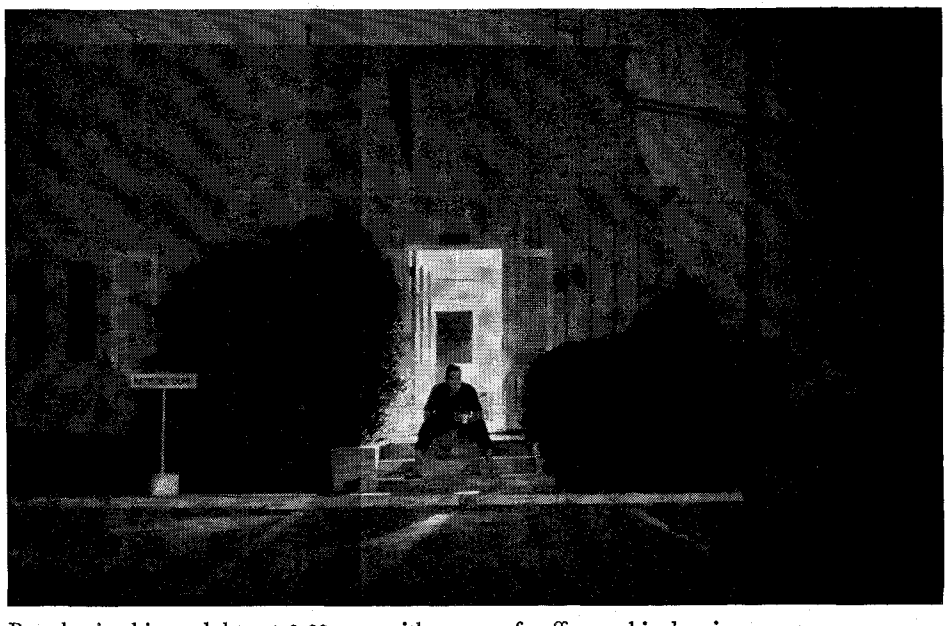
With a break for lunch—buttermilk is usually all Burr has—shooting continues until six or eight or sometimes even later. "An average would probably be 7:30," says William Hopper. The son of Hollywood columnist Hedda Hopper, Bill is the show's Paul Drake—the private detective Mason employs.

Then, after shooting, Burr says, "I go over to my dressing room, figure out what the problems are for the next day, go over the script. And I go over (Continued on Page 163)

Burr, who is 6′2½″ and weighs 210 pounds, dotes on the flowers he raises at his home near Malibu, Calif. He is also fond of animals and keeps a menagerie which includes six dogs, a burro, geese and peacocks.

Barbara Hale, who plays Mason's secretary, Della Street, is often the victim of the practical jokes Burr uses to relieve tension on the set. Here she opens a "present" of white mice.

As District Attorney Hamilton Burger, Bill Talman (at left) is Mason's TV pushover. Some viewers complain because Burger is never allowed to win a case.



Burr begins his workday at 3:30 A.M. with a cup of coffee on his dressing-room doorstep. He spends the next three hours with a script, memorizing his day's lines.

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"Your mission tonight, lieutenant, is to transport five thousand pounds of TNT up to the ridge."

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ENGINEERS DON'T FIGHT

What the books say and what actually happens on the battlefield can sometimes be drastically different.

BY WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

First of Two Parts

It was late October and the brutal slugging match for the Huertgen Forest had started when young Second Lt. Bunny Flagg arrived in Europe as an engineer replacement—green as grass but full of high resolve. Bunny landed in an officers' pool in Paris, which is a polite name for a replacement depot. In due course, Bunny and other officers in this depot would be parceled out to units as their services were needed to replace the sick, the wounded and the dead.

Meanwhile, the depot inmates were free to sample such wild delights of Paris as a cinema operated by the Army motion-picture service and a canteen run by the American Red Cross. It was at the canteen that Bunny fell in love with the colonel's daughter.

Bunny didn't know it was a colonel's daughter he was falling in love with. He just thought that it was a remarkably pretty Red Cross girl named Cindy Barnes. She never mentioned that her father was Lt. Col. Luther Barnes, C.O. of the Umpteenth Engineer Combat Battalion—a loud, violent man known as Old Iron Britches Barnes to his troops.

Cindy—she was a small, neatly put-together person with black eyes that could spark wickedly on occasion—had her attention first drawn to Bunny on the latter's second evening in Paris. It was about 1900 hours and raining outside—a cold rain. Up in the Huertgen Forest tonight that rain would turn to snow. The canteen was bright and warm and noisy as Bunny stepped inside; he got into a corner and stood looking about with the preoccupied air of a lost mastiff. Bunny was a large young man, built along the lines of a concrete blockhouse and towering a good half head above most of the rest of the crowd.

"Mm-m-m," Gert McGraw, Cindy's co-worker, said above the din, "would you look over there at Atlas holding up the world—or at least holding up this crummy dump we got for a canteen. I bet that he'd be something to see in a lifeguard's suit at Coney Island."

"Don't be vulgar," Cindy said severely. "Where?"

"In the corner," Gert answered. "Get away—I saw him first."

"He looks lost," Cindy said thoughtfully. "Probably just got here all full of zeal to win the war, and they slap him in the replacement pool instead. He's got trouble enough without fighting you off, pet. I'll go greet him. You keep on dishing out doughnuts."

She slipped through the crowd and hauled up in front of Bunny. "Hello, lieutenant," she said, grinning. "Just get in?"

Bunny—his real name was Charles Preston Flagg Jr.—looked down from his extra height. He was shy where women were concerned. And his mother—it was she who had hung the "Bunny" tag on him when he was three days old, and it had stuck despite the countless noses Bunny had been forced to whack through the years because of the moniker—had hinted pretty darkly about the sort of young ladies that he was apt to meet in such places as Paris. "Yes, ma'am," he admitted finally. "I'm in the replacement depot, but I expect they'll be sending me to the front pretty soon."

Cindy crinkled the corners of her eyes. *The poor lamb*, she was (Continued on Page 124)

Illustrated by Fred Ludekens

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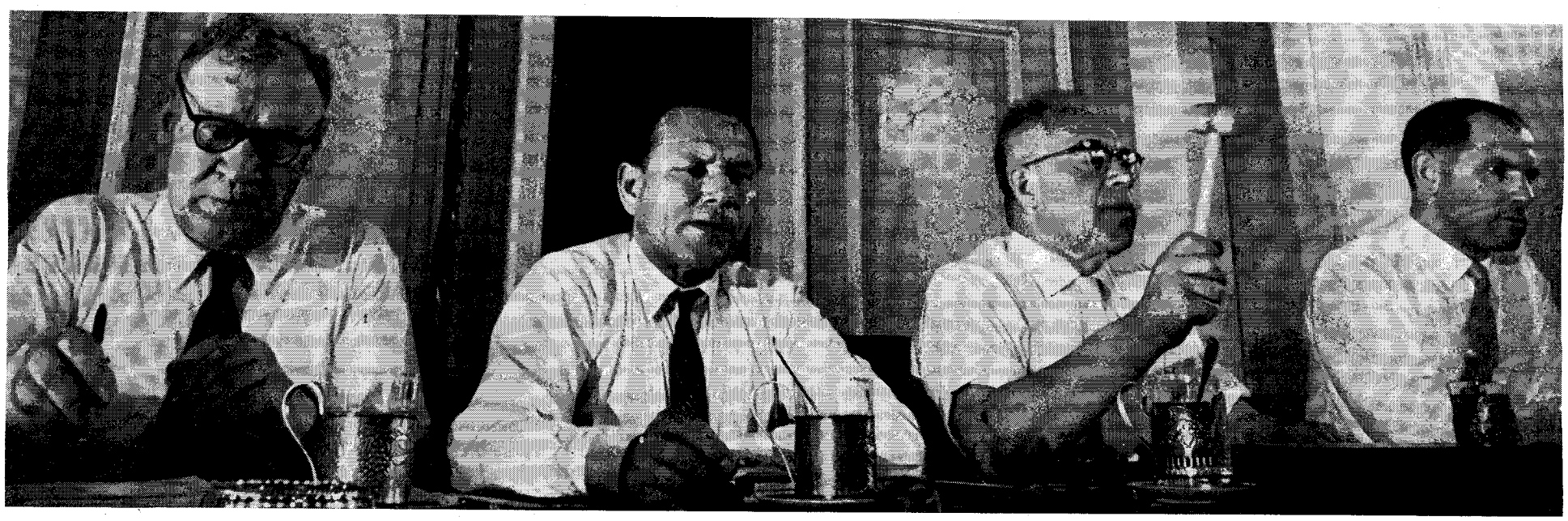
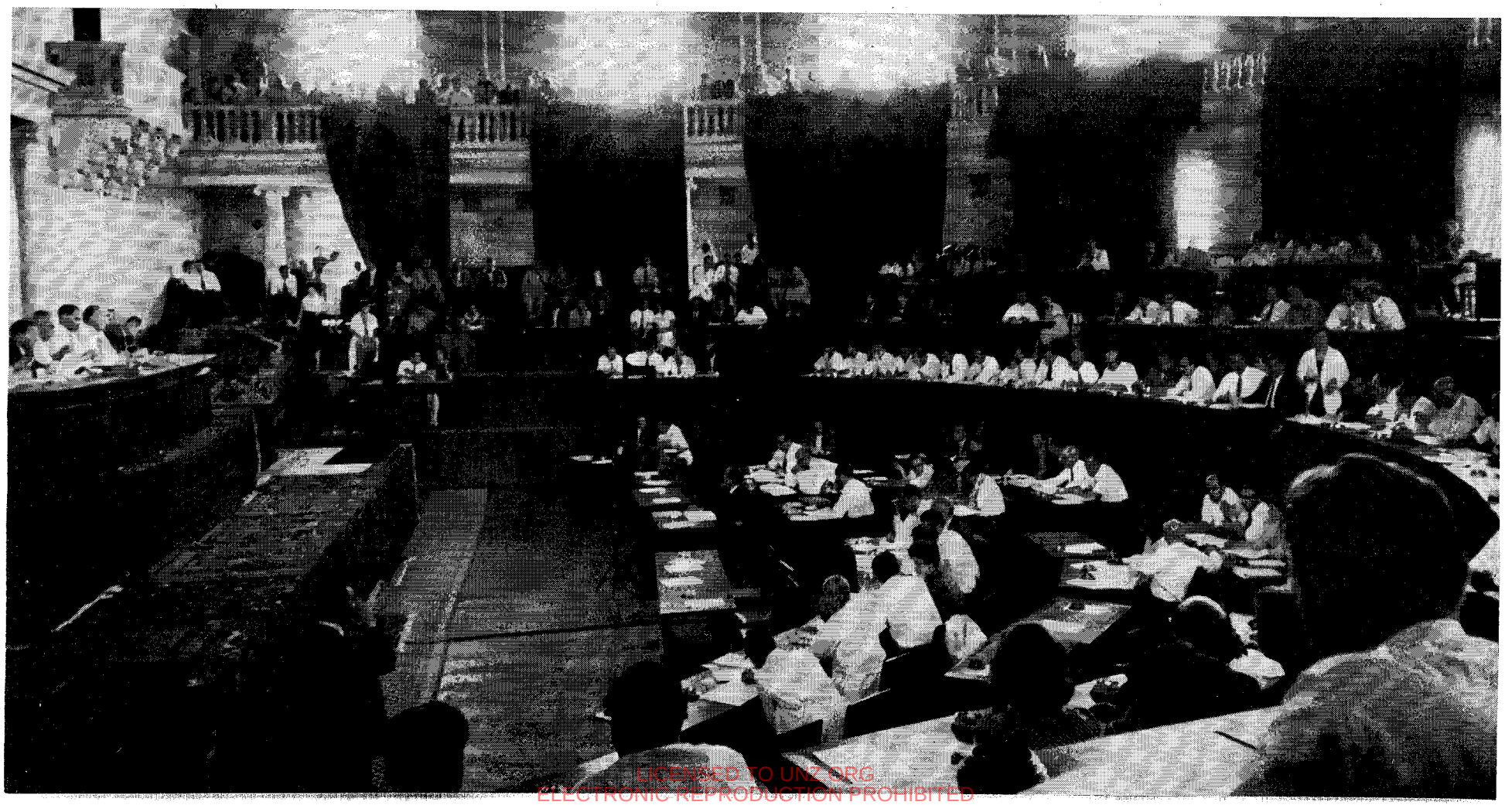
By TONI HOWARD

AUCTION OF FABULOUS FURS

Each year in Leningrad buyers from all over the world spend millions of dollars bidding for some of the world's choicest pelts.



Above: Alexei Kaplin (with gavel), head of the state-owned Soviet Fur Industry, has presided over the auction for twenty-two years. With him are three of his six spotters. Below: In the House of Soviet Fur, "pushniks"—buyers—from twenty-three nations bid for the 9000 lots of fur.



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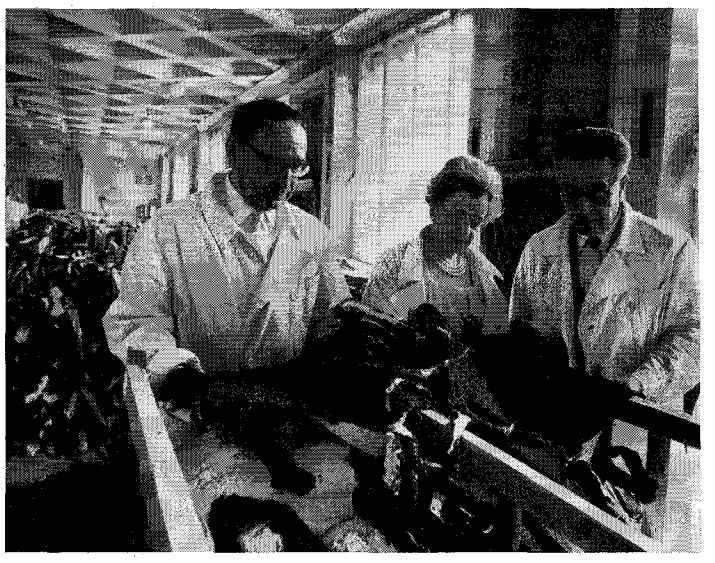
Photographs by William Klein

A Russian girl worker counts and sorts show bundles of white fox in the wings of the House of Soviet Fur. These are carefully selected samples of the 4,000,000 skins to be sold.



Mrs. Anna Maximilian Potok, president of Maximilian Furs of New York, examining Persian lamb pelts. At the auction she paid a record $9000 for a ten-skin lot of Yakutski sables.

LENINGRAD.

Everything about this building is harsh and grandiose. From its black granite steps to its fat marble Byzantine columns, to its glittering crushed-glass chandeliers and wheezing air blowers, it has been built to impress. And it does. It is a monument to the terrible durability of people's progressive proletarian ugliness.

Yet what first assails the visitor entering here has nothing to do with architecture. It is a smell. It is the sharp, gamy odor of animals, and it pervades these great colonnaded halls like a presence, the dank primeval presence of forest and hutch. The building is the ultra-modern House of Soviet Fur in the shabby but civilized city of Leningrad in European Russia. But the smell is the smell of the Siberian wild.

Walk through the showrooms that form the wings of this building and you will see the authors of that smell, hanging from hooks or stacked in piles like cordwood. Here is white fox from the River Ob or the Yenisei, up near the Arctic Circle; silver fox from the Chukchi Peninsula and Murmansk; red fox from the steppes of Kazakstan and Mongolia. Over here is stone marten from the mountains of the Caucasus and baum marten from its forests, kolinsky from the Amur River region of the Far East, black fitch from Central Siberia, snow-white ermine from the North—row after row of shining, raw skins strung up like freshly caught fish and hanging from long chromium bars. Here is an entire hall given over to Persian lamb and broadtail in mounds that look like a thousand giant decks of black and white cards; great fur-lined corridors of lynx and leopard and bear; more corridors of wild and ranched mink.

Here is another entire room given to the king of them all, the imperial sable—deep black-brown and reddish-brown sables from the Irkutsk region, the Barguzin, the Yakutsk, or from the Kamchatka Peninsula above Japan, their fur thick and lustrous and soft, their little paws dangling like so many tiny, sharp-edged bells. Over there are towering piles of muskrat and squirrel turned inside out, crisp and greasy as fried sausages, with only their silky tails showing to remind you that there is fur inside. Although each fur has its own distinctive smell, which fur men claim they can identify blindfolded, the cumulative effect is that of an enormous animal farm in the first warm, fetid days of spring.

And these are only samples or, as they are known in the fur trade, "show bundles." This is the opening display of the Thirtieth Annual Leningrad Fur Fair, the biggest general fur auction in the world, and the bulk of the furs to be sold—more than 4,000,000 skins—are not here in the House of Soviet Fur but in warehouses in the port of Leningrad waiting for shipment. What we are looking at are carefully selected and graded samples, made up in bundles to represent lots of from ten to 20,000 skins each. To us these show bundles may all look pretty much alike within their category; to the fur experts congregated here for the auction, there are subtle but all-important differences in grade, color, curl, luster and weight. And those

(Continued on Page 104)

At the pre-auction banquet at Leningrad's Astoria Hotel, Yuri Frankel, a 320-pound fur merchant and "court jester" of the business, translated delegates' speeches into Russian.

While the customers were being wined and dined, the Russians provided a Leningrad band and a girl singer delivering prewar American jazz.

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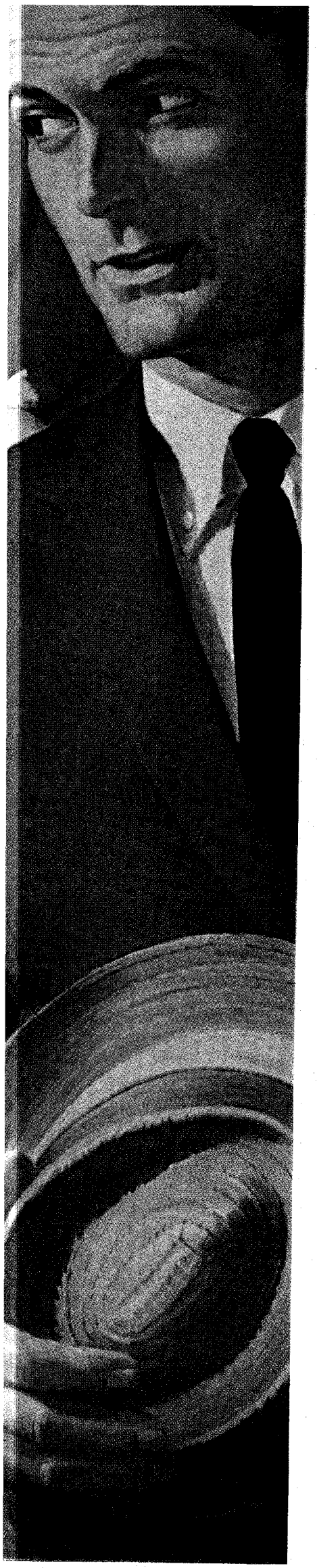

ble to believe, are you?" she said.

By VERNE ATHANAS

Off-Duty Affair

As a cop he had one inflexible rule: never get emotionally involved in a case.

Dan Jenkins got back to Juvenile Hall late in the afternoon, feeling hot, sticky and vaguely discouraged. He was twenty-eight, tall, solid, and more rugged-looking than handsome. He had two years of college, three years of United States Army and nearly five years of City Police duty behind him, plus one long, hard day, and what he wanted was a shower, a drink and dinner, in that order, and certainly no more problems. Carefully he did not even look at Gladys Beullman's office door as he passed. Not that it helped. "Danny!" Gladys boomed.

He repressed a groan, turned and went in. Gladys leaned back in her chair, which protested faintly. She was a big, hearty, salty woman, wearing a light-brown summer suit and a string of pinkish artificial pearls as big as grapes.

"You know Katy Kilbourne, don't you, Danny?" He detested the diminutive, and knew Gladys knew it, but he nodded and smiled briefly at Katy, sitting across the desk from Gladys. Katy was tall and slim and not bad-looking in a trim, rather reticent way, and he had seen her around the office. She hadn't been with Juvenile long, and she was not precisely his cup of tea, to coin a phrase.

"We've met," he said. "And what can I be doing for you, Auntie Gladys?" knowing he was the only one in the department who could get away with that one. Gladys gave him a pained bulldog expression.

"They've been feedin' you meat again, Danny boy," she said. "And what you can do is aid your fellow flatfeet in locating a runaway."

"All right. What's the dope? And have you called in the pickup yet?"

"Two hours ago. It's Carol Willard. You've seen the file, I think."

He looked at her in amazement. "You mean she busted out of here? That little ten-year-old kid? Oh, come on, Gladys!"

"No. She ran away from Katy, here. Katy took her to the carnival at the Pavilion, and Carol slipped away."

He transferred his incredulous stare to Katy Kilbourne. "In

(Continued on Page 158)

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Author Alsop and his stand-up-for-your-rights technique: "Good evening. I believe there's a reservation in my name."

"You say there's been a MISTAKE?"

"LET ME SEE THE MANAGER!"

Let's Stop Acting Like Sheep

By STEWART ALSOP

A *Post* editor takes Americans to task for shamelessly allowing themselves to be browbeaten in hotels, restaurants and other public places and offers his own infallible remedy.

The United States would be a better place to live, and especially to travel in, if more American citizens would learn to take, on appropriate occasions, three simple steps:

ONE: Cause the face to turn purple, puce, or possibly a deep magenta—the precise shade does not greatly matter; meanwhile, the eyes should bug out in a menacing fashion.

TWO: For the space of approximately one minute hop up and down in place, while spasmodically waving both arms with fists clenched.

THREE: Shout in a tone of strangled outrage, "Bring me the manager!" or some other remark appropriate to the initiation of a first-class row.

Altogether too many of us have forgotten, or have never learned, how to make a first-class row. We Americans have been acting far too much like a herd of docile, hypothyroid sheep. As a result we are being treated more and more like sheep, especially when we are traveling. Clerks, waiters, ticket agents, managers and the like herd us about or bark at us like sheep dogs or loftily disregard us, and most of us hardly dare utter a protesting "Baa-aa." As long as we go on acting like sheep, we shall go on being treated like sheep.

The purpose of this report is to introduce a new movement, whose adherents will be issued certificates as Master Row Makers, or Row Makers of the Second Class, the certificates to bear the inspiring slogan: SHEEP OF AMERICA, ARISE—YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR TEMPERS. United under this noble slogan we must learn to complain. When complaint is justified, we must learn to complain long and loud. We must learn the art of making a first-class row.

It is an ancient and honorable art. Techniques vary. My brother, Joseph Alsop, for example, widely known and respected for his row-making abilities, is the acknowledged master of the technique of prolonged, wordless hopping and arm waving as a prelude to starting the row. He is also no mean eye popper. His eyes pop out in such a way as to cause the "knotted and combined locks" of the object of his just wrath to part, as Shakespeare neatly put it, "and each particular hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porpentine." His performance is so effective that it has not infrequently been assumed that he was having some sort of fit— (Continued on Page 171)

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The Big Three Join the Revolution

Proud parent of a new baby. Robert S. McNamara, Ford vice president, with the Ford Falcon, the company's entry in America's new small-car race.

By ARTHUR W. BAUM

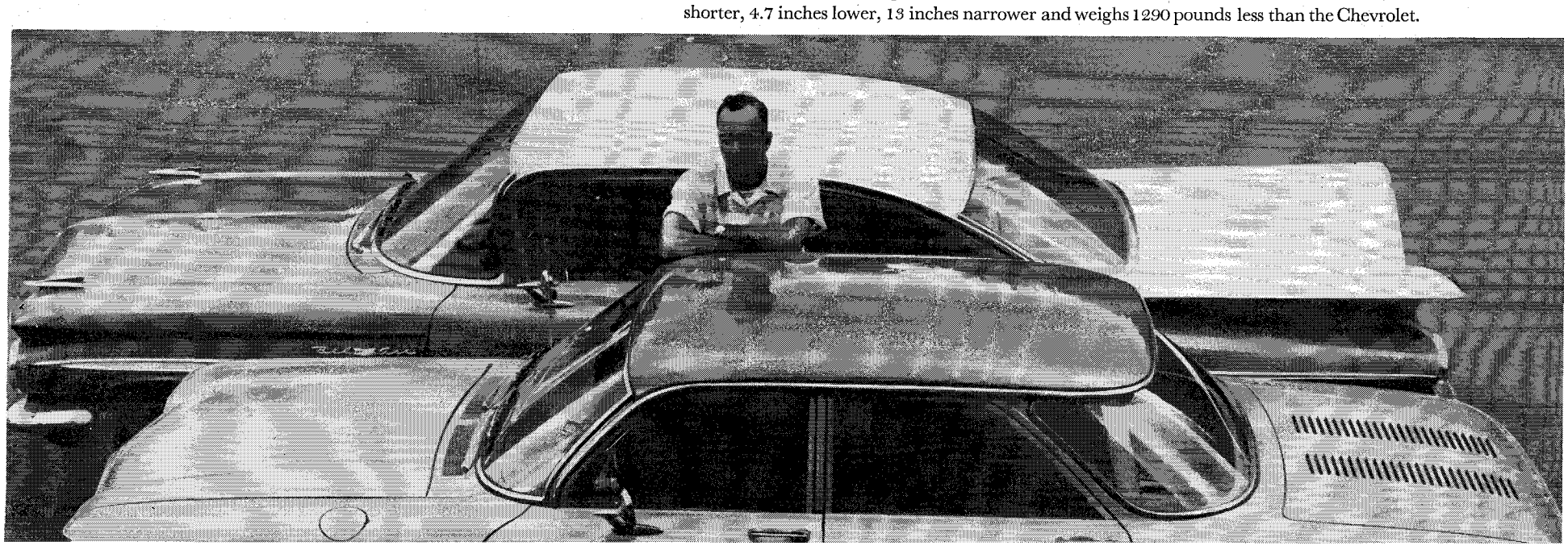
This week Detroit's big three will unveil their long-talked-about little cars. A *Post* editor tells how these radically different autos will perform.

Another proud pop. Edward N. Cole, General Motors V. P., looks over the rear-end aluminum engine of Chevrolet's new, small Corvair.

Just about a year from now the American automobile-manufacturing industry will spin off its 150,000,000th passenger automobile. The particular vehicle which marks the mighty milestone will go unnoticed and uncelebrated, because no one knows where, among the assembly lines of twenty-five states, the proper car will hit the proper moment. The company that produces it also will go unrecognized. And it is impossible to tell what kind of car it will be. But there is a fair chance that the unnamed vehicle will emerge into a substantially changed automobile market and will itself reflect a year of automotive revolution. That year of revolution will begin this week.

For some time it has been known that all three of our largest auto makers would produce a small car. They have. The products are totally new cars in a new modern category, smaller, cheaper and less costly to operate than anything the three manufacturers, who represent some 90 per cent of American production,

Below: The Corvair compared with a 1959 Chevrolet Bel Air. The Corvair is 31 inches shorter, 4.7 inches lower, 13 inches narrower and weighs 1290 pounds less than the Chevrolet.



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The Falcon has the longest wheel base of the new economy models—109.5 inches—and a bit more over-all height.

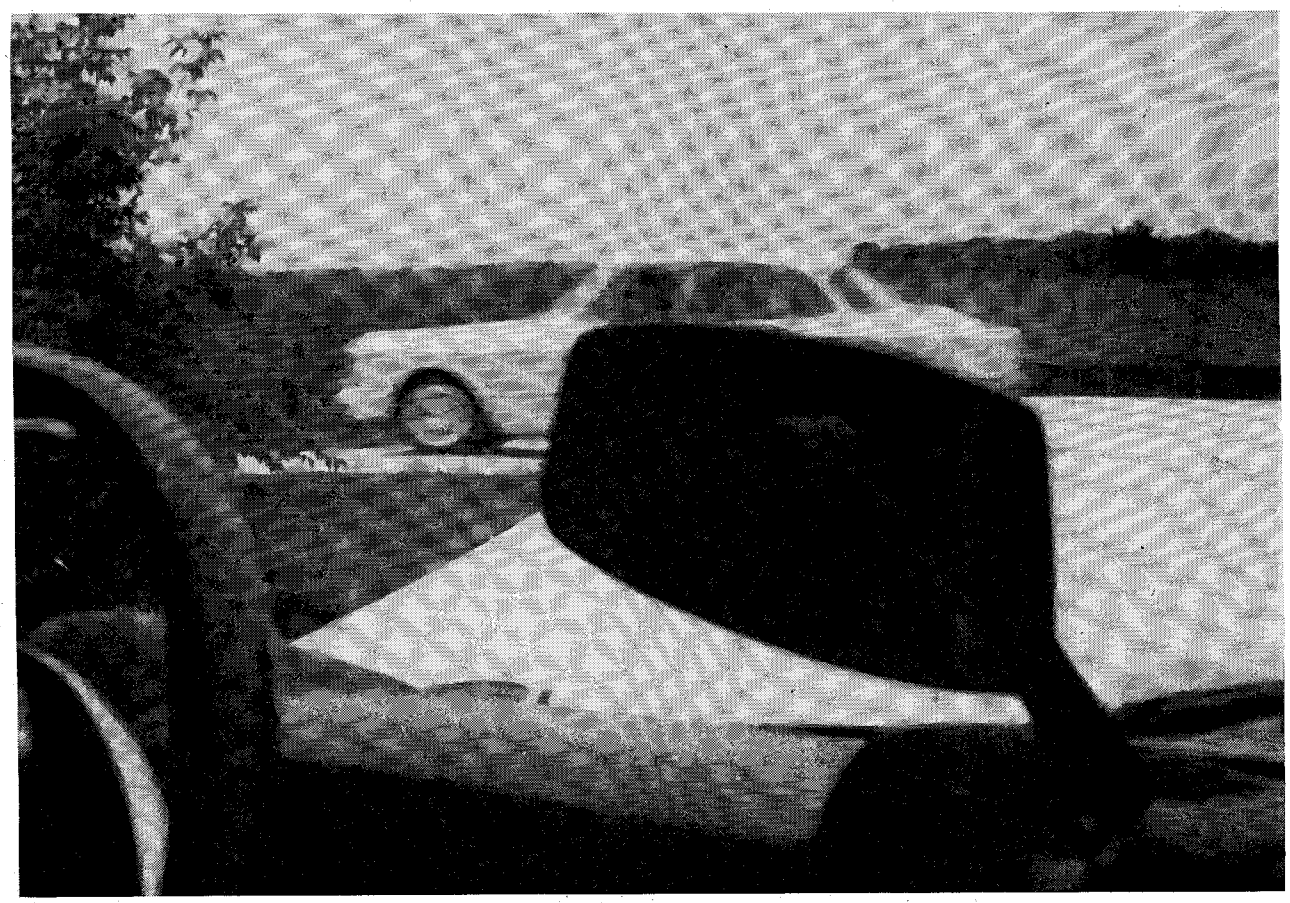
have built for many years. The cars are ready. The revolution is about to begin. The stakes are hundreds of millions of dollars.

No one can foretell the upshot of this unprecedented move. It is axiomatic in Detroit that the industry can build anything anyone wants, but can never predict a success. Thus this small-car move may be a giant industrial blunder. Or it may be the smartest thing Detroit has done in decades. At this point one opinion is as good as the next. Here is the opinion of this writer. The big three have done an astonishing job of producing three highly attractive and highly salable products. The new cars, Chevrolet's Corvair, Ford's Falcon and Chrysler's Valiant, are ingeniously designed, comfortable and possess excellent performance characteristics. The chances are they will be a pleasant surprise in all ways but one—price. Prices are expected to start right close to $2000.

Whether the manufacturers are directly on target in this major move is entirely a matter of what the target is; and there are some widespread misconceptions about that. It is commonly believed that this is Detroit's rebuttal to the invasion of small, economical foreign cars which have been enjoying a boom here since 1955—1,000,000 foreign cars are now registered in this country. But Detroit's new three are not even aimed at the bulk of foreign imports. Largest volume of imports is in Volkswagens and Renaults. The Valiant, Falcon and Corvair will not compete on a direct price basis with any of these. Nor will they compete in price with most models from Fiat, another of the top half-dozen imports. They will compete with some British Fords, Simcas, Opels and Vauxhalls, all of which are high on the import list. But these are cars that American manufacturers were already selling here.

Detroit has not now and never had any intention of producing a so-called austerity car in which style, comfort and performance are too greatly sacrificed for low first cost and high gas mileage. What the auto makers have produced are cars which are nimble, cost a little less, use less gas, but are still six-passenger automobiles. In so doing, however, the producers have made a tacit admission—that their conventional smallest, lowest-priced three are no longer small enough and low-priced enough for an increasing number of customers who want something somewhat less splendid.

If it is possible to conceive of an industry glancing back over its collective shoulder to see what the commotion is back there, the parallel would aptly fit General Motors, Ford and Chrysler in the period 1955–57. Throughout its existence the American auto industry has been accustomed to providing this country with more than 99 per cent of its automobiles. As it marched on to harvest huge and constantly expanding markets it was always conscious that back there somewhere there were a few foreign gleaners picking up some overlooked remnants of the market. It was noticed in 1955 that there were a few more than usual and in 1956 that the small number had tripled from 1954. In 1957 the crowd of small foreign brands picking up market remnants began growing (Continued on Page 141)



Sneak view of the Valiant, Chrysler's economy candidate. A little more exotic than the other two, the Valiant will be introduced soon.

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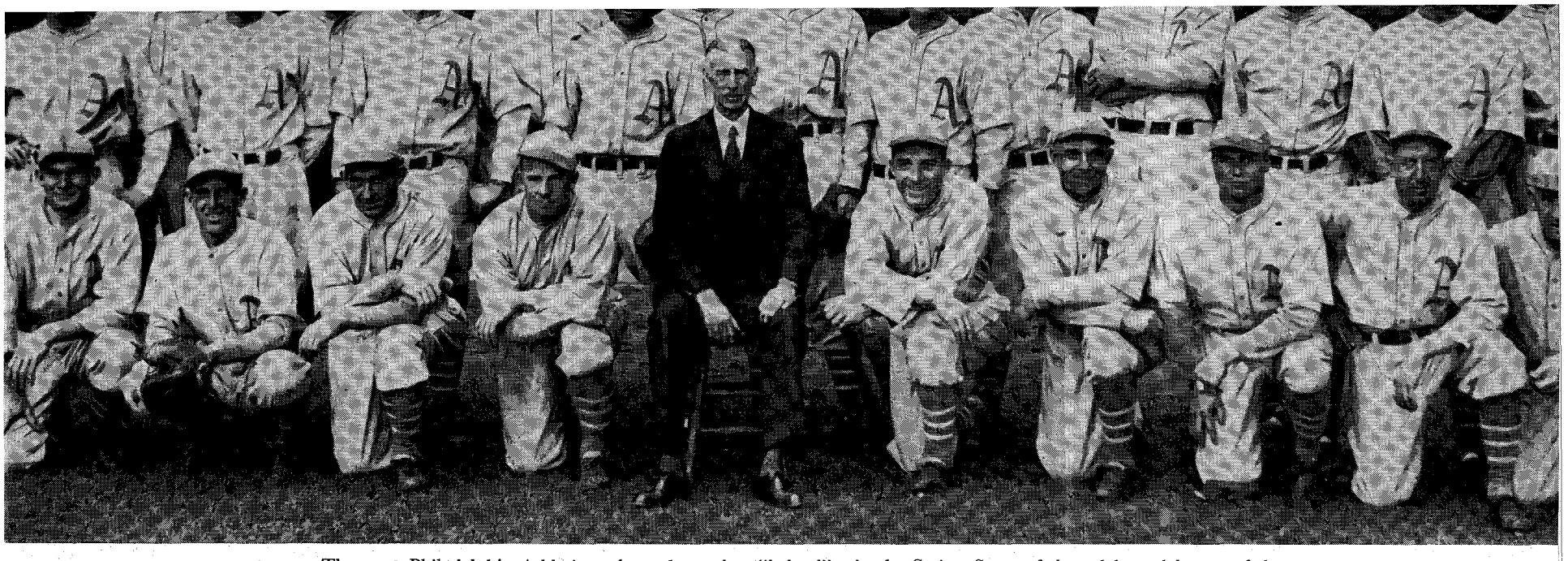
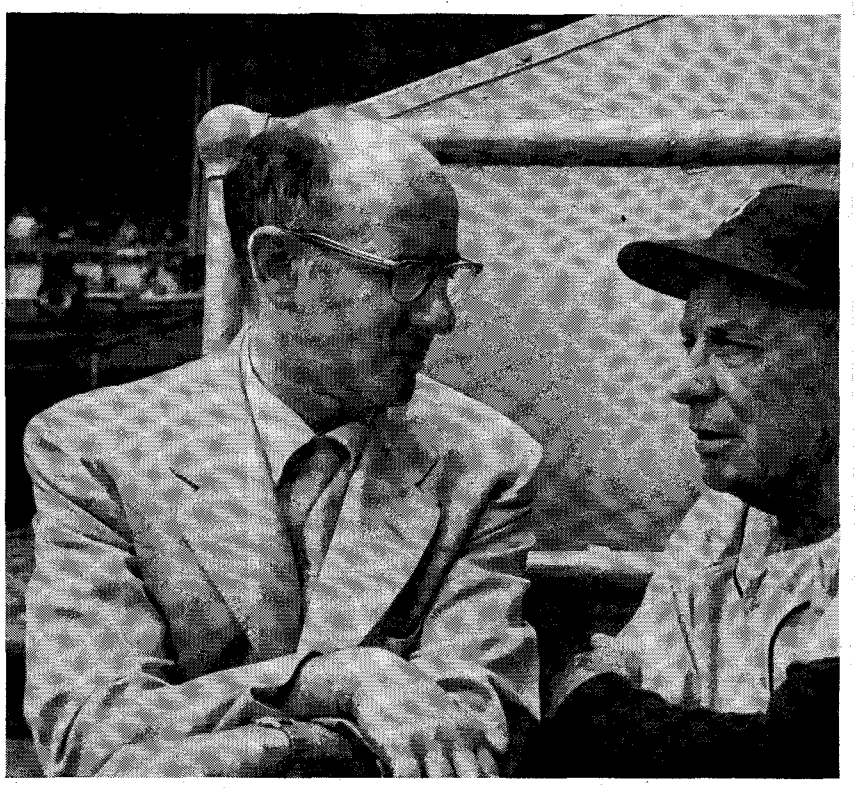


The 1930 Philadelphia Athletics, whom the author "helped" win the Series. Some of the celebrated heroes of that year are (front row, beginning at third from left) Mickey Cochrane, Jimmy Dykes, manager Connie Mack, Al Simmons, Bing Miller, Jimmy Foxx, and coach Eddie Collins; also (back row, second from left) Lefty Grove and (fourth from right) George Earnshaw.

By DAVID YELLIN

The Day I Was Indispensable

As a fourteen-year-old boy the author was convinced that the outcome of a certain crucial World Series game depended on him.

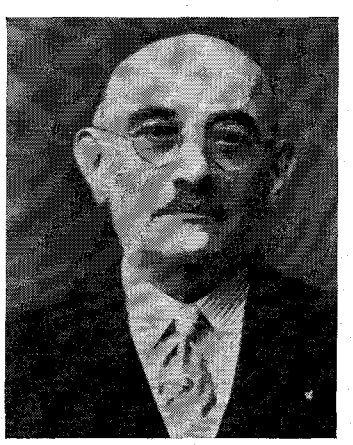


Author Yellin today with Detroit manager Jimmy Dykes (right), one of his boyhood heroes. In those days Dykes played third base for the A's.

When I was a boy growing up in Philadelphia, the two most venerated mortals in my world were Connie Mack, manager of baseball's world champion Philadelphia Athletics, and Mr. Daroff, president of my family's Orthodox Jewish congregation. And I shall never forget the day when Connie Mack and his scorecard and Mr. Daroff and his prayer book contested for my fourteen-year-old soul. It was in 1930 when, by catastrophic coincidence, Yom Kippur—Day of Atonement—the holiest day of the Jewish calendar, fell on October second—the same date that Connie Mack's Athletics were to play the second game of the World Series with the St. Louis Cardinals in Shibe Park, not two miles from Mr. Daroff's B'nai Jeshurun Synagogue.

Since the next three games were to be played in the enemy's Sportsman's Park in St. Louis, it was the opinion of most of the experts writing for the sports pages of the *Evening Public Ledger*—an opinion which I, a dutiful reader, shared—that unless the A's went into the West with a two-game lead, they might not win the Series. And it was my own private belief, shared by three or four of my closest friends, that if the A's did not win the World Series, the world itself would come to an end.

Things had got under way auspiciously on Wednesday, October first, with the A's taking the opener, 5–2, thanks in no small measure, I felt sure, to my forethought in getting dressed that morning—left sock, left shoe, left pants leg, left shirt sleeve first, because Lefty Grove was to pitch. George Earnshaw, a right-hander, was Connie Mack's choice for the second game, and accordingly I planned to repeat my good-luck dressing ritual on the morning of Yom Kippur, switching, of course, to the right side. I was (Continued on Page 143)



The late redoubtable *Mister* Daroff. "For several hours he had the power to control my fate," says Yellin, "and hence the destiny of even Connie Mack."

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MISSION IN THE STORM

By RODERICK LULL

Sometimes, for his own deep reasons, a man will defy all the odds.

It was a dry snow, with the consistency of fine sand, so there was small danger of slipping. In fact, Ira Baker could walk very well, at almost his ordinary pace, so long as he took care at the curbings. The secondhand boots he'd bought at Big Mike's House of a Million Bargains were standing up splendidly. This was important. He'd worried about them at first; you couldn't always be as sure as you'd like to be of Big Mike's merchandise.

He could just make out, in the last of the day's light, ominous clouds in the distance. And the wind was making itself felt again. Bad weather was on the way. But it would come when it came, Ira Baker knew, and there was no sense in borrowing trouble in advance.

Snow, *wind*, Ira Baker thought. Then, like a little verse, *Other snows*, *other winds*, *other years*. The big one—that would have been in '05, '06, thereabouts. Twenty feet on the level, and only the good God knew how deep in the drifts. And soft, embracing. Twelve lost in it, and he'd saved but two. It rankled still—only two. People had been good—they'd called him a hero. But Ira Baker had always known better. There was nothing heroic in doing what you were peculiarly equipped to do, and in those days snow and storm and country had been as natural as breathing. The only heroes were those who did the impossible.

A bus came by, lights on, the windows steaming with its inner warmth, and stopped to disembark passengers. The driver looked at him, his eyes a question. Ira Baker made a small, polite, negative movement of his head. A bus cost a quarter the ride, and it was not worth it. It wasn't that he decried, from a bitter heart, the bus company's charges and revenues; but each man must weigh what was offered against what was demanded in return, then make his decision.

The wind rose, whipping the snow, and he drew his coat (Continued on Page 56)

Ira knew he had reached his physical li

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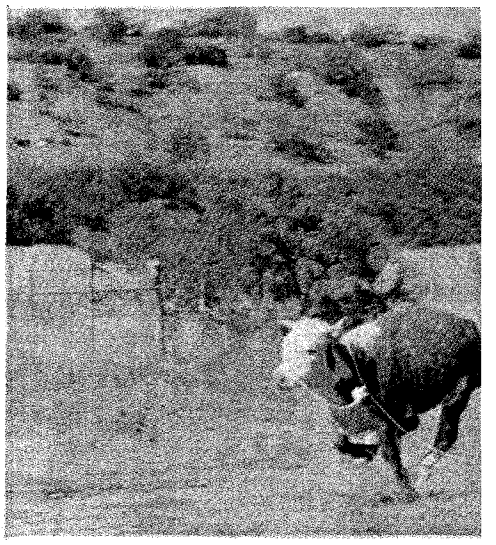
Rugged Riders of Pitchfork Ranch

By LEWIS NORDYKE



On this 162,000-acre spread in West Texas everything is up to date except the cowboys. They ride as hard as their predecessors did in the days of the open range.

Photographs by Joern Gerdts

That morning on the Pitchfork Ranch was one of the largest and finest West Texas could produce. The clear air, rain-washed during the night, was a pleasure to breathe. The newly risen sun slanted across the pale green buffalo grass, dotted with yellow wildflowers; raindrops caught in the leaves sparkled with light. It was a scene to gladden the heart of any cattleman; I could understand why Douglas Burns, the ranch manager, sat tall on his chestnut horse beside the old-fashioned chuck wagon and surveyed the landscape with a happy squint.

Yet there was a certain tension in the air. I could feel it when wagon boss Billy George Drennan turned toward his fifteen riders, finishing their breakfast of bacon and eggs, and said, "Time to get the horses." A couple of cowhands headed for a small pasture to bring up the *remuda* of some 100 animals. The other riders unlimbered their lariats and practiced roping their saddles, corral posts and one another, like football players warming up before a game.

For it was spring roundup time on the Pitchfork, one of the great old cattle empires of Texas, a spread of 162,000 acres lying just under the rimrock of the High Plains in Dickens and King counties. And the roundup starting

Poker at Scale Corral camp. A day on the range usually ends not with ballad singing but with horseshoe pitching or a round of cards

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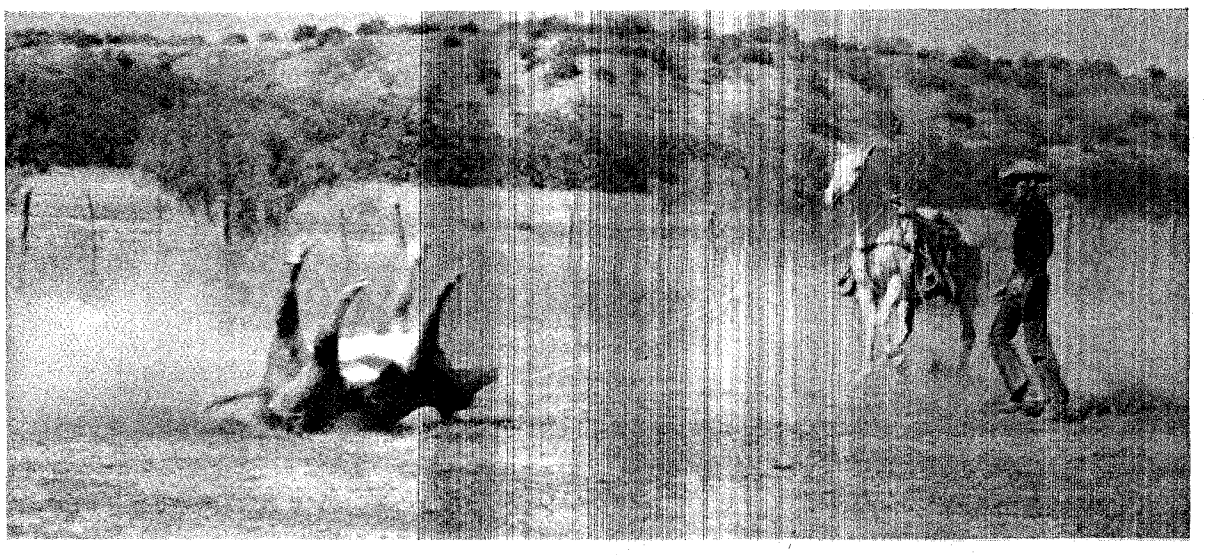
The cowboy above has just roped a calf for branding.



While his horse holds the rope taut on the thrown calf, the rider moves in to hog-tie its legs with a piggin' string.

this particular morning had its own special challenge: This spring Burns and his cowpunchers were determined to clear every last cow, calf and steer from a 42,000-acre stretch of badlands known and spelled in these parts as Croton Brakes. They intended to scorch the Pitchfork brand, shaped like a three-tined pitchfork and famous since the days of the Chisholm Trail, on every last maverick now hidden out in those deep and dark canyons.

As the horses, nearly all of them grays, came high-tailing toward the corral, I looked over these honest-to-goodness cowpunchers, so different from the synthetic TV buckaroos, getting ready for action. They ranged in age from seventeen-year-old Curtis (Little Boy) Ozborn to sixty-nine-year-old Thomas Thornton, who looks after the ranch's horse stock and occasionally still does some riding—from the young, handsome and straight to the old, bow-legged and bald. With their spurs jingling and ropes popping, they sounded like cowboys. With their big hats, tall boots, thorn-torn leather chaps and sun-bleached denim bush jackets, they looked like genuine Texas cowhands have looked since the fall of the Alamo. Theirs were practical, working costumes, no fancy rigs—the (Continued on Page 155)

On the "Forks" there's an unwritten law that no rattler gets away alive.

In two drives the cowboys bring 1400 of the ranch's 6000 cattle into Scale Corral.

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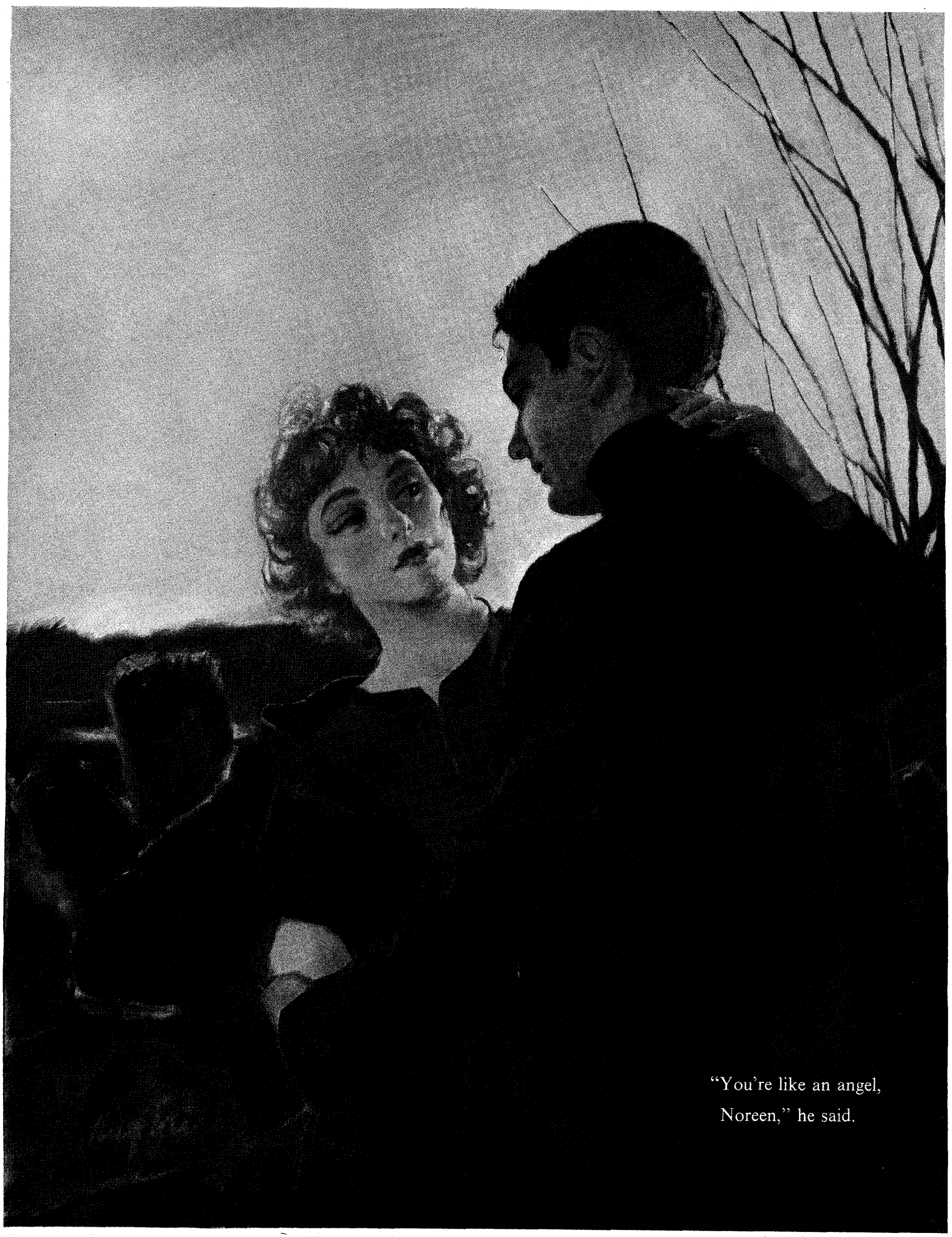

"You're like an angel, Noreen," he said.

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A *POST* NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

Love's Young Dream

By SEAN O'FAOLAIN

A famous Irish writer's story of youth and yearning, and an ecstasy that died too soon.

I don't remember my first visits to that part of Ireland, although my father often told me that since I was four years old I used to be sent there every year, sometimes twice a year. He was a ship's captain, my mother had died when I was three, and whenever he was at sea and no nearer relative could have me I would be sent off for safekeeping to the County Kildare.

The first visit I remember at all clearly was when I was ten, to my Uncle Gerry's farm near the town of Newbridge. I remember it because it was during this visit that Noreen Coogan pushed me into the Liffey. (Noreen was the only child of my aunt's servant, Nancy Coogan; that year she must have been about twelve or thirteen.) I can still see myself standing dripping on the bank, crying miserably, and my uncle assuring me that Noreen—"the bold, bad slut!"—would be kept far away from me for the rest of the holidays; at which I began to wail more loudly than before, and he, guessing the state of my heart, began to laugh so loudly at me that I fairly bawled.

I have no clear image of what Noreen looked like at the time, or, indeed, at any later time. All I have clearly in my memory is a vision of a cloud of corn-fair hair, and large eyes, and for some reason or other, I always want to say that she had a complexion like sweet peas. Perhaps I saw her at some time with a big bunch of cream-and-pink sweet peas in her arms or standing in a garden with a lot of sweet peas in it and felt that the delicate blend of colors and scents was a perfect setting for her. But all my memories of those early visits are like that—both actual and dim, like the haze of heat that used to soften the soft surfaces of the far meadows across the river or the swarms of gnats rising and sinking hazily over the reeds below the bridge. I am sure I saw my uncle's stableman, Marky Fenelon, quite clearly, a little man with a face all composed of marbles, from his blackberry eyes to his crumpled chin or his tightly wound ears, but when I heard that he was a Palatine, I never asked what it meant and did not care.

I was very clearly aware of Nancy Coogan, big, bustling, bosomy, bare-armed, with a laugh like a thunderclap, but when I gathered somehow that she and Marky were courting and would marry someday, all that this "someday" meant to me was never. Is all childhood made up of facts of nature that are accepted beyond questioning? Perhaps mine was prolonged. When I was thirteen I was so vague as to what marrying meant that I much amused Nancy by asking her why some ladies are called Miss and some Mrs. She laughed and said the misses are the ones that miss, which I thought very clever indeed.

One reason why Noreen and my clearer memories of Newbridge go together is that she focused my holidays for me. She was their one clear center from which everything went outward and to which everything returned. For after I was ten she became as certain and fixed a part of those visits as my first sight of the elongated Main Street of Newbridge, with the walls of the cavalry barracks all along one side of it and the sutlers' shops all along the other, or the peaceful sound of the gun wagons jingling along the dusty roads—they suddenly sounded less peaceful the year the Great War broke out—or the happy moment of arrival at the farm when I would run to meet Marky Fenelon in the wide, cobbled yard and at once hand him his ritual present of a pound of sailor's twist, bought for him by my father, or—one of the happiest moments of all—when I would run into the flagged kitchen to Nancy with her ritual present, which was always a lacy blouse bought in some port like Gibraltar, or Naples, or Genoa. At the sight

(Continued on Page 71)

Illustrated by George Hughes

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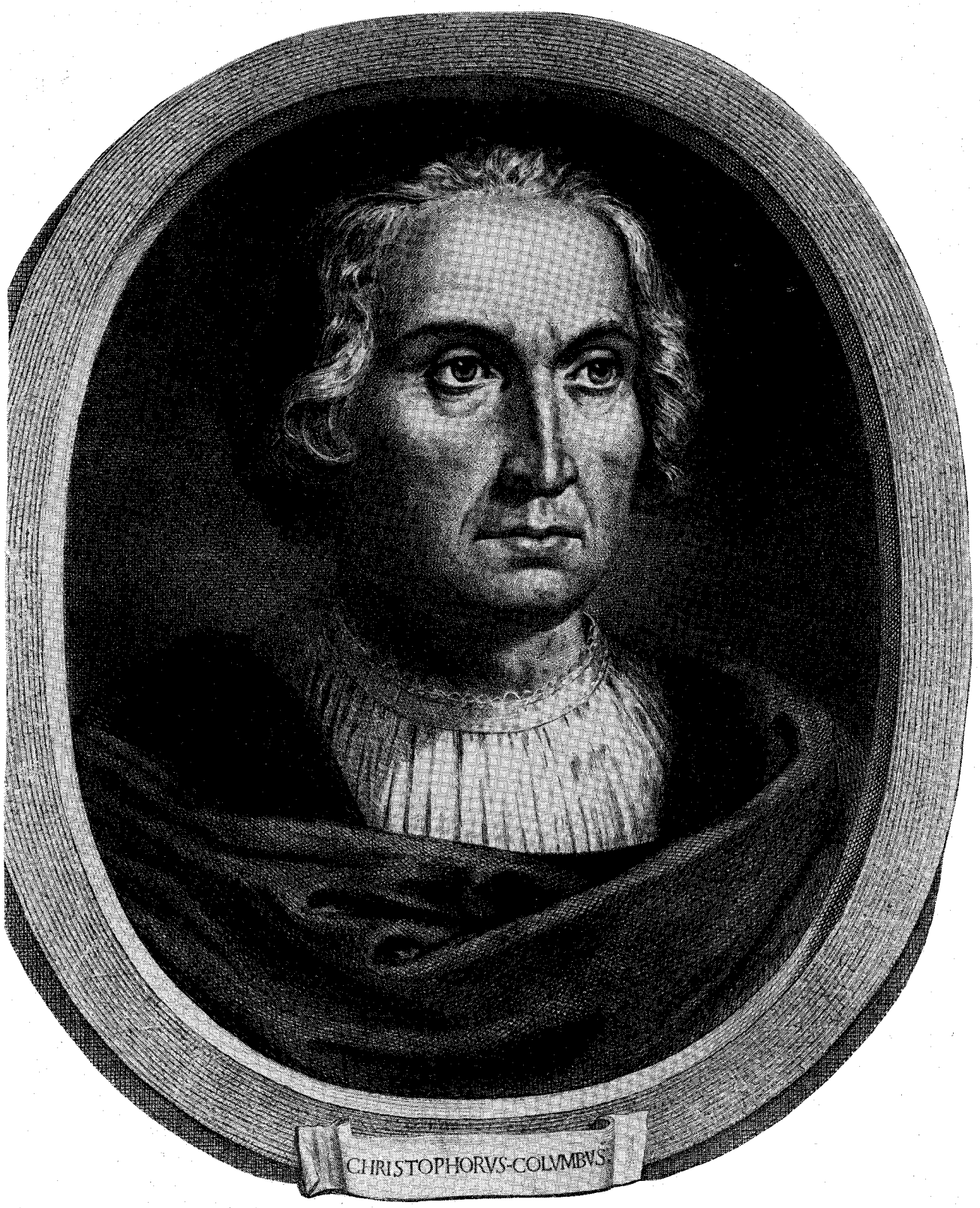
Greatest Voyage Ever Made

A famous historian dispels some erroneous—and widely held—notions about Christopher Columbus and his amazing adventure of 467 years ago.

By Samuel Eliot Morison



There are at least eighty so-called portraits of Columbus, none of them painted in his lifetime. This nineteenth-century version, from the Naval Museum of Madrid, is probably as accurate as any.

Christopher Columbus did more to chart the course of history than any other individual since the Emperor Augustus. He was the sign and symbol of a new age of hope and glory; he closed the book of the Middle Ages and wrote the first page of the modern era. The Americans are legatees of his faith and wisdom. The voyage of discovery that took him to "The Indies" and home was no blind chance, but his own creation, long studied, carefully planned, carried through by virtue of his courage, sea knowledge and indomitable will. No later voyage could ever have such spectacular results, and Columbus' fame would have been secure had he retired from the sea in 1493.

Yet there is a strange paradox in his career. He never accomplished what he was trying to do; he never did find a new, short sea route from Europe to Eastern Asia. What he achieved was accidental, although of a magnitude that he never even imagined. On his third voyage, in 1498, after he had touched the American continent at Venezuela and observed the vast volume of fresh water flowing from the Orinoco, he did indeed write, "This is an Other World." But he died believing that this New or Other World of his discovery lay in about the same relations to the Asiatic continent that Indonesia actually does to Malaya. For him, Japan and China were always just around the next headland, and it remained for Magellan to find out how really remote they were.

He was born in Genoa in 1451 to a family of respectable wool weavers. His parents had the inspiration to name him Christopher after the patron saint of all travelers by land or water, and now by air. Judging from his appearance in later life, he was a freckled, red-haired little boy, thoughtful with the "long, long thoughts" of youth, yet adventurous, seizing every opportunity to escape working at his father's looms to go fishing. The sense of beauty that he expressed in later life must have been awakened along that glorious shore of the Ligurian Sea, where the southwest wind blows fresh from the Mediterranean, the mountains rise in pine-clad terraces from the sea, and every lad of spirit learns how to sail a boat.

Christopher learned seamanship the hard way. At the age of twenty or twenty-one, he began making short voyages in the Mediterranean as a foremast hand; and in 1476, when he was twenty-five, he was cast up on the shores of Portugal through the sinking of the Genoese ship in which he sailed. This lucky landing was the turning point in his career. Genoa was interested in the Mediterranean and Middle East, but Lisbon looked out on the illimitable waters of the ocean, which men still regarded as one indivisible ocean, surrounding Europe, Asia and Africa. Portuguese mariners, then the world's best, were making new discoveries along the West Coast of Africa almost every year. They had cracked the crust of the narrow "habitable earth" known to Europeans of the Middle Ages, and they were eager to move further.

In Lisbon, the most enterprising and ambitious of European cities, Christopher joined

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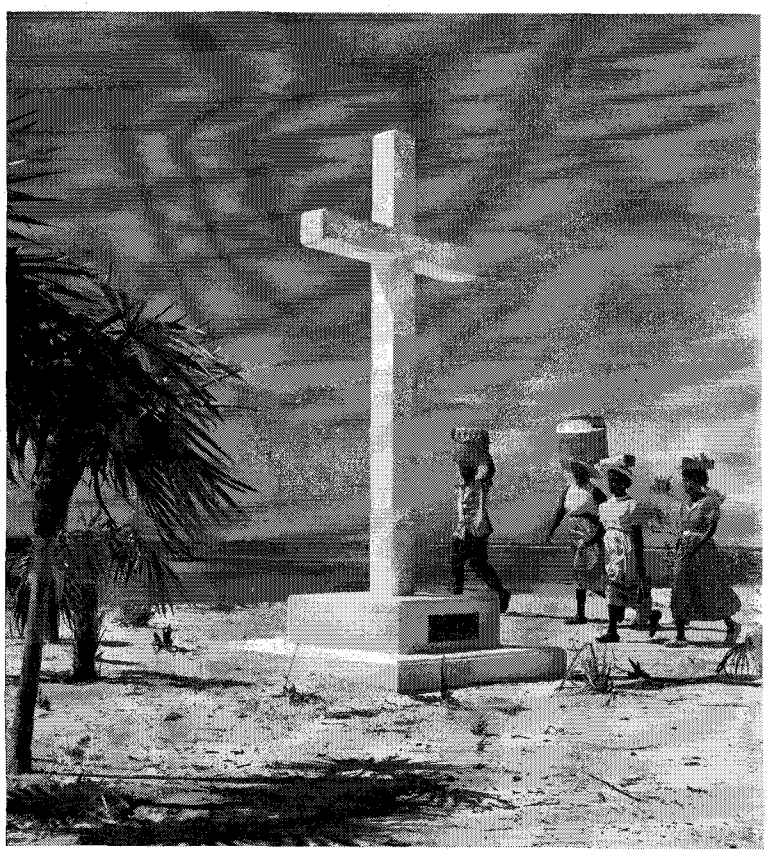
This monument in Barcelona, Spain, commemorates the Genoese navigator's epic achievement. Anchored at right is a full-scale replica of his flagship, the *Santa Maria.*

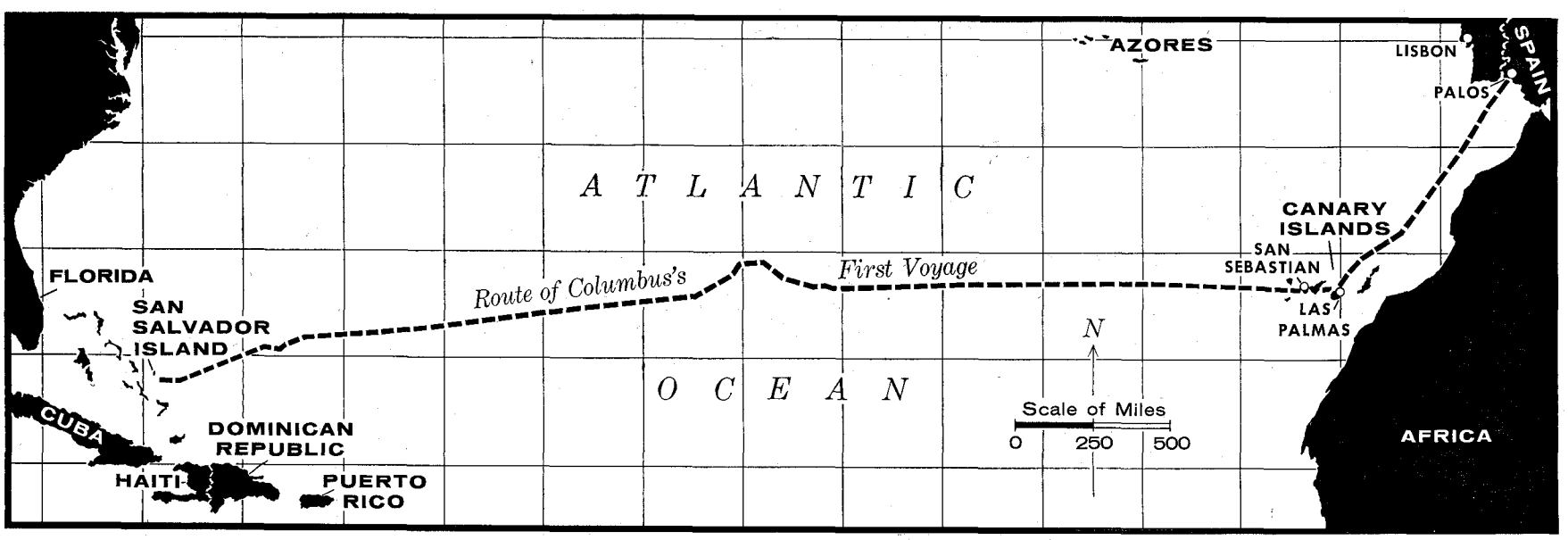


Did Columbus land here? Yes, says author Morison. The marker, erected in 1956 at Long Bay in San Salvador, is one of several which claim to be on the true site.

his brother, Bartholomew, in the business of making and selling charts. But often he left his brother in sole charge to go to sea. One winter when the Arctic was unusually open, he sailed in a Portuguese ship to a point north of Iceland, calling at Galway en route. Later, a Genoese firm sent him to Madeira to buy sugar. After executing this mission he married a Portuguese lady of noble family, daughter of an eminent navigator. Obviously, this young man was coming up in the world. We next hear of him as officer, possibly captain, of one of the king's ships, making voyages to the fortified trading post of El Mina, whose ruins may still be seen on the coast of Ghana.

At the age of thirty-two or thirty-three, the future of this transplanted Genoese was secure. With family connections to help him obtain profitable commands, he could have retired in a few years with a small fortune. Very likely his wife entreated him to do just that; they had a pleasant house and garden in Funchal, Madeira, where he rested between voyages. Why risk every chance of security for themselves and their boy? But Columbus was not a man of ordinary ambition. Somehow, somewhere, he had come by a great idea—that it would be possible to sail due west to the Orient, and establish a western trade route to Asia. He did not, of course, expect to land anywhere in Japan or China and take over the country. His plan was to set up a trading post on some island like Okinawa where the products of Europe and the Orient could be profitably exchanged. That sort of thing had been done by the Portuguese in Africa, so why not in Asia? And that trading post would be an entering wedge for Christianity. Actually the foundation of Manila, in 1571, was the fulfillment of that part of Columbus' dream.

How he came by this idea we do not know, but we do know that once grasped, it was for him absolute, unquestioned truth. It was the Word; as he, Christopher, was the divinely appointed man to make the Word flesh. He alone could do it; nobody else. And for eight years he and his brother, Bartholomew, who shared his vision, devoted themselves to promoting the great idea, appealing to the cupidity as well as the religious ambition of princes. At the same time, they attempted to implement the great idea by any and every argument—Biblical texts, scraps of Aristotle and medieval geographers, stories (Continued on Page 148)



Map shows Columbus's course from Palos, where his fleet set sail on August 3, 1492. He was convinced that Japan lay due west of the Canary Islands.

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Trumbo's expression at seeing Randy on the mound was one of supercilious merriment.

What a Boy Wants

His heart was set on making the team, but he didn't look enough like a ballplayer.

By RICHARD MACAULAY

The boy was about fifteen. He was reasonably tall for his age—about five-ten—but he was very thin, and wore thick, silver-rimmed glasses. Even under his full-length sleeves, the skinniness of his arms could be sensed. He was so preoccupied that he didn't notice the Jordan automobile that stopped at the curb beside the lot, much less the man behind the wheel who was watching him with a mixture of curiosity and pity.

The boy had just regathered a dozen baseballs beside a wooden slab that was a rough approximation of a pitching rubber. Five of the dozen balls had long ago lost their covers and were bound with heavy, black bicycle tape. The seven others were in various stages of disrepair, ranging from heavily scuffed to a couple of balls actually flapping at a seam.

He was throwing at a curious contrivance. It was a wire frame mounted over a heavily pitted home plate, long abandoned by some amateur team finally able to afford a new one. The frame itself was just about the dimensions of the average strike zone. Within this major frame was an adjustable small one, about six inches square. Just behind the plate, about where the catcher might have been, was the blank brick wall of a factory building.

Working very deliberately, the boy was trying to pitch through the six-inch-square frame. Of the dozen balls, he got two through it, and his last pitch hit the wire of the smaller frame, bending it out of shape.

If the boy had been able to be impervious to the man in the Jordan, he could not very well ignore the well-set-up young man who had stopped on the sidewalk and had watched with amusement his last few pitches. This young man, all of sixteen despite his six feet and a hundred and eighty pounds, asked amusedly, "What're you doing, Randy—getting ready for the White Sox?"

Randy turned and answered, "Sure—or the Cubs, whichever want me first."

The other boy, Mel Baker, snickered and said, "I wouldn't want to stand on my head waiting for that to happen."

Randy stood looking resentfully after the departing Mel, who was tabbed as the Traymont High's probably next All-City at football, basketball and baseball. Then he went

Illustrated by Walter Skor

Randy felt a hand on his shoulder as he sat in front of the locker that was no longer to be his.

methodically around the lot to retrieve the balls which had caromed off the bricks in several different directions and distances, depending on their condition.

While Randy was doing this, the man in the Jordan got out and walked into the lot. He was very tall, perhaps as much as six-four, but in spite of near middle age, was still quite slender. He felt a compassion for the boy, because this was Chicago in the early 'Twenties, and there were no Little Leagues, Pony Leagues or American Legion Leagues. There were only the unorganized sandlots.

"Son," the man said kindly, "just exactly what are you getting ready for?"

Randy looked behind him, startled, then said, "Only to try out for a high-school team, sir—Traymont High."

"A little early for that, isn't it?" the man asked dryly. It was an early August evening, and a hot one at that.

"Well," Randy said, reassured by the man's kindly manner, "I have a lot to make up for. I'll have to work harder and longer than anyone else."

"As a matter of fact," the man said, looking Randy over appraisingly, "you don't look much like an athlete. Do you play any other sports?"

"No, sir," Randy answered, adding honestly, "I'm too light for football and too clumsy and slow for basketball."

The man said, "Let me tell you something, son. Most pitchers aren't athletes. They're just specialized freaks who can't bat, play the outfield or infield, or do any good at any other sport. All they can do while they're young is just pitch that ball up there very fast or very accurately." His eyes twinkled. "I ought to know. My name's Jimmy Lennon, by the way."

Randy gulped and, behind the thick lenses of his glasses, his eyes protruded. He finally gasped, "You mean Jimmy Lennon who pitched for Detroit and Cleveland?"

"And a few other places on the way up," Jimmy Lennon said. "What's your name?"

Randy gasped, "Randy Johnson," as Lennon took his hand.

"Well, Randy," Lennon said, "I'll be by tomorrow night at about the same time if you'll be here."

"Boy!" Randy said fervently. "Will I be here!"

When Lennon drove up in his Jordan the next evening, Randy was there all right. Lennon got out of the car, bearing with him a catcher's mitt and a baseball. It wasn't a completely new baseball, but it was the newest that Randy ever had handled, bearing only a few minor scuffs and abrasions.

The first thing Lennon did after handing Randy the ball was to remove the wire frame, which already had been set up. Lennon said, "Son, you've had a good idea here. You're never going to have a big fast ball, so you figured you'd better be able to pitch the ball where you want (Continued on Page 96)

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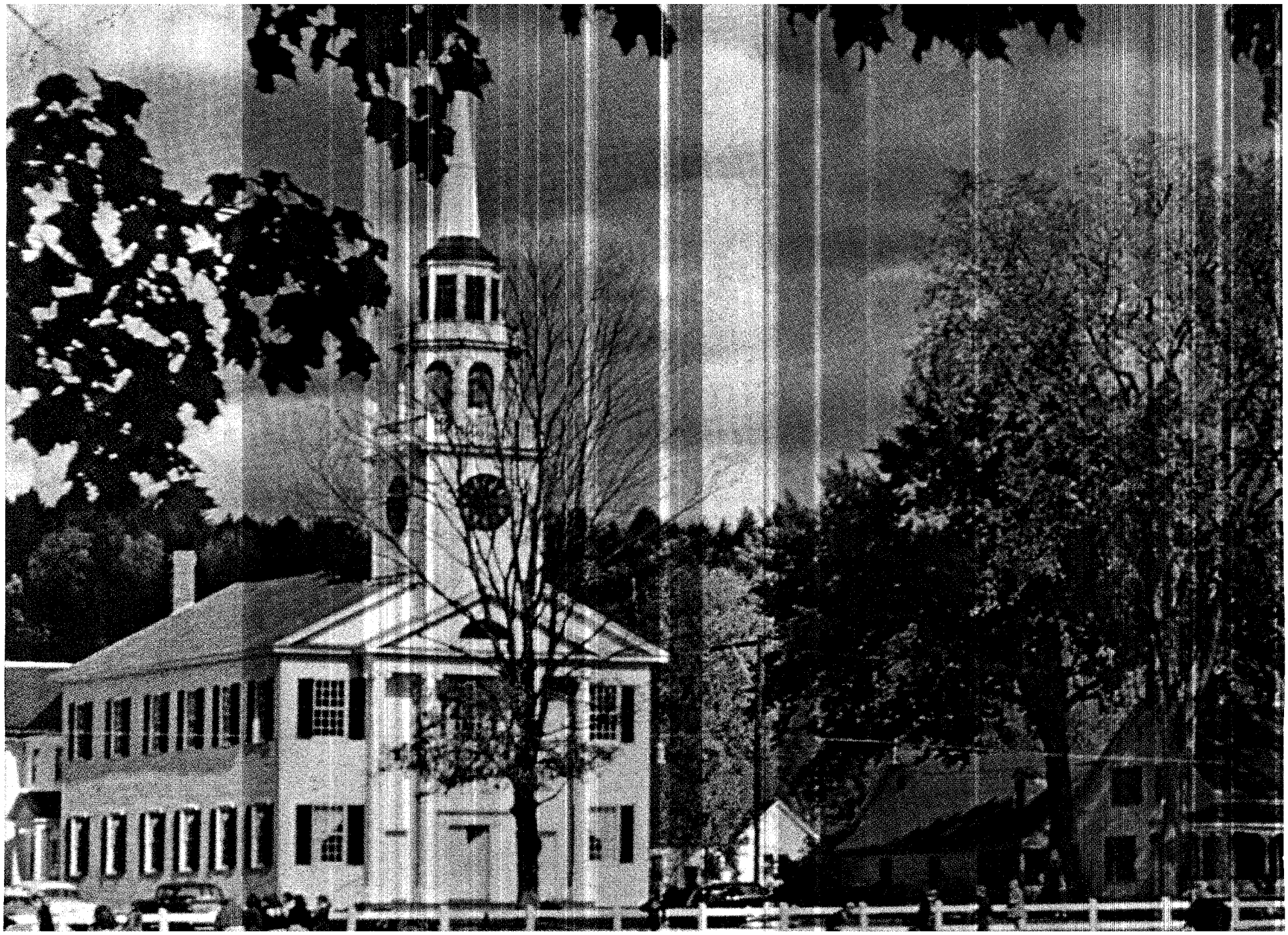

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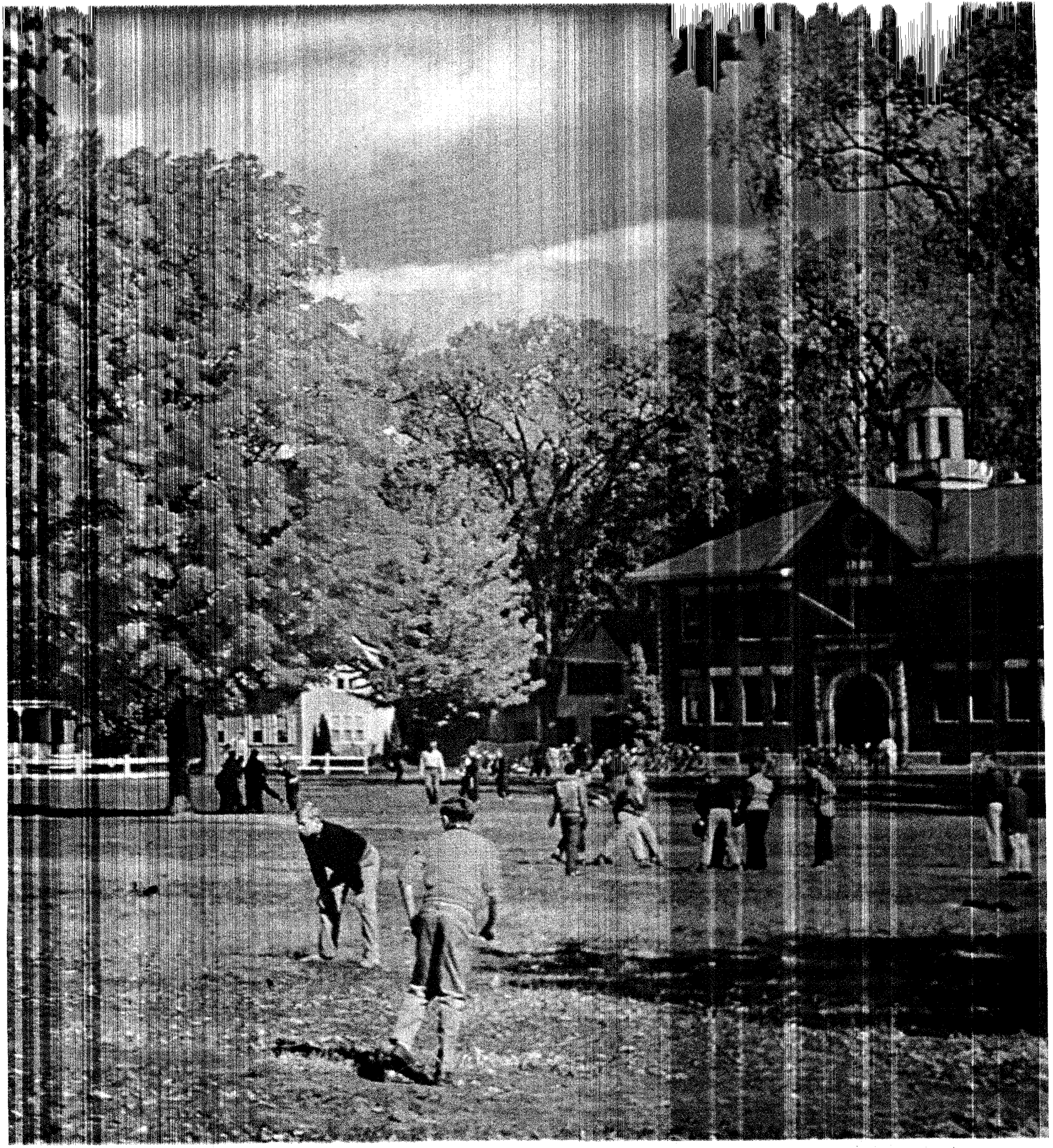

Who knows? That hesitant quarterback or that lanky linebacker may be an All-American ten years hence. But now they're schoolboys playing touch football during lunch-hour recess, on the beautiful green of a New England village. Norwich, Vermont — originally Norwhich, before Vermont became a state—lies on the New Hampshire border and has a population of 1532. Like most village greens, this one serves many purposes. In spring the green functions as a Little League baseball field. In July the Congregational Church, at left, where an original Paul Revere bell hangs in the steeple, holds its annual fair here. In winter the Norwich Lions Club obligingly floods the green, and these same boys may be found ice skating on it. And so pass the years on a green where fun knows no season.

● Photograph by Hanson Carroll

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Post Scripts

Doctor Foofel's Notebook

HOW THE WORLD BEGAN

There are two current theories about the origin of the world, THE CONTRACTING SUET PUDDING thesis and THE EXPANDING GOBBLER thing. Neither one makes much sense, but they're the best we've got.

Prof. E. H. Krunzfeather thought of the former, and it seems to be the most reasonable because he's made the most money: from textbooks, lecture tours, bubble gum and records—for example, *Suet Pudding Rock*. Krunzfeather, in the layman's term, is "hot."

The other theory was cooked up, strangely enough, by a turkey plucker for a restaurant chain. It's just an idea that occurred to him while he slept. He woke up and jotted it down before he plumb forgot it.

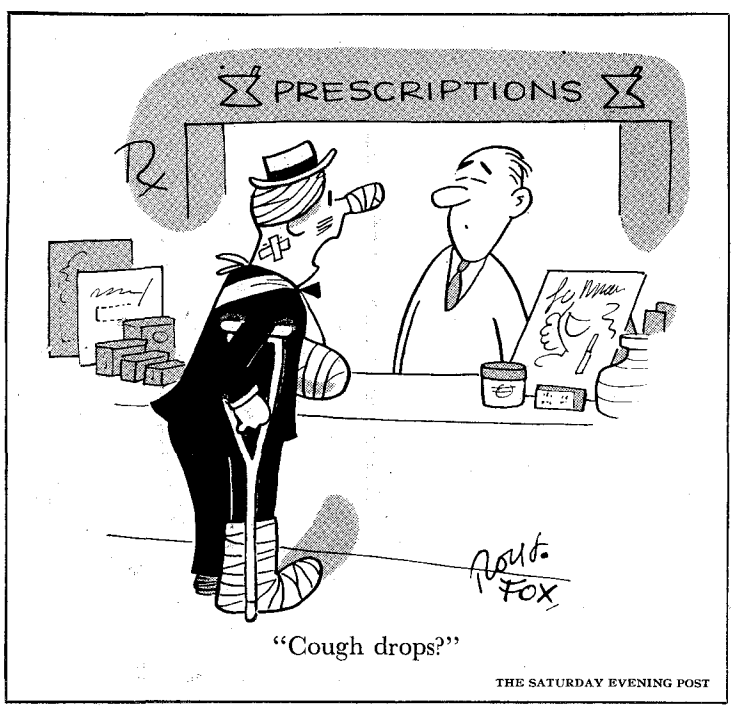
Very simply, THE CONTRACTING SUET PUDDING theory goes like this: Once there was nothing in the whole universe but SUET PUDDING. It was molten hot. It began to contract, and as it contracted it became hard and tasteless. The viscosity of the molecular granful, already scringed and interacting with the children's menu, naturally became unstable. So it emitted a lot of helium atoms. That did it. The whole Suet Pudding blew up. It made all the galaxies, our solar system, the planets, Southern California and Disneyland.

In plain English, the Suet Pudding hit the fan.

THE EXPANDING GOBBLER concept is fine for turkeys, but human beings don't get much out of it. Frankly, there's no point in discussing it unless you're a turkey.

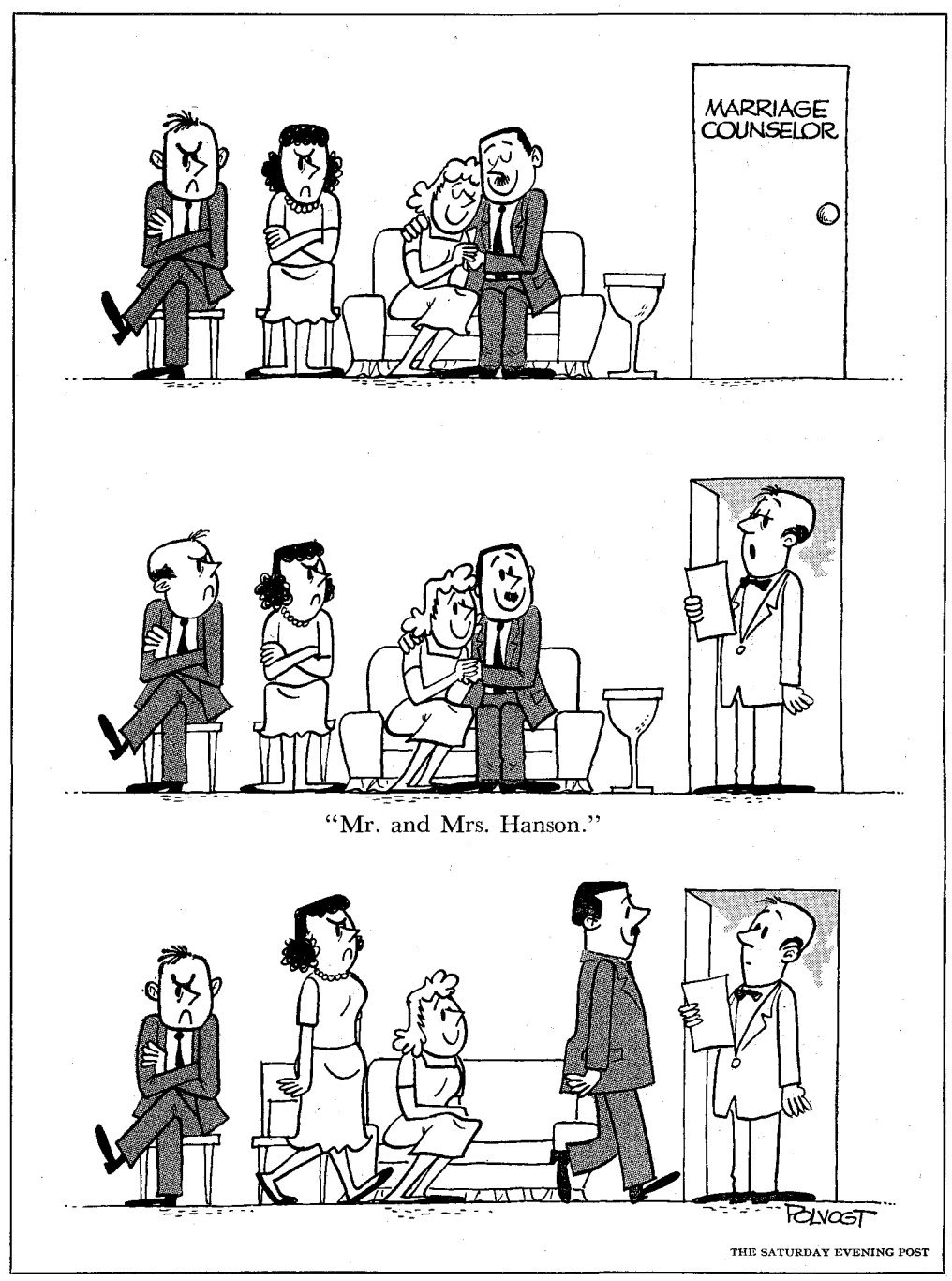
That's how things are now, but we're standing by. Science doesn't sit on its hands. We're liable to get another theory any minute now.

TED KEY



"Cough drops?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"Mr. and Mrs. Hanson."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

World Series Records to Shoot For

(Without Ever Leaving the Office)

1. Most carefully hidden radio.
2. Fastest dictation between innings.
3. Most salesmen left stranded in the lobby.
4. Wildest rhubarb because subordinates aren't working (either).
5. Longest letter typed during change of pitchers.
6. Most phone calls completed during commercial.
7. Happiest smile when boss wins the office pool.

BOB TAYLOR

Nothing Trivial

You know it's a minor ailment
  Whose progress can be predicted.
You're sure of survival till Lulu's arrival,
  That comforter of the afflicted.

For Lulu's an ailment collector
  With talents that lean toward voodoo,
And uncles and cousins and friends by the dozens
  Who had the same illness you do.

She lists all their similar symptoms,
  Describing what each led into.
And the cases she's heard of account for a third of
  The funerals Lulu's been to!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

The Suspense Is Killing Me

"Now in regard to this loan you're applying for, I would say definitely that there are factors in favor of our granting it and equally definitely that there are some against. Let me put it another way ——"

"And now everything depends on this next pitch! The three runners lead away and—wait a minute, here comes Stacy from the dugout, and I think we're going to have a new ——"

"I hate to give you a ticket for just half a minute's overparking but, on the other hand, it would hardly be fair to make an exception in your case. However, but no—yes. I've decided—just a minute now ——"

"Did you hear the closing stock prices? . . . No? Well, you know that stock you bought yesterday? Brother, have I got news for you! This is really going to blast you right out of your shoes. You'll probably think I'm kidding, but I'm not. Boy, is this a surprise! What happened—you probably won't believe this ——"

"Reel him in a bit more! Wow! Look at the size of him! That's it. Now I'll get the landing net. What did I do with the landing net? Did I forget to put it in the boat? Steady, now—give him a bit more play. . . . No, I think it must be here somewhere. Did you see me put it in the boat? Wait till I think ——"

PARKE CUMMINGS

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Good things begin to happen

when youngsters "grow up" on Campbell's Soup

My, how they've grown! Last year's babies are this year's young ladies. And lots of good things have helped them grow sturdy and strong. Like the good healthy nourishment they get in Campbell's good soups. Vitamins. Proteins. Minerals. A variety of foods that is good for them to have every day.

Good things begin to happen whenever you give your youngsters Campbell's Soups. Their friendly broths appeal to young appetites—warm the way for other foods . . . just kind of make little folks feel good all over.

And soup's so easy to fix. Good hot soup is just four minutes away from the can of Campbell's on your shelf. Just open—heat. It's ready to eat.

Our favorite set of twins is spooning up Campbell's Tomato Soup. The bright happy glow of Campbell's prize tomatoes could be one reason why this is their favorite soup, or the sun-ripened tomato flavor. Why not join them . . . have some hot and hearty Campbell's Tomato Soup, too?

By the way . . . have *you* had your soup today!

Once a day. . . every day. . . enjoy *Campbell's Soup*

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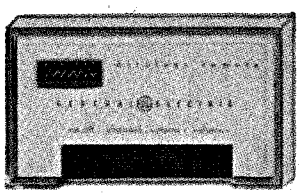
THE THREE BIG NEWS IN TELEVISION!

The New Look: as individual as your home, your taste, your purse. A spectrum of styles and finishes, each with General Electric's renowned picture quality. This year, there's triple the sensitivity for distant reception.

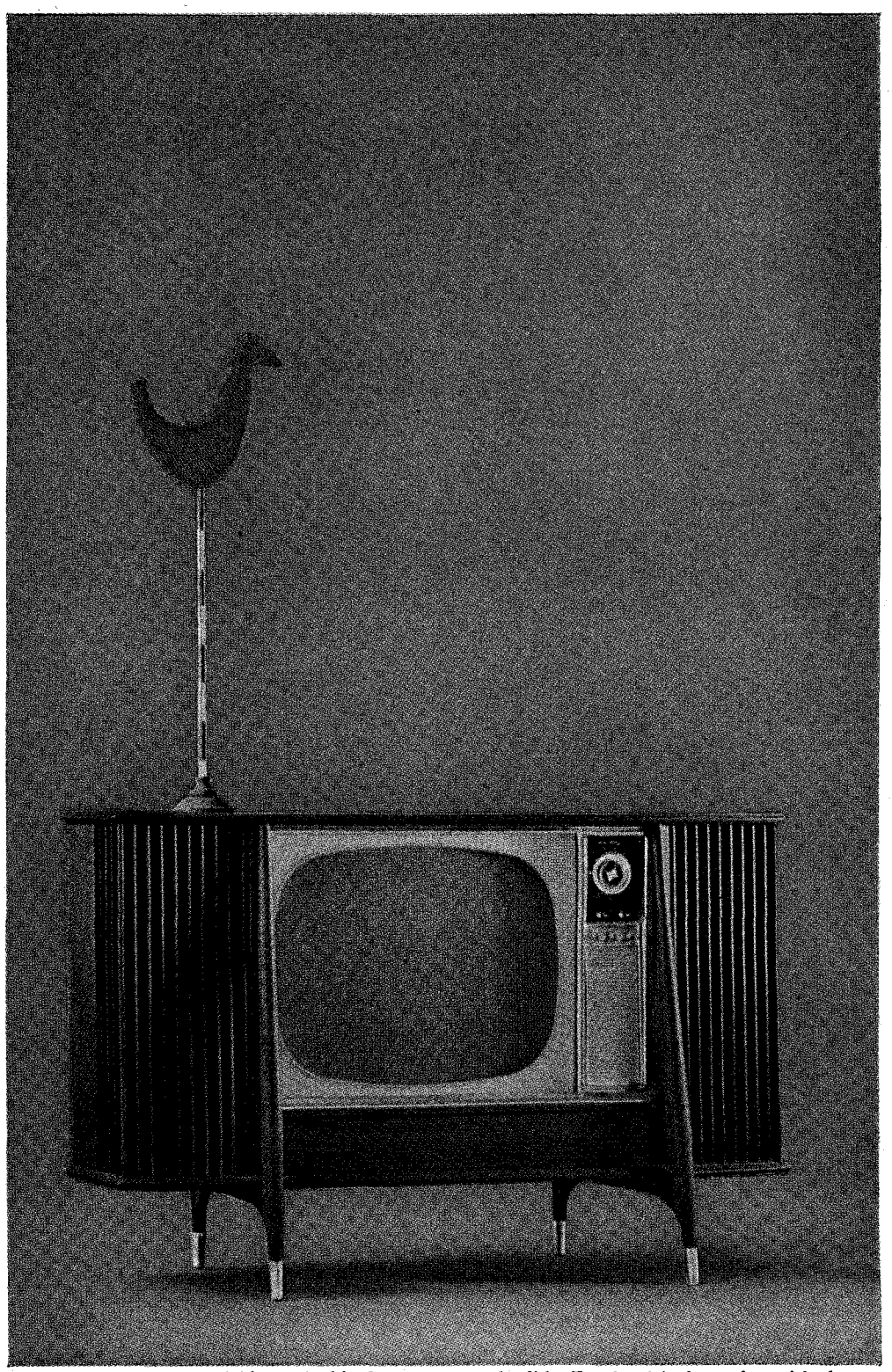
The New Sound: teaming the biggest speaker in TV, a 21 x 9-inch woofer with a high-frequency electrostatic tweeter. It's a Hi-Fi speaker system in itself, or, if you look at it this way, it can be the other half of your stereo set.

The New Control: new Four-way *Wireless* Remote Control not only turns your set on and off and changes channels, but gives you *infinite* command of volume control.

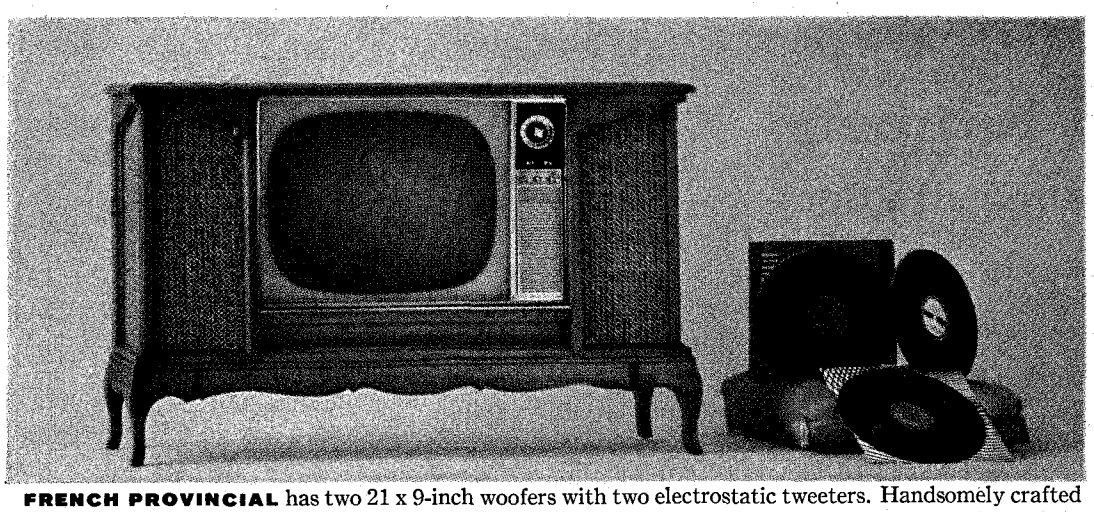
The three big TV News await you at your General Electric dealer's now. General Electric Company, Television Receiver Department, Syracuse, New York.



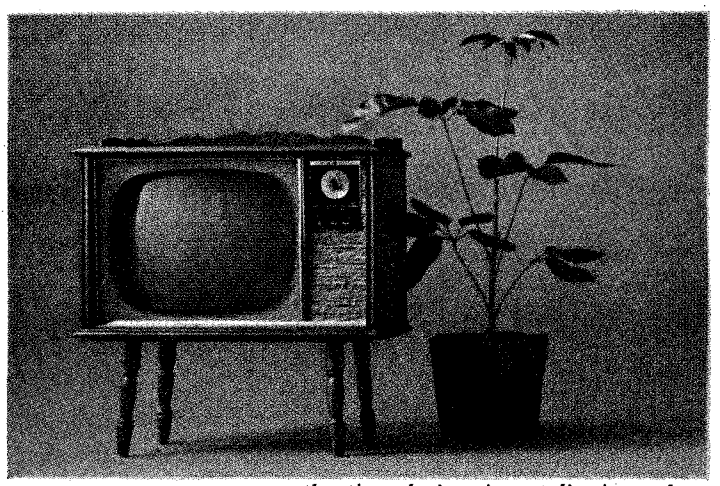
GENERAL ELECTRIC TV 1960 STYLE!



DANISH WALNUT richly worked in fine veneers and solids. *Two* 21 x 9-inch woofers with electrostatic tweeters. Stereo-Phono Jacks. With or without *wireless* remote. All sets shown have 262 sq. inch viewable picture area—21″ overall diagonal tube measurement.



FRENCH PROVINCIAL has two 21 x 9-inch woofers with two electrostatic tweeters. Handsomely crafted in cherry veneers and solids. Stereo-Phono Jacks. With or without Four-way *Wireless* Remote Control.



COLONIAL LO-BOY—authentic early American styling in maple veneers and hardwood solids. 6½-inch speaker. Stereo-Phono Jacks.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Hunting the Invisible Killers

Taming a Dreaded Virus

Here is the story of painstaking research and unsung scientists who made the Salk polio vaccine possible and ushered medicine into a new era.

By Greer Williams

Part Two

Viruses, we have become increasingly aware as the result of discoveries in the last decade, can cause us all manner of distress, minor or major, from warts on the bottoms of our feet to colds in our heads, from physical defects occurring before birth to—some believe—fatal cancers occurring late in life.

Our best weapon against these viruses—in fact, practically the only one thus far known—is the immunity our bodies tend to build up as the result of an initial or repeated exposure to these invisible parasites. The body presents a series of defenses in depth to invading viruses, from the skin and its germicidal secretions inward. It fights the enemy on the beach and in the towns, in the streets and from house to house. The best known of these defenses are the protein antibodies that circulate in the blood.

Each different virus stimulates production of antibodies against itself. Hence, when our antibodies have the numerical strength to neutralize infection, it is a case of the virus having provided the means of its own undoing. Of course, we'd (Continued on Page 134)

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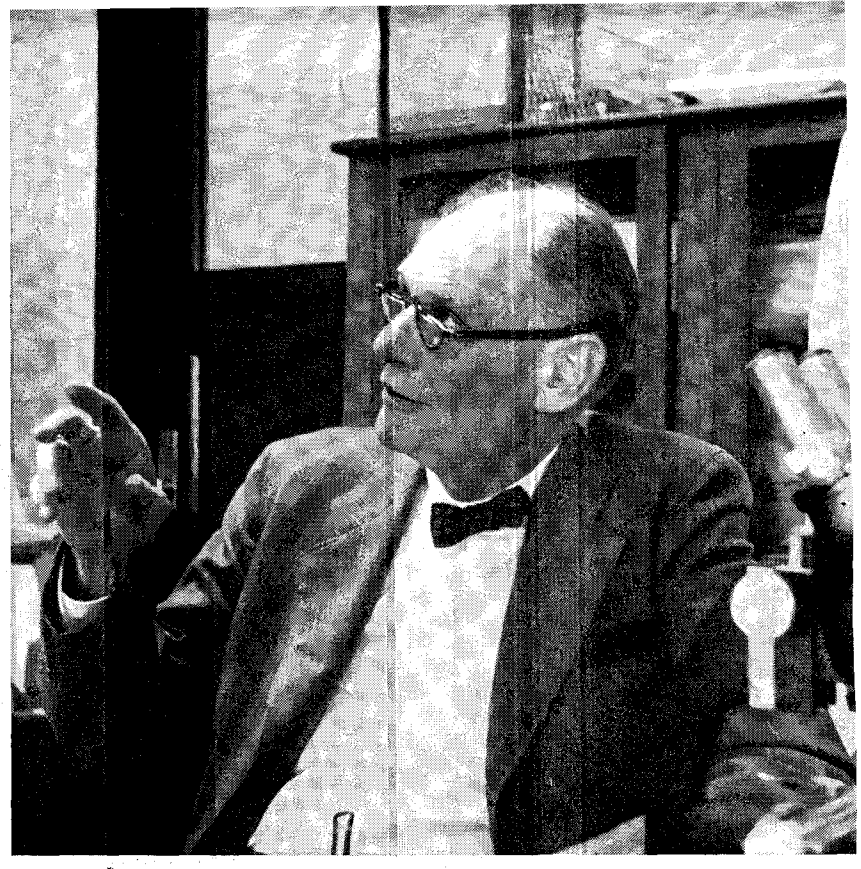
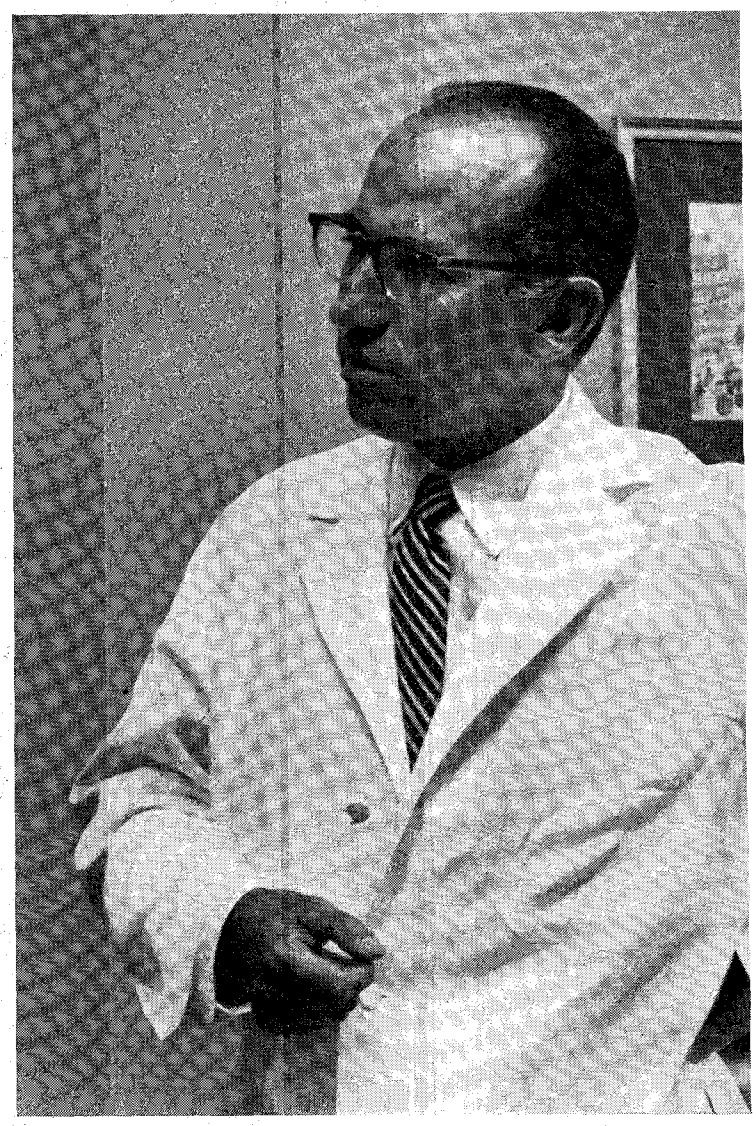
The three articles, of which this is the second, were drawn from a book by Mr. Williams, entitled *Virus Hunters*, to be published November sixteenth by Alfred A. Knopf.

—THE EDITORS

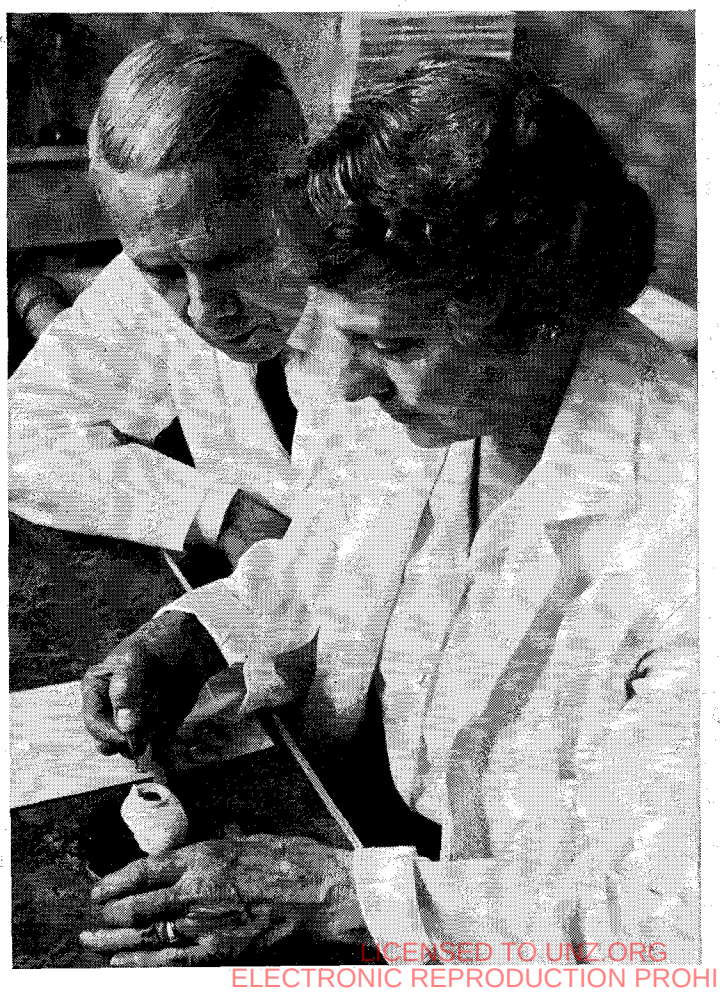


Above: Dr. John Enders, Harvard's "green-thumb virus grower." He headed the team that devised a method of raising viruses in test tubes, thus enabling Dr. Jonas Salk (below) to develop his famous vaccine.



Doctor Salk: "Enders threw a long forward pass, and I just happened to be there to catch it."

Dr. Max Theiler (above) of the Rockefeller Foundation Virus Laboratories in New York. In 1937, using the hatching-egg technique (right), he produced the first live-virus yellow-fever vaccine.



Left: Drs. Eugene and Alice Woodruff demonstrating the now-celebrated virus-culture method they originated in 1931 under Dr. Ernest Goodpasture. By injecting viruses through a window cut in the shell, they transformed incubating eggs into "virus factories."

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What assurance to know you can give Bayer® Aspirin for Children *with your doctor's blessing...*

It's the dosage doctors recommend. Each tablet contains exactly 1¼ grains of aspirin—the precise dosage doctors prescribe for children. So when your child comes down with a headache, or the pains and fever of a cold, and has a need for aspirin, you know you can give Bayer Aspirin for Children with complete confidence.

And Flavored Bayer Aspirin for Children is the highest quality aspirin you can buy for your child. It's genuine Bayer Aspirin with instant flaking action! This means it brings the fastest, most gentle to the stomach relief your little one can get from fever and pain.

Best of all, Flavored Bayer Aspirin for Children tastes so good, children take it without fussing. What's more, the new tamper-proof cap on the bottle—that children cannot get open—keeps youngsters from taking this pleasant-tasting medicine on their own.

Give your child the Best— Flavored BAYER Aspirin for Children

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The Case of THE WAYLAID WOLF

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Perry Mason began to think he might be defending a guilty client.

Arlene," Perry said, "try to remember what Lamont said about O.K."

Arlene Ferris, Perry's client, was accused of the murder of Loring Lamont, a wealthy young man with a reputation as a "wolf." Mason had discovered the strange initials "O.K." on a check stub at the scene of the crime.

Then at the preliminary hearing: Jerome Henley, who lived in Lamont's apartment building, insisted he saw Arlene Ferris park Lamont's car beside a fire hydrant on the night of the murder. Tom Grimes, a guard at the Lamont plant, testified he saw Arlene leave the office with Lamont the same night; office manager George Albert stated Arlene was hired at the request of Loring Lamont; despite his initials, Otto Keswick, caretaker for the Lamont retreat, and a paroled blackmailer, had a flawless alibi.

During testimony by police officer Peter Lyons, Perry wondered why Lamont's car received only one parking ticket before midnight, because the police had been ordered to retag autos that weren't subsequently moved away.

As Mason puzzled over the darkening testimony, Orval Kingman, Lamont's bookie, approached and belligerently told Perry to stop investigating his activities.

V

Mason said, "When I'm trying a case nobody tells me what to do and what not to do. I do the thing that's for the best interests of my client. You're a bookmaker. Loring Lamont played the horses with you. You had some kind of an understanding with him by which he played on the cuff until the amount reached five hundred dollars, then you collected."

"All right," Kingman said. "That still doesn't mean you can make me a patsy in order to get your client out of a jam."

"I'm not trying to make you a patsy," Mason said. "I'm trying to get at the facts. If I find the facts will benefit my client I'll bring them out in court."

"Now that just might not be healthy," Kingman said.

"I'll watch out for my health," Mason said. "It's excellent, thank you. You can watch out for yours. Now, suppose you tell me what you were doing on the night of the fifth."

"That I'll do," Kingman said. "That's one of the things I came to tell you."

"It might have helped the situation if you'd told me first," Mason said, "instead of discussing my health."

Kingman shrugged his shoulders, set his thick neck, looked up at Mason and said, "I was in a poker game."

"From when until when?"

"From eight o'clock until nearly midnight."

"That can be established?" Mason asked.

"That can be established," Kingman said, "but the people who were playing with me wouldn't want to have their names brought into it."

"You got a check from Loring Lamont on the fifth?"

"On the morning of the fifth."

"To cover past bets?"

"Let's put it this way—it kept his credit up."

"You didn't trust him for more than five hundred dollars?"

"Look, Mr. Mason, I don't trust anyone for more than five hundred dollars. That's my limit."

"He made bets on the fifth?"

"That's right. On the afternoon of the fifth."

"And won or lost?"

"Does that make any difference?"

"I think it does, because I think perhaps he lost rather heavily and you wanted five hundred dollars more from him before you got in that poker game."

"Aren't you funny!" Kingman said sarcastically.

"And," Mason said, "you telephoned him and told him he'd been plunging and had gone over the

(Continued on Page 109)

"If you have lied to me," Mason said, "you're in a mess, and I don't think I can get you out."

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GUARANTEED TO GO THRU ICE, MU

and unmatched for whine-fre

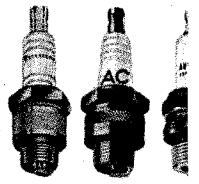
Town & Country tires will GO through backroa

Only Firestone gives you this Guarantee plus Triple-Action Traction

On a country road or a city street, here's the pulling power you need for trouble-free winter driving. PULLING action! NON-SKID action! SELF-CLEANING action! You get winter-proved Triple-Action Traction *plus* Firestone Rubber-X, the longest-wearing rubber ever used in Firestone tires. That's why Firestone Town and Country tires offer you extra miles of service—even over dry pavements. They're available in tubeless or tube-type with S/F (Safety-Fortified) nylon or rayon cord, all-black or white sidewalls, in all sizes for American and imported cars. They're guaranteed to go through ice, mud or snow—or your Firestone Dealer or Store refunds your towing charge!

FIRESTONE H

Avoid starting worries this winter by installing a new Firestone Dri-Charge Battery. They're always fresh because power-producing acid is not added until battery is installed.



Get quick start and save your tery this winter installing a set Firestone, AC Auto-Lite Sp Plugs in your ca your nearby F stone Dealer or St

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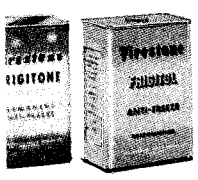
)R SNOW OR WE PAY THE TOW!

/ry-pavement mileage!

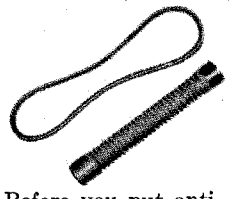
/rifts or city snow

'ERYTHING YOU NEED TO WINTERIZE YOUR CAR



t let the first snap catch you epared. Protect car radiator with Firestone one, the perma- antifreeze, or asting Firestone ol.

Good brakes are vital to safe carefree winter driving. Firestone Matched Set Brake Lining assures you of dependable stopping on any roads, in any weather all the year round.



Before you put antifreeze in your car, be sure to install new Firestone Radiator Hose. And don't forget to have your Firestone Dealer or Store put on a new Firestone Fan Belt.

Start the winter right by having your radiator flushed with Firestone Speedy Cooling System Flush. And be sure to get a new Firestone Oil Filter to protect your engine.

Firestone Town & Country Winter Treads Also Available Applied on Sound Tire Bodies or Your Tires.

Firestone

TOWN & COUNTRY TIRES

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Mission in the Storm (Continued from Page 37)

tighter about the neck. It wasn't what you would call a stylish coat. It was a mossy green, gone bilious with time, and it was too short for him, in the light of current styles. But he had seen a thousand styles come and go, and you never could tell what would happen next. He smiled—why, in another season this length of coat might make him the glass of fashion. Anyhow, it was a good coat, heavy as a horse blanket, and sound as a gold coin for all of its years. It had come from Big Mike's, too—a bargain that had demanded a certain amount of dignified dickering.

The going was uphill now, and he took it easy. He was alone in the street, and the only sound was the wind. It was a street of old frame houses, two or three stories high, behind tall hedges. The shrubbery, white with snow, was old, too, and untended. Ira Baker knew the street well. He'd traveled it enough.

The wind was gathering strength, and he paused at the corner to take a breather, a very tall, very gaunt figure in an ancient coat that whipped about his knees. He wasn't, he had to admit, as young as he'd once been. Not that seventy-four was so eternally old. Why, nowadays people were living longer and longer, and according to some of the things you read in the papers it would be no time, speaking historically, until a lifetime of a hundred years was nothing to crow about. Still, seventy-four was—well, seventy-four.

How far now? He tried to count the blocks, but he knew he was leaving holes. Eighteen, twenty, twenty-one blocks—thereabouts, anyway. Not so far. And soon he'd come to Mr. Black's store, and go into the warm little sweet-smelling room, and pass the time of day, and make his purchase.

Crossing the street, he had to bow into the wind, as if offering a genuflection. But it was nothing to that old wind of long ago—the wind that had been blowing when he'd met Jenny Carpenter and realized that something was happening that had never happened before.

That old wind was out of an oven. There was a forest fire behind it, heating it, generating it, giving it the sound of mountains moving. The fire had taken the fir forests as a match takes dry kindling. "How many acres now?" Ira Baker asked the Forest Service man.

It was the Forest Service man's job to fight the fire, and he had next to nothing to fight it with. Not enough people, not enough tools or the right tools, and the devil's own breed of weather against him to boot. He answered without expression, out of a tiredness nearly as deep as death. "Twenty thousand, thirty thousand. Who knows? And maybe a hundred thousand more to go."

Ira Baker nodded. They were in a forest shack, on a rise that was safe from the fire—unless, of course, the wind shifted. But there was nothing to worry about if you kept alert. They could get out, going down the road to the river, and across the river in a skiff, and on to open country where the fire couldn't follow.

He'd volunteered to help, and he had helped. He'd done what he could, along with the others, and it hadn't been enough. So now he rested, feeling the fatigue slip away, as it did so easily when you were young. He said, "Well, everyone got out, anyhow." There was a village of sorts up there, more or less in the path of the fire now, and the main thing had been to see that it was empty of people.

Somebody said, "Lord!" and Ira Baker looked at him. A big man, with a dull face fronting a dull mind. The willing kind, but slow.

"That girl. I didn't see that girl. I wonder ——"

"What girl?" Ira Baker said.

"A young one. She wasn't feeling so good, I remember, the time I seen her, two, three days ago. Her father died and left her some timber and a cabin, and she was looking it over. I talked to her just a little. I was busy. She said she'd be all right, she was just resting. But I never seen her come out. I ——"

So it was a thing to do. He looked at the map, and at the others, who were older and wearier than he. So far as you could tell, the fire wasn't there yet. Not this minute, anyhow.

This was before the days of good trucks, geared to go anywhere, and he made it on a horse. Horses were fearful of fire, the sound and the smell of it. He talked to the horse, cursing and praising him by turns. No doubt it was a futile expedition. Probably the girl had made it to safety, and if she hadn't there wasn't a chance in a hundred of finding her. She'd have panicked, run in circles, run into the path of the fire even, and that would have been that. Still he went on, following the line of the fire, fighting his horse and the heat and the knowledge of what a change in the wind could do.

"Good horse," he said, crying it aloud. "Fine horse, brave horse." And then, when the horse faltered, "Go, horse, go. You've got to go, horse. Got to."

The fire was to his right, across a little stream, and he watched its pattern, keeping his head down, his eyes half closed against its breath. It was moving steadily, unhurried and sure, with a terrible beauty all its own. An exhausted man or woman, he thought, could watch that fire, be mesmerized by it and hardly feel the burning when it took him.

And that woman up there—that girl he hadn't a chance in a hundred of finding. Unless he came back later with a party and helped search the embers for the remains ——

So there was nothing to do but go on, fighting the horse. A time or two he found himself talking to the fire. "Stay there, fire. Don't you go bothering me, fire. You keep your side of the water, fire, and I'll keep mine." But with a slight shift of wind, the fire would jump the water as a child jumped a puddle. Then he and the horse—well, "barbecued" was the word.

The little stream turned, and Ira Baker judged that he hadn't far to go now to the cabin. Only, in all likelihood, there wouldn't be any cabin. There wouldn't be anything there, unless you counted hot ash as a something. His ear warned him that the wind was building up. If that was so, the wind could veer like a weathercock on a tormented barn, and go a dozen crazy ways in a dozen seconds. But your ear could be wrong. Oh, well, he was committed, wasn't he? So he had to figure his ear was wrong.

The horse stopped, and made a strange, sorrowful sound that was part a coughing and part a sighing, and Ira Baker, feeling the sting against his right arm, knew why. The wind had changed—some anyhow. White-hot ash was blowing around them. Snowflakes in a furnace. The horse neighed in terror, fighting the reins.

So the horse had to be made to fear Ira Baker more than the fire. It was the only way. He dug him in the sides and sawed at the bit. He cursed him and beat his head with his free hand. Finally the horse went on, defeated. He had taken the will out of the horse, which was a fearful thing to do to any creature.

Then he saw her.

She was coming very slowly along the bank, her hair down and wild, her clothes a mess of ash. Now and then she beat, almost indolently, at a spark that touched her. When he shouted she looked up, but there was small interest in her glance. Ira Baker knew how close she was to complete collapse. She'd waited too long—trying probably to do something to save her fool cabin and her doomed trees. The frailest wires were holding her up now.

He dismounted, dropping the reins to the ground. "Stay," he said to the horse. This was command, and the horse had learned what command was. "Stay."

He reached her, got an arm around her, led her toward the horse. He forced her to run as fast as she could. But he had time to think that she was as handsome a girl as he'd ever seen, despite the dirt and the tangled hair and the ash and the torn, burned, disordered dress. She was a tall girl, with huge dark eyes and a full mouth, and a chin that had strength.

So he got her back to safety. Later he learned he'd been about five minutes ahead of disaster. The rising wind had sent the fire careering across the stream, and another God-knew-how-many acres had gone up in flame. But five minutes were plenty, if you had them on your side. Many of the important events of a life, after all, were measured in minutes.

When the men took her from him, she made them wait before they helped her away. "Why did you come?" she said.

For some reason the question amused him. "Well," he said, "I guess I was tired of sitting around doing nothing. I guess I wanted a breath of air."

Her cracked lips smiled. And he had been right. She was the handsomest girl he'd ever seen. Maybe other men wouldn't think so, but he had his own mind, his own taste.

Someone asked him how he was, and he said he was all right. Someone said he ought to get something on his burns and have a cup of coffee with a big slug in it. That would be fine, he said; but he saw to it that the horse was cared for first.

Now, half a block ahead, Ira Baker saw the pale light of Mr. Black's closet-sized store. Frail pinpoint though it was, it heartened him. It seemed to take away some of the cold. Even so, he knew it was getting colder. But perhaps, he thought then, that was just imagination. When you weren't as young as you'd once been, you could get wrong ideas.

He reached the store and read the chipped sign with the missing letters: J MES BLACK CONF CTIONERY. Mr. Black didn't open until noon, and stayed open evenings; in this neighborhood, it seemed what trade there was for sweets came in late.

He went in, closing the door quickly, and a wonderful wave of heat reached out to him from the oil stove in the corner. Mr. Black was there behind the counter, looking precisely as he had in the three years of their acquaintance—a white old spider of a man, but a spider with a kindly eye. (*Continued on Page 59*)

You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Honest Joe, the used-car dealer, planted a large advertising sign atop a car and parked it in a metered space in front of his lot. He moved the car regularly and always paid the meter charge. Business flourished. Then police arrested Joe on a charge of using a parking space "to carry on a business."

"If every businessman did what Joe did, there wouldn't be any parking space for anyone else," the city prosecutor contended. "That is why our city ordinance forbids even stunts like this to draw customers."

"As I didn't actually sell from the parked car, how can anyone say that I was carrying on a business there?" Joe replied. "Anyhow, the streets are full of cars bearing firm names and advertising."

If you were the judge, would you let Joe get by with it?

• •

Joe lost. The court ruled that his parking was "primarily designed" to further his business rather than being merely incidental to it or casual.

Based upon a 1958 Kentucky case.

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Renk Dairy Farm, Sun Prairie, Wisconsin

Greener pastures

for America's second largest telephone system

Travel the great agricultural areas of our country and you'll find a new *kind of farming, a new kind of farm.* Rural America has gone as modern as urban America.

New farm equipment has increased productivity. New home farm conveniences have brought a new and higher standard of living to our nation's farmer.

Take Wisconsin—America's Dairyland. It's now producing more milk with fewer cows, thanks to such modernization. Its homes are bright, up-to-date. And as the farm industry has boomed, here and across the country, a need for more and better communications has grown, too.

General Telephone has helped to answer these demands in many of our country's farm areas. In Wisconsin, alone, for instance, Gen Tel plans to spend more than $30 million during the next few years, improving and increasing its telephone services and facilities.

This is a typical example of how we strive—not only to meet today's communications needs, but to answer tomorrow's.

General Telephone & Electronics Corporation, 730 Third Avenue, New York 17

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

GENERAL SYSTEM

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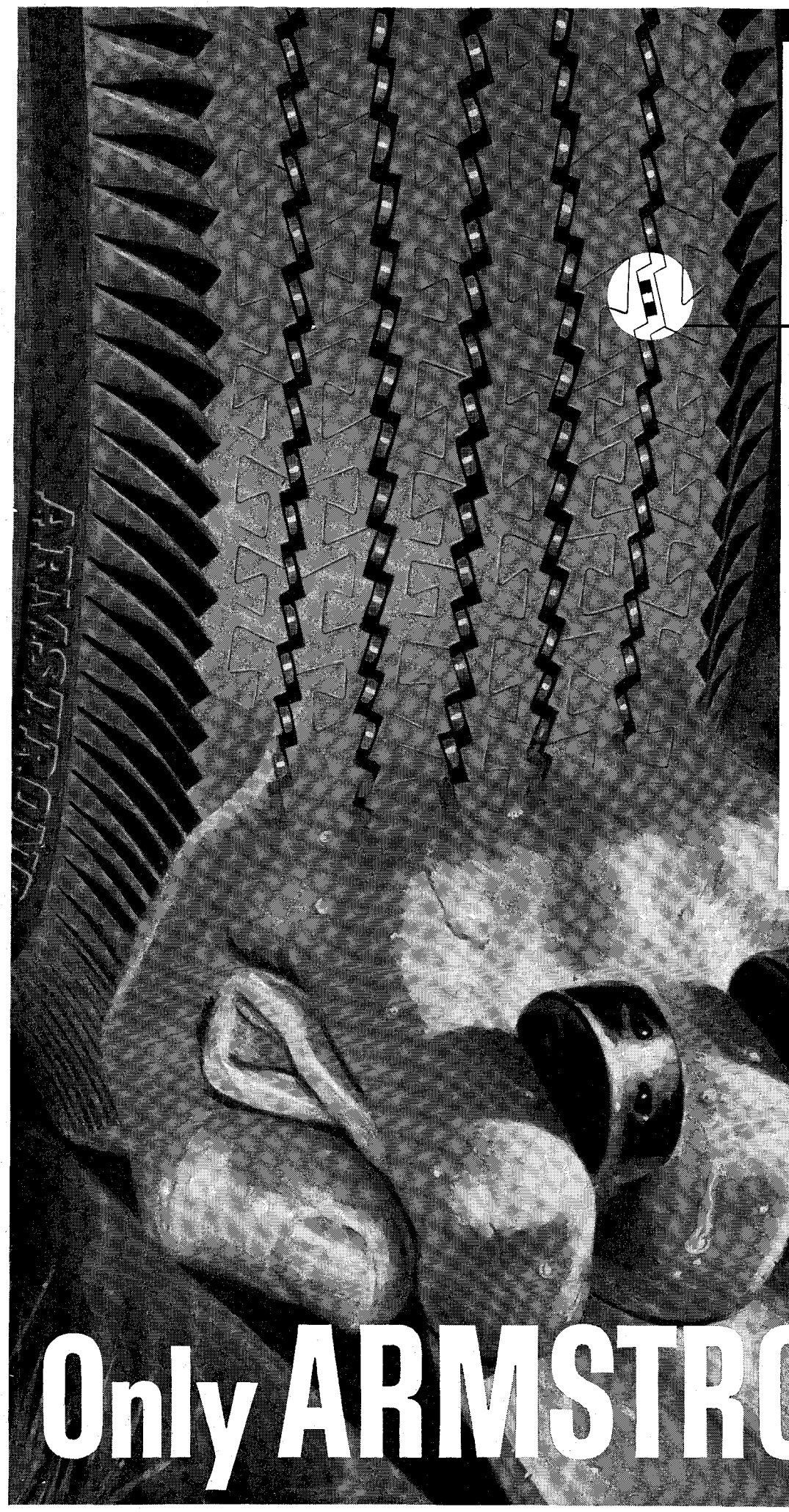
ARMSTRONG TIRES

"Ounce of Prevention" Grip can save your life



See how Armstrong patented SAFETY DISCS prevent deadly skids as no other tire can

ARMSTRONG TIRES
Safety Discs Keep Tread Open

Over 1,000 Safety Discs, molded between the tread ribs, keep the tread edges apart, always ready to grip, prevent skids. Like the fingers of the fist above, the tread can't squeeze shut, even under heaviest braking pressure.

ORDINARY TIRES
No Discs—Tread Squeezes Shut

Like the fist above, ordinary tires can squeeze shut under braking pressure. Tread's gripping edges are pushed together, can't "bite" the road. Even brand new tires can squeeze smooth and slippery this way — and suddenly you skid.

EXTRA SAFETY AT NO EXTRA COST! Armstrong "Miracle" Tires give you unmatched protection against today's commonest hazard, skids. They keep you safer on any road, at any speed, in any weather — yet cost no more. And compare the guarantee you get on these rugged tires! Look in the Yellow Pages for your nearest Armstrong Tire dealer. See him soon.

MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG Pure-Foam FOR FURNITURE AND BEDDING
HOME OFFICE. WEST HAVEN. CONNECTICUT

ARMSTRONG TIRES

Only ARMSTRONG has it!

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(*Continued from Page 56*) "Good evening," Ira Baker said. "It's a little raw outside."

"Raw? It's practically a blizzard. No night for old wrecks like us to be drifting around."

This was an example, Ira Baker knew, of Mr. Black's particular variety of humor, and he didn't let it irritate him. He stared down at the little piles of candies in the case, considering a choice. "Oh, it's not so bad as all that," he said.

Mr. Black made a scoffing sound. "Well, I'm glad I live in the back, that's all. I wouldn't go outside in this for a nice piece of money. You could die of exposure and they wouldn't find you till tomorrow."

Ira Baker didn't answer. He pointed to some creams. "Twenty-five cents' worth of those, please," he said, and dug in his pocket for one of the two coins that nestled together there. "There's something about candy that makes it specially good in the winter."

He turned to go, and Mr. Black stopped him. There was concern in the spider's eyes. "Wait a minute," Mr. Black said. "I heard on the radio a few minutes ago that it's due to get worse, and fast. More wind. Colder. And a lot of snow. So for you to—well, what I mean is, why don't you wait a while and see what happens? I'm about to close up and you're welcome to stay. You could go lie down in the back room and stay the night, for that matter."

Ira Baker felt the friendliness, and it was warmer than the stove. The world was better than most people realized, he thought. "Thank you," he said. "Thank you very much. But I'll be all right, and I really have to go. I've an—an appointment, you see."

Then he was on the empty street again, and this time the cold grabbed at him. He drew his coat closer. But, he told himself, it really wasn't colder, at least not much. Just the change from that hot room made it seem so. As for the wailing of the wind—well, probably it was much the same as before. You mustn't let notions run away with you. Bending into the wind, eyes half closed, Ira Baker moved on down the street.

It was hard going, he thought; yes, it was hard. But only to a degree—he could not, for instance, get lost. He had only to keep on this street for a certain number of blocks, and then he would be there. This was a lucky circumstance in itself; in a wood, now, or on a plain, a man could wander hopelessly away on any tangent.

Too, while he was walking the safe, sure line of the street, it would be wise to think of other matters than the cold, the snow and the empty dark. Ira Baker turned his mind away and back.

The money, now. It was queer to remember that once he had owned a good deal of money, enough to make the ruck of men envious. Where had it gone? Tracing it in detail was like trying to trace a trail in sand, after winds had blown everything smooth. But the gist of what had happened was clear enough—bad guesses, associates who had put profit above trust and honor. And he had always been a gambling man—with cards or stocks or land. And the loans and the gifts, to pile on top of it all, until there was no foundation left.

He smiled, and for a moment the gray, wintry tautness left his face. Did he have regrets? Of course, of course; only an idiot wouldn't, and he wasn't quite that. But they were nothing to fasten your mind to, nothing to brood about.

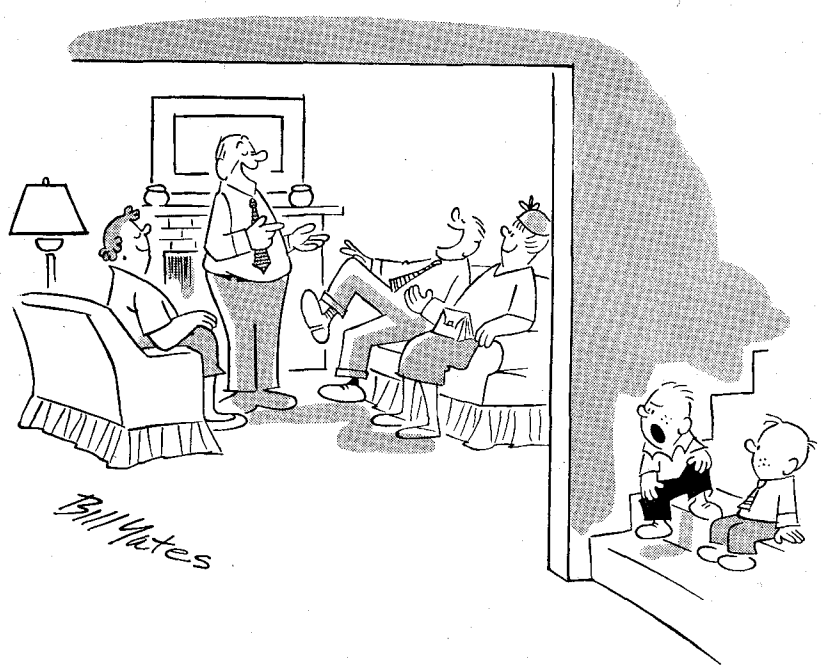
Snow—hard, pelletlike snow, the brother to sleet—dashed against his face. He looked ahead, his hand raised like a small shield. It was coming harder now, as Mr. Black's weatherman had forecast. And back of it was the crying, rising wind.

So he must go faster. Hurry. It was this simple. Ira Baker must meet the storm on its own terms and defeat it.

He lengthened his stride—from maybe twenty inches to twenty-five. He increased his pace, a half-dozen steps or so to the minute. It couldn't be very far now.

How many steps must he take before he would be there? He had no idea, but any guess, any arrow shot into the void, was better than nothing. He must take, say, a thousand steps. No, that was too easy, too round a number. Make it, instead, eleven hundred and sixty-three. A man could keep his mind on eleven hundred and sixty-three.

So, moving on into the growing storm, (*Continued on Page 64*)



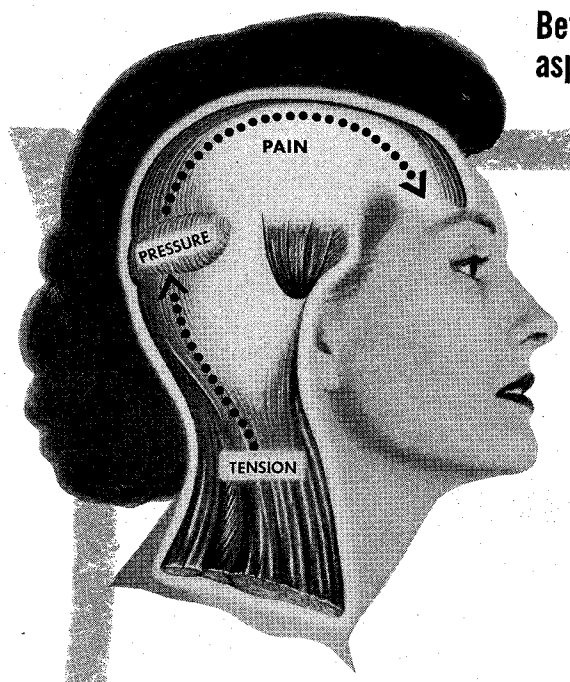
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He's got the whole thing backward.
I didn't say it like that at all."

Acts Instantly—To give more complete relief from

NERVOUS TENSION HEADACHE

Better than aspirin or aspirin with buffering



How Tension Headaches Start

Most headaches are caused by tension that tightens muscles in back of neck and scalp. This tension presses on nerves and causes headache pain. In turn, the pain builds up more tension, more pressure – makes your headache worse. To break up a tension headache and obtain fast, more *complete* relief – you should try the special medication in Anacin, *not obtainable* in aspirin nor in aspirin with buffering.

ANACIN® relaxes tension

● releases pressure ● relieves pain fast

Tension headaches need the *extra* medication in Anacin. So why take mere aspirin or even aspirin with buffering which contains *only one* pain reliever and has *no* special medication to relax your tension? Anacin contains a *number* of medically approved ingredients. Three out of four doctors recommend the ingredients in Anacin for pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. Anacin Tablets give a better TOTAL effect—more complete pain relief because they contain special medication which not only relieves pain fast but also relaxes tension and releases pressure on nerves. Safer, too. Anacin has a smoother action and does not upset the stomach. Change to Anacin *today!*

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in·····

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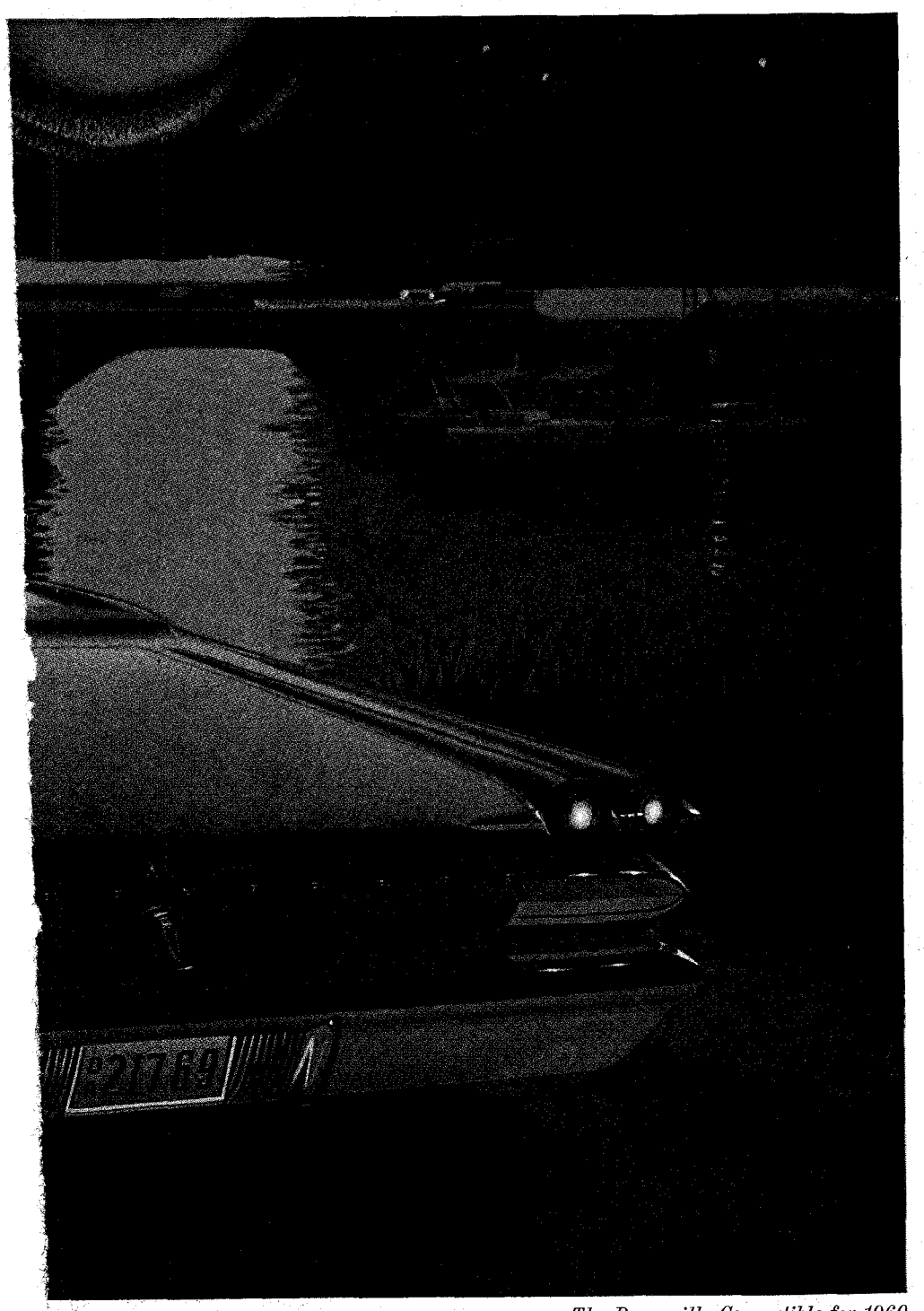


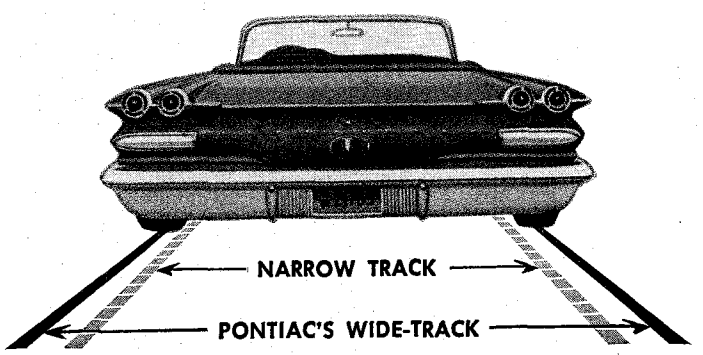
The Bonneville Convertible for 1960

Track (wheels
they've engi-
ystem to give

A wide range
packages to
ranging from
that prefers
est 425.

spectator of
your year to

become a participant in Pontiac pleasure, to move up to Pontiac ownership, where the enjoyment is the fullest, where the point of view is the freshest?



Wider stance gives you swayless stability, solid comfort. You maneuver with skillful sureness, accurate control. It's the most rewarding driving you've ever felt!

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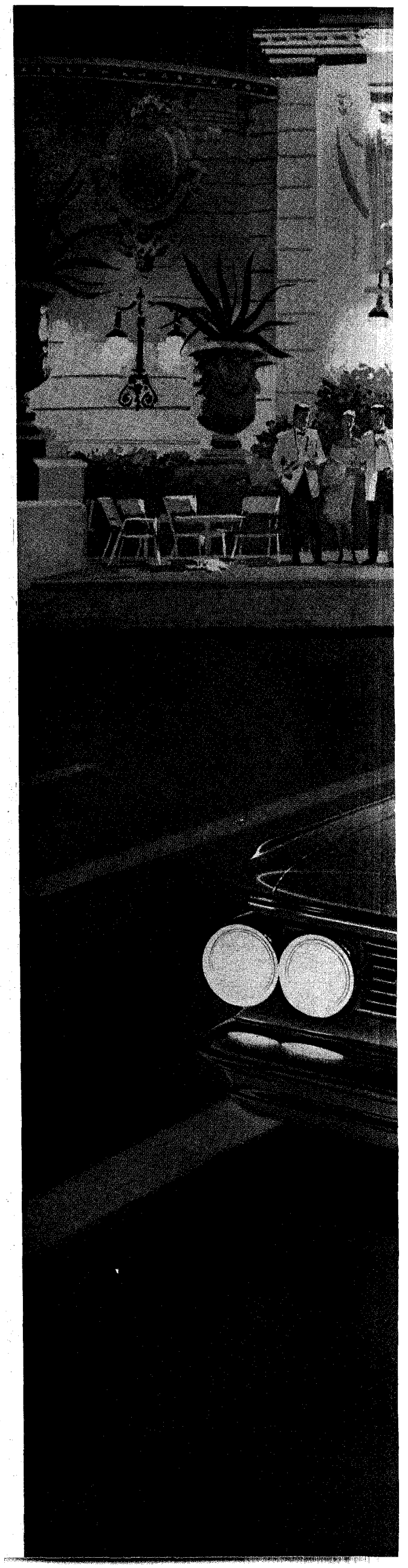

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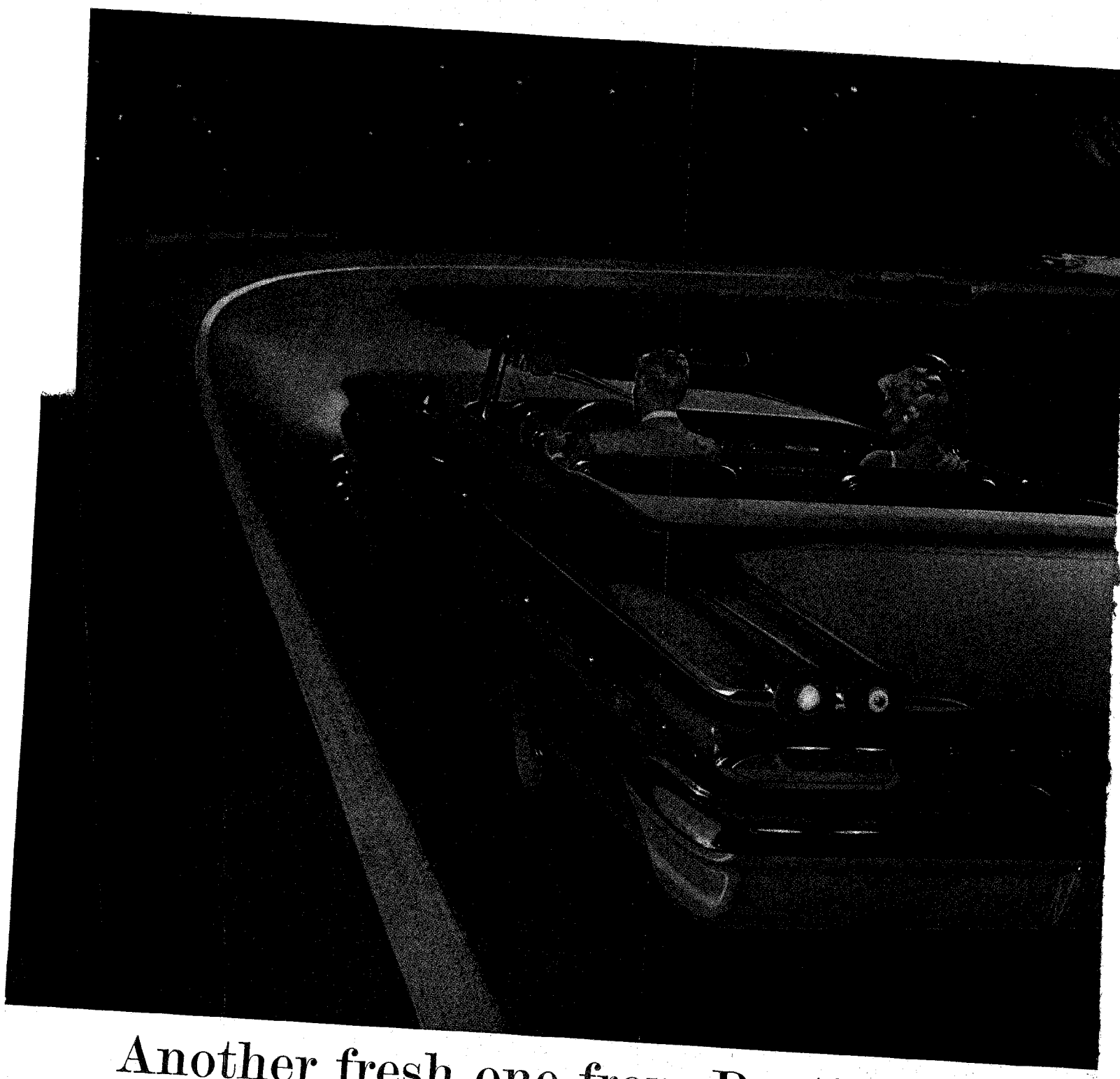

Another fresh one from Pontiac!

The inspired beauty of perfect proportion!

The precision control of Wide-Track Wheel Design!

The softer ride of supple suspension!

The wide choice of vigorous Tempest V-8 Engines tailored to economy or high performance!

On Thursday, October 1, the car craftsmen who developed Wide-Track Wheel Design present another fresh original for 1960!

With clean, graceful lines they've composed a delightfully pleasing rightness of form.

Into the proved principle of Wide- farther apart for a steadier stance) neered a more supple suspension s you flawless control.

The engines are typically Pontiac. of restless, ground-gaining power choose from. All are husky V-8's, the frugal 425E economy engine regular gasoline, to the fiery Tempe

Haven't you been an admiring Pontiacs long enough? Isn't this

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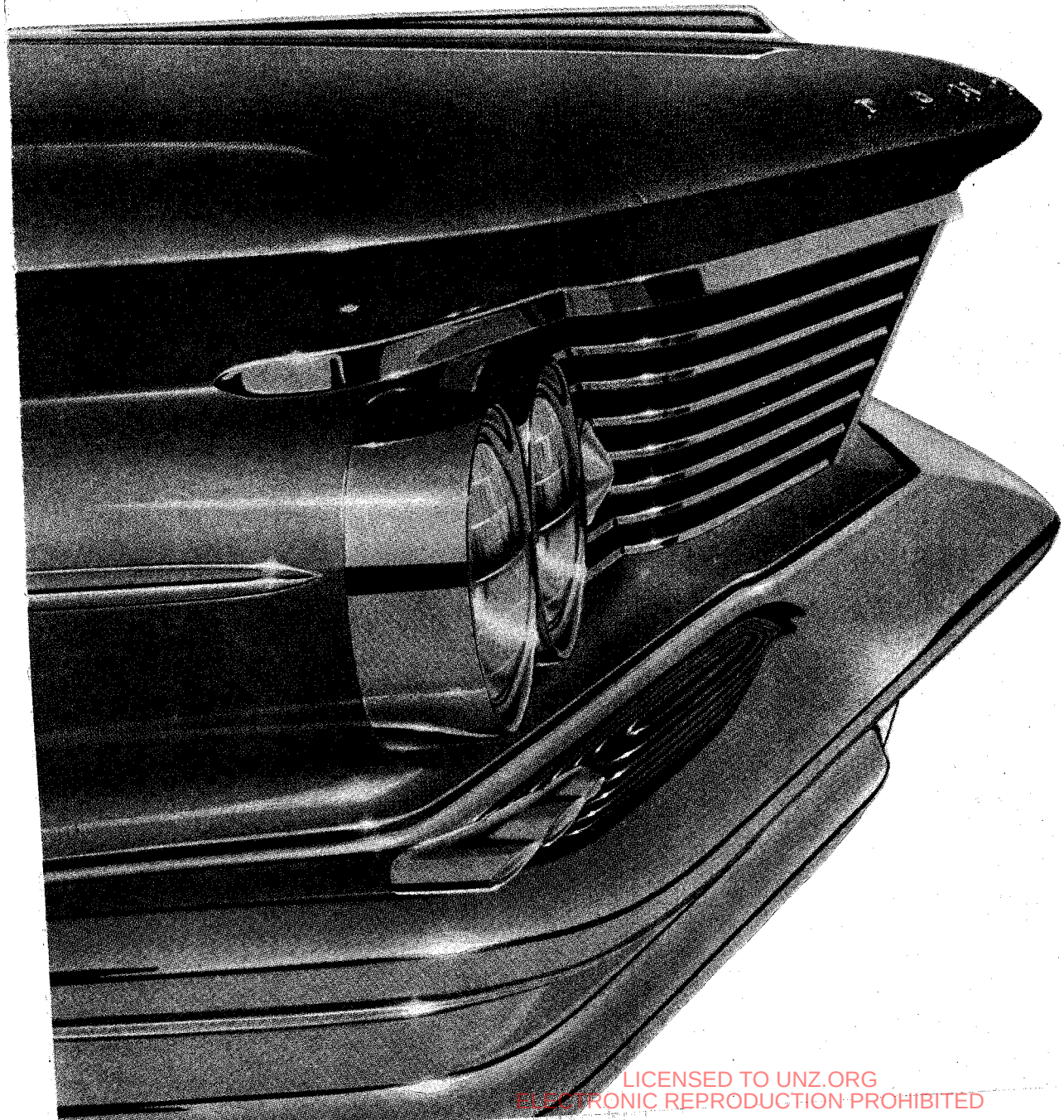
fresh point of view



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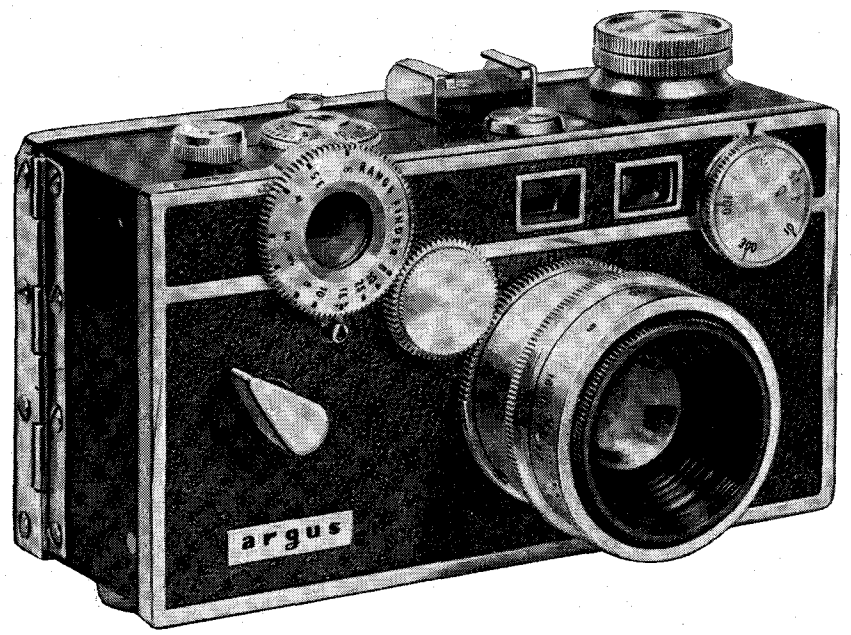

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Features: Color-Matic setting (world's simplest color photo system)—famous Argus Cintar lens—high speed shutter for action shots—synchronized for night and indoor flash pictures—built-in focusing—lifetime guarantee.

argus®
DIVISION OF SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC.

(*Continued from Page 59*) Ira Baker counted his steps. One, two, three. . . . And twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven. . . . And then—a very long time later—a hundred and sixty-six, a hundred and sixty-seven, a hundred and sixty-eight. . . .

It was then that he stumbled and just managed to keep from falling. He'd veered off the sidewalk and toward a stone wall where the snow was gathering in a drift. He stood still, looking at the drift, watching it gain in width and depth. His feet were cold, with a feeling of damp—maybe Big Mike's boots weren't quite so sound as they'd seemed. And his hands—well, the truth was there was very little feeling in his hands, and none at all in the tips of his fingers. He flexed them, back and forth, inside the pockets of his coat. He should have bought the gloves, he thought. They were old and stained, but the leather was sound enough, and they were lined with rabbit fur. The trouble was their cost.

Ira Baker looked around and found that he couldn't see more than a dozen feet or so in any direction. He was alone, in a white world torn by wind. This was a big storm, a most unusual storm for this part of the country.

Then for a moment he was afraid. Tomorrow's papers, he thought suddenly, might be something he never would see.

He rubbed a hand across his eyes. Fear was a poor thing. Besides, it destroyed judgment. No one had ever gained by fear. He must keep this firmly in mind.

So once more Ira Baker steeled himself and moved forward into the fists of the storm.

The wind rose to a shout, then a scream. Cold was everywhere, enveloping and penetrating everything. When he stamped a foot he could feel nothing, and his hands were numb to the wrists. He remembered, for all of his will not to, accounts he had read of people found frozen and dead on streets and roads, a stone's throw from the warmth and safety of houses. But, of course, this would not happen to him. It could not; for if it did, he would not be able to keep his appointment.

This was the most perfect and logical of reasons, and he seized on it as he would have seized on a smoking brazier and warmed himself.

But he was moving slowly now—so slowly that there were long pauses between steps, and the strides grew shorter and shorter. He came to an intersection, and the storm roared down upon him from the side, throwing him off balance and almost to his knees.

He went another block. Then Ira Baker knew he could go no farther. He had reached his physical limits. When he lifted his head, the flying snow was like broken glass in his face. He could see nothing, save for the white, tumbling wall that lay against the farther blackness. Then he caught himself blinking. There was something there—something tiny and frail, yet steady. A light would be steady. If it was a light ——

It was a light, and now Ira Baker understood why he should see it there, like the least of candles, when he could see no other light of the thousands that must be burning along this street.

The light came from a house that all but touched the pavement of the street, with no yard in front. He remembered the house; one warm, bright day—it was almost impossible to believe that such a day had existed—he had paused a moment to look at it, wondering why anyone should have built in just that spot.

He managed a step, another, then a half dozen. The light was clearer now, and he could make out the bulk of the house. The light came from a fixture above the door, and back of it, back of the door and the curtained windows, there would be other lights, and heat, and life, and the keeping of life.

Ira Baker was drawn to the light, short step after short step. A knock on the door, a ring of a bell, and he would be inside. They would not deny him their warmth—no one could do that to an old man caught in a storm like this. He would rest awhile, and then, a new man, he would go on.

He was almost to the door now. In an instant, he could reach out and touch it, find the bell or the knocker.

He stopped, standing straight, letting the wind and the sleet and the snow beat against him. He could not enter this house. Inside him a frightened, pleading voice asked, "*Why? Why not go in for a time?*"

Another voice, louder, made the answer, "*Because you'd not go out again. Not until the storm stopped, and that might be a long time. Because you wouldn't have the heart for it, and they'd take pity on you and let you stay. And you would stay.*"

It was that simple, that true—the sum of one and one.

Ira Baker reached inside himself, way down to where the other, louder voice was, to find something that had to be there. He turned away from the light and went on.

All you have to do to live beyond your means nowadays is pay your bills.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

Now a great flood of memory came over him, and he let himself savor it to the full. It was a rope to guide the feet; an engine to power the heart. There was the time, God knew how long ago, when he'd broken a horse that good men feared; he'd taken a beating, and he hadn't made a graceful picture, but he'd won. There was the ancient cargo ship he'd gone over his head in debt to buy; she'd skirted a thousand shoals, and he couldn't see yet how she'd missed some of them, but she'd paid out handsomely in the end. There was the timber claim, fought for and held in a great depression when you sometimes wondered if the bark from the trees would be your next meal.

Memory brought back the failures, too; and, in a fashion, these were the most important because had you only taken another tack, another little chance, one more step, they might have been successes. There was a special strength in regret, in the knowledge of chances lost. Like the mountain sheep with maybe a record head he had trailed for miles in the meanest of country, only to let a blizzard drive him back; what if he had gone a mile more? And the failure of the factory, when another small fortune, begged and borrowed from here, there and everywhere might have turned the trick.

Then, above and beyond and around all this, there was the memory of Jenny Carpenter—Jenny Carpenter Baker. It was a memory made up of days, like beads on a string—good days and bad. The day of marriage, the day of a child's birth, the day of the same child's death. All the days were there, intact, immortal.

Ira Baker no longer heard the wind nor felt the pounding body of the storm, though both were stronger now. But he did see the walk that met the street, and the bleared sign: ROSELAWN NURSING HOME. The (*Continued on Page 68*)

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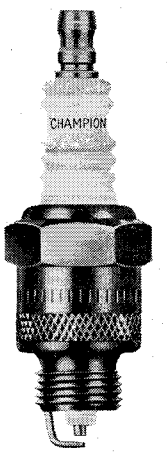
What will the 1960 cars be like? One thing's certain: most makers of cars *and* trucks will use Champions!

Q. Why do 17 out of 21 U.S. truck manufacturers specify Champion spark plugs?

A. Because they know full-firing Champions are *dependable.* To get this dependable performance —plus extra mileage—in your car, put in new Champions every 10,000 miles.



CHAMPION®

World's favorite spark plug—engineered for every car built by Ford Motor Company, General Motors, Chrysler, American Motors, Studebaker-Packard and every major foreign maker.

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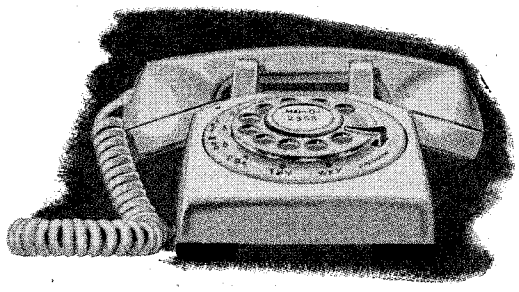

BEAUTY

A bedroom extension phone saves step

You'll love the color and convenience of an extension phone by your bed.

During the day it will save you many, many steps—let you talk in comfort and privacy whenever you want.

And during the night you'll sleep better just knowing it's there, with doctor, drug-store, police or firemen only an arm's reach from your pillow.

Something else you'll love—the low cost of having a bedside extension. And the bed-room, of course, is only one of many places in your home where an extension phone can make life easier. Just call your local Bell Telephone business office.

You need extension phones wherever your family works, plays or sleeps

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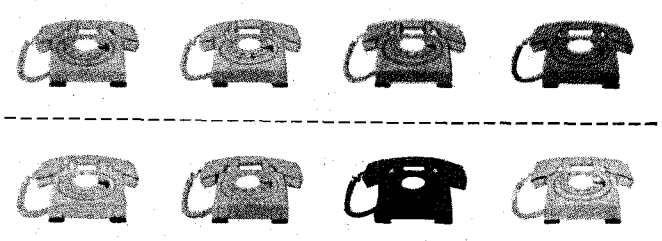
ON DUTY

›y day, worry by night, and gives you privacy always!

Bell Telephone System

Extension phones are available in your choice of these smart decorator colors, or white shown above.



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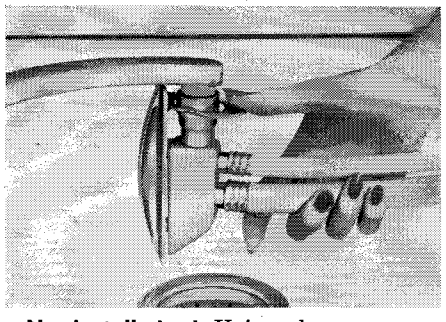
Roll dishpan drudgery out of your life!

New G-E Mobile-Maid® Dishwasher Needs no installation!

Now . . . get more time to do the things you want to do. The day it's delivered, roll this fully automatic dishwasher right to the table—load—and roll to the sink. Snap the handy Unicouple on faucet adaptor—plug cord into appliance outlet—and never do another dish by hand. Washes, rinses, dries, sanitizes service for 10. Textolite® top gives added work space. Built-in undercounter models also available. General Electric Co., Louisville 1, Ky.



No installation! Unicouple snaps on faucet adaptor for water and drain connections . . . hose stores in front panel. Retractable electric cord plugs into standard outlet . . . stores in back panel.

No messy hand-rinsing! Fabulous Flushaway Drain does it for you . . . automatically. Just remove large food scraps. Soft food particles are liquefied and flushed away—*before* washing begins.

Every year more people choose G-E Dishwashers than any other make!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(*Continued from Page 64*)

next thing he knew he was up the steps, though he'd never understand how he'd conquered them, and he was trying to knock against the heavy door.

After that there was light, and the slamming of a door behind him, and the most wonderful sense of warmth a man had known since the world began, and strong expert arms to help him. A woman's voice, vague and far away, said, "Mr. Baker, Mr. Baker! You shouldn't have come out tonight. The whole city's snowbound. They say people are lost on the roads. I don't see how you ever got here, Mr. Baker."

Ira Baker managed a small smile. He sought in his mind for the name of the voice's owner; it wasn't courteous to forget a name. He felt a triumph when he found it and was able to say, "It is bad outside, Miss Fielding. I'm very glad to be here."

"Now you're going to lie down," Miss Fielding said. "Right in here—it's just a few steps. Come along now." She spoke with a professional, accustomed note of authority. It was the note of command. But now it must be resisted.

"Thank you," he said. "You're very kind, Miss Fielding. But I'm quite all right. If I may just sit a moment " He made out the outline of a chair and pulled himself free of her and got himself to it. It was a hard, wooden chair, straight-backed, naked of comfort, and it was precisely what he needed. "For just a moment, please, Miss Fielding." If he lay down—well, that was impossible, just as going into the house down the street had been impossible.

His mind swirled, going back and forth into memory still. Then, little by little, it cleared, and he felt the needles in his hands and feet that meant the return of life. He opened his eyes full on the plain, blunt face of Miss Fielding and, beyond and around her, the room with the sparse old furniture and the air of cleanliness bought at the lowest possible price. Then, on the far wall, he saw the clock.

"I'm late," Ira Baker said. "Thirty minutes late." This was not the smallest of failures; the people at Roselawn were kind, and in their fashion tolerant, but they were overburdened people, too, and stern about visiting hours. He stood up, trembled on his legs for a moment, then steadied himself. "If you'll excuse me," he said to Miss Fielding.

She started to protest, but he shook his head, and that was enough. She stepped back, with a shrug of heavy, competent shoulders. "All right, all right," she said. "Have it your way. It's not my funeral."

"Thank you," Ira Baker said.

He made his way down the familiar hallway that smelled of time and disinfectant. They did things well at Roselawn, he told himself; they did better than you'd a right to expect, considering how little the state welfare office paid them for each patient. He opened the second door to his left and stepped into the room. There were three beds there, each occupied, but he had sight for only one.

"Hello, Jenny," Ira Baker said.

She looked at him, smiling, and to his eyes it was a girl's smile, for all of the thin white hair and the cheeks the tone of ivory. "Hello, Ira," Jenny said in a voice so small that he heard it as you hear the smallest of warm spring breezes. "It's nice to see you."

He felt, as he always did, a wonder and a deep happiness that she recognized him. It was a recognition that was laid deep in the past and had little to do with the present, but that took away none of its fine rare quality.

He held the little bag of candy out. "I brought you something, Jenny," he said. "The kind you like."

"Thank you, Ira," she said.

They were silent for a moment. "How were things today?" she said "Were you busy?"

"Busy enough," Ira Baker said. "And things went well enough."

"Good," she said. "I don't really understand business affairs, do I, Ira? I never had a mind for them. But you—well, I know you'll always do the wise thing."

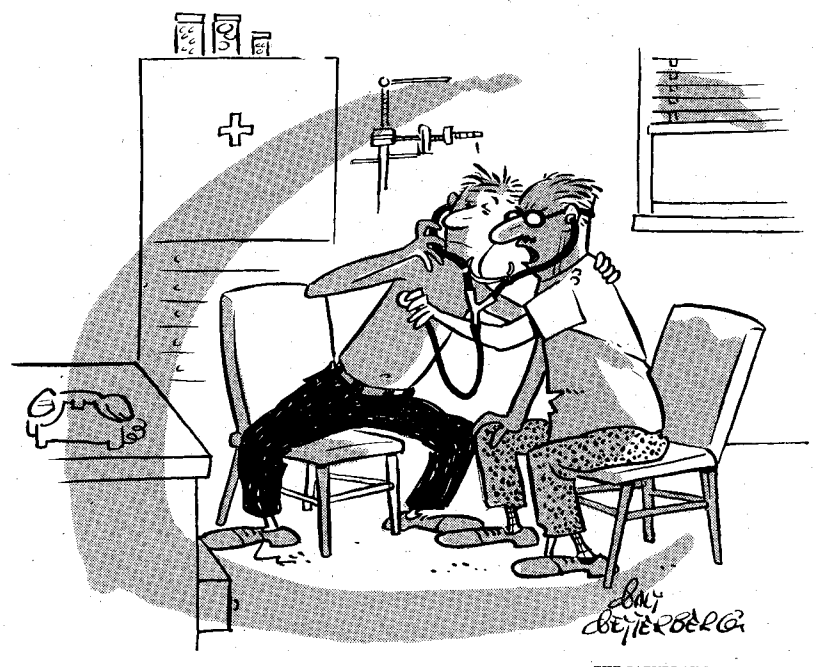
"You're too flattering, Jenny," Ira Baker said "But I've been one of the lucky ones."

She closed her eyes. He touched her hand—it was like very old glass, blown to the limit of fineness. She said, "What is it like outside, Ira? Is it a pretty day?"

"It's beautiful," Ira Baker said. "A perfect spring day." She had always loved spring, he thought; it was her season, made for her as a splendid gown was made for the wearer and no one else. "Just warm enough," he said; "and clear, with the flowers springing up everywhere."

Her smile, widening now, was his answer. And what he had told her was true, Ira Baker thought; now, with the end so near, he could always bring her the word of spring.

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'll be the M.D. here, Mr. Klotch!"

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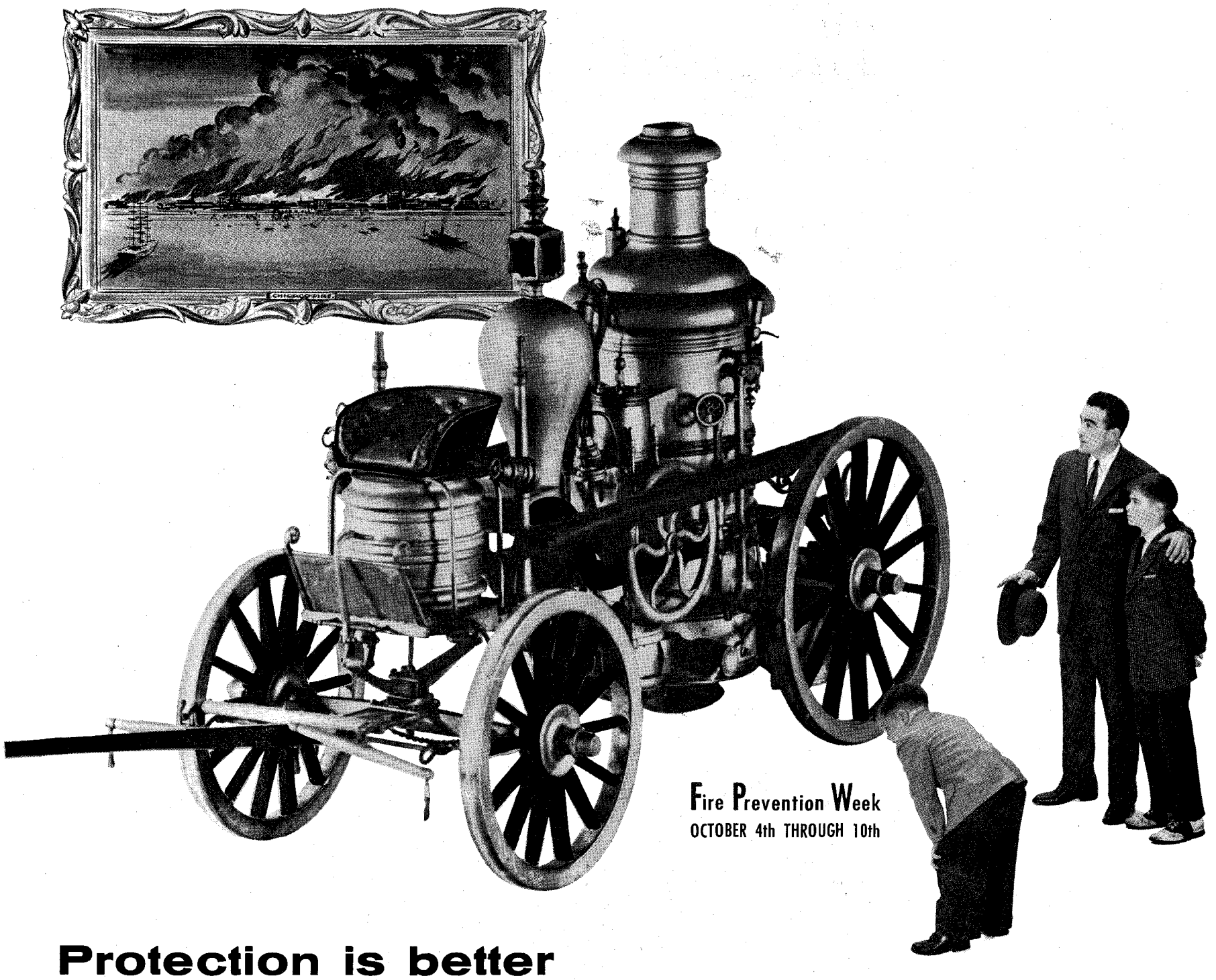

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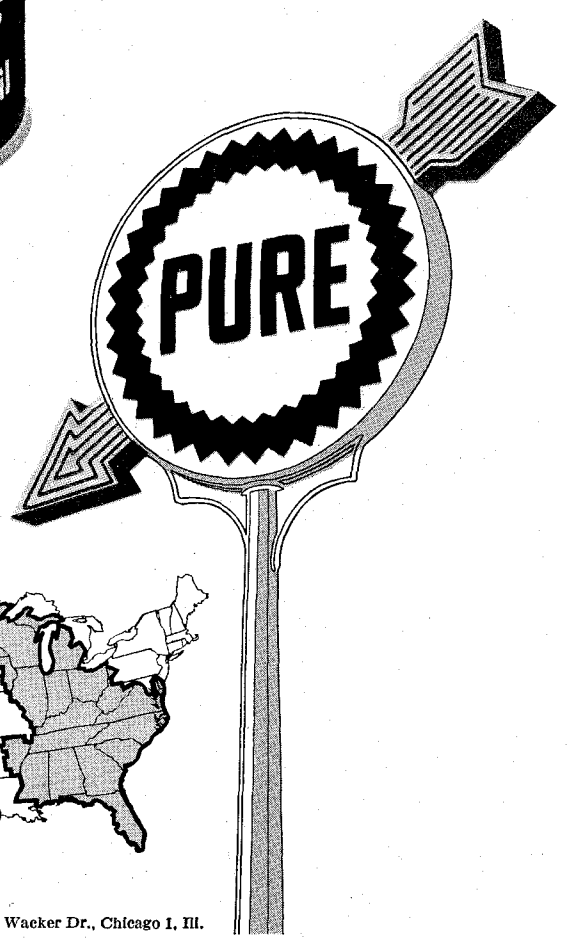

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Love's Young Dream (Continued from Page 41)

of me, she would let out a welcoming roar of laughter, squash me up against her great, soft, bulging bosom, give me a smacking kiss and lift me, laughing and shrieking, high in the air until my head nearly touched the ceiling.

It was the year in which I asked my famous question about the difference between misses and missises that I also felt the first faintest, least stir of questioning interest in Nancy's and Marky's marathon courtship. It was really no more than an idle question and I had only a small interest in the answer. That day she was making soda bread on the kitchen table and I was sitting up on the end of the table watching her knead and pound the dough.

"Nancy!" I said pertly. "What's up with you at all that you're not marrying Marky? When are you going to marry

Nancy and Marky were courting and would probably marry someday.

him? Marry him tomorrow, Nancy! Go on! Will you marry him tomorrow?"

She let out one of her wild laughs and began to scrape the dough from her fingers and fling the scrapings down on the kneading board, saying gaily with each flap of her hands, "This year! Next year! Sometime! Never!"

"Is it the way, Nancy, that you're not in love with Marky?"

This time her laughter was a quarry blast. "God love you, you poor child, that has nothing at all to do with it! It's just that he doesn't like having Noreen living with us. Now, go off and play with the cat," she added crossly, and began to carve a deep cross into the flattened loaf. But at once I wanted to stab her cake myself and began begging her for the knife. Anyway, this talk about Noreen and Marky merely meant what I had always known—that they would all be always there waiting for me at the start of every holiday.

One reason why I know I was thirteen that year was that the next time I went to stay with Uncle Gerry I was fifteen, and this I know because I very soon found out that those two extra years made a great difference to all of us. What made the difference was that in my fourteenth year I spent a long summer spell with my three Feehan cousins, some seven or eight miles away from the Newbridge farm over on the plain of the Curragh. There I had another uncle, Ken Feehan, who had some sort of job in connection with the racecourse.

The Curragh is famous for two things: its racecourse on one side of the plain and on the other the extended military settlement which seems to outline the farthest edge of green with the long faint stroke of a red pencil. This settlement is still known as The Camp, long after its original tent canvas has been transformed into barrack squares in red brick, wooden huts, tin chapels and tin shops. Sheltering belts of stunted firs have now been planted along its entire length to protect it from the bitter winds blowing down from the mountains whose slow drum-roll closes the view to the southeast. From the door of my Uncle Ken's house, a long, white-washed cottage near the grandstand, we looked southeast at the far-off red pencil line across a rolling expanse of short grass, empty except for a few cropping sheep, scattered tufts of furze and an occasional car slowly beetling along the road that crosses the Curragh from Newbridge to the south.

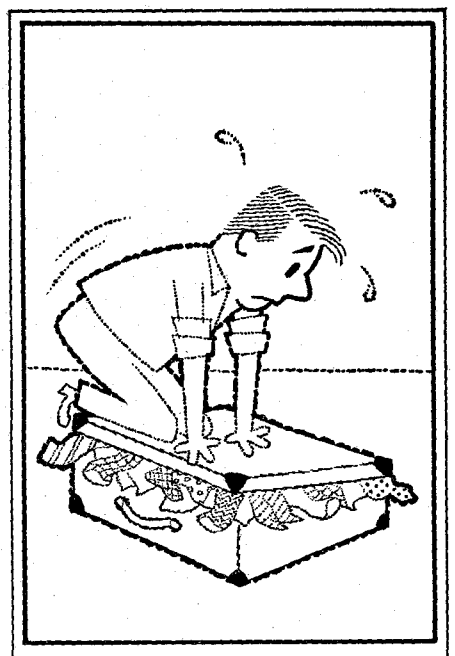
It was an empty place for three girls to live in. It is also to the point that the plain is of great age. The couple of roads that cross it are the old woolpack roads into Danish Dublin. The distant finger of the round tower of Kildare, to the west, was gray with age in the twelfth century. There was a racecourse here some two thousand years ago. Weapons of the Stone Age have been dug up in various parts of the plain.

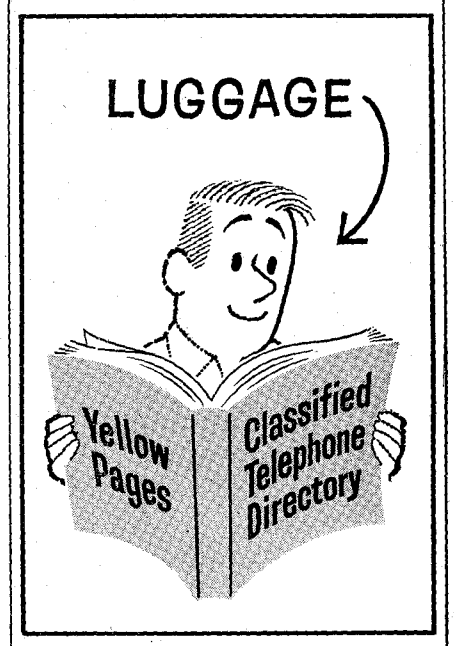
I like to think of this silent antiquity whenever I think of Philly, the eldest of my three cousins, standing at night at the door of the cottage—it is the way I always remember her now—staring across the plain at the only thing there that really interested her, the remote lights of the military camp. Whether The Camp had always excited her or not I do not know, but when I first met her, after the outbreak of the war, everything about it did—the news of departing or arriving regiments, the crackle of gunfire from the pits, the distant flash of a heliograph on bright days, the faint sound of regimental bands borne to us on the southeasterly wind. Standing there at the cottage door she would talk endlessly of all the handsome and brave poor boys fighting and falling at that very moment on the plains of Flanders. She inferred the whole war from the flash of a mirror, the short rattle of rifle fire, the faint beating of drums, a wavering bugle call. She was eighteen.

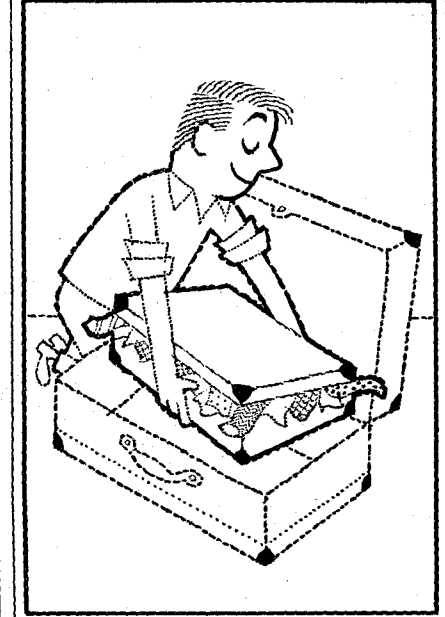
I have no doubts at all about Philly's looks. She was not pretty, but she was not plain. I grant that her nose was a bit peaky, her teeth slightly prominent, her figure almost skinny, but she had two lively brown eyes, like an Italian girl, and her dark, shining hair was combed slick back from her prominent profile with the effect of a figurehead on a ship's prow. Her lower lip was always moistened by her upper teeth, her hands were nervous, her laughter on a hair-trigger, her moods unpredictable and turning as rapidly as a trout in a stream, and she was a magnificent liar. This, I see, is as much an implication of her nature as a description of her appearance, but it is how she struck everybody who met her—an unflattering impression dispelled completely in one second.

That I have no wish to do more than mention her two sisters, Moll and Una, may suggest further the force of her personality. She overshadowed them completely, although both of them were capable and pleasing girls. She bullied Moll all the time and she forced all the housework on her simply by refusing to do her own share of it. Poor Moll, a soft, rotund, pouting girl, was no match for her and never did anything in self-defense except complain feebly, weep a little, then laugh despairingly and go on cheerfully with her double chores. Philly did not need to bully Una, a gentle, fair-flaxen girl of about my own age—she was too young and delicate for bullying, cycled into Newbridge every day to school at the local convent, and studied endlessly when at home. I think she had realized very early that the cottage was a place to get out of as quickly as possible.

I liked the three of them, but I far preferred Philly. She was more fun, and I (*Continued on Page 76*)







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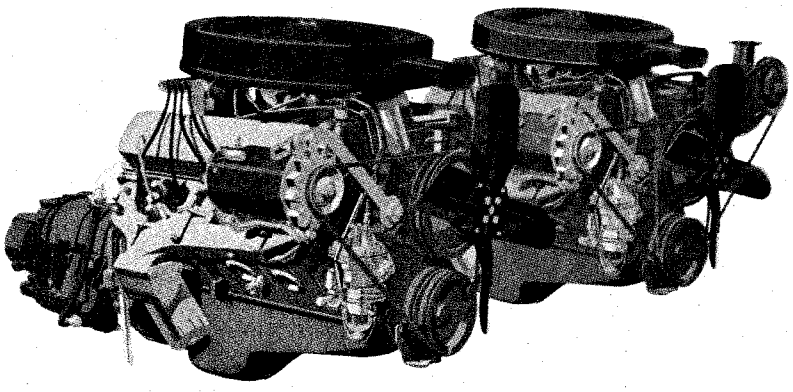

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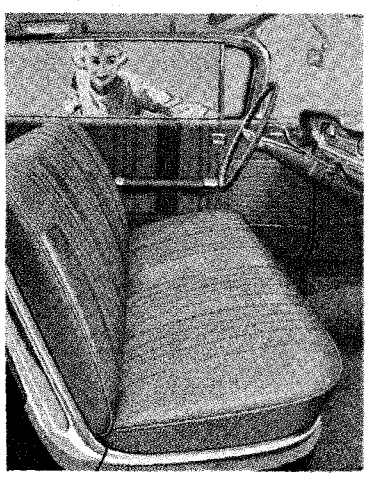

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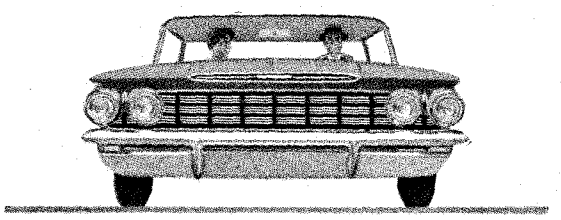

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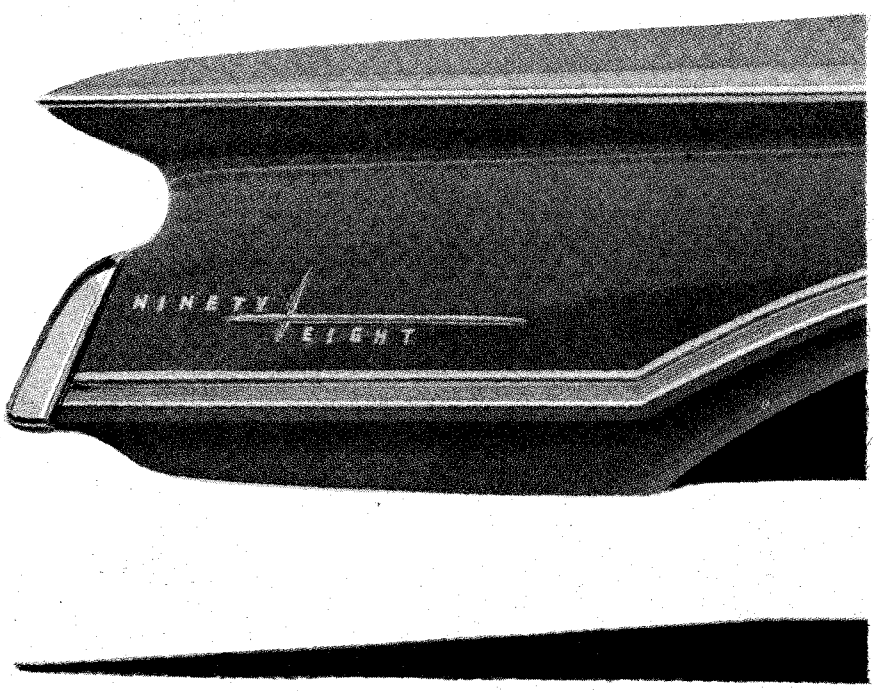

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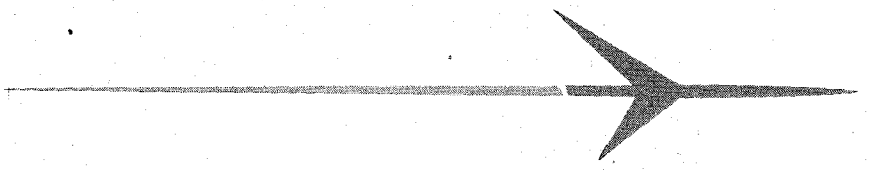

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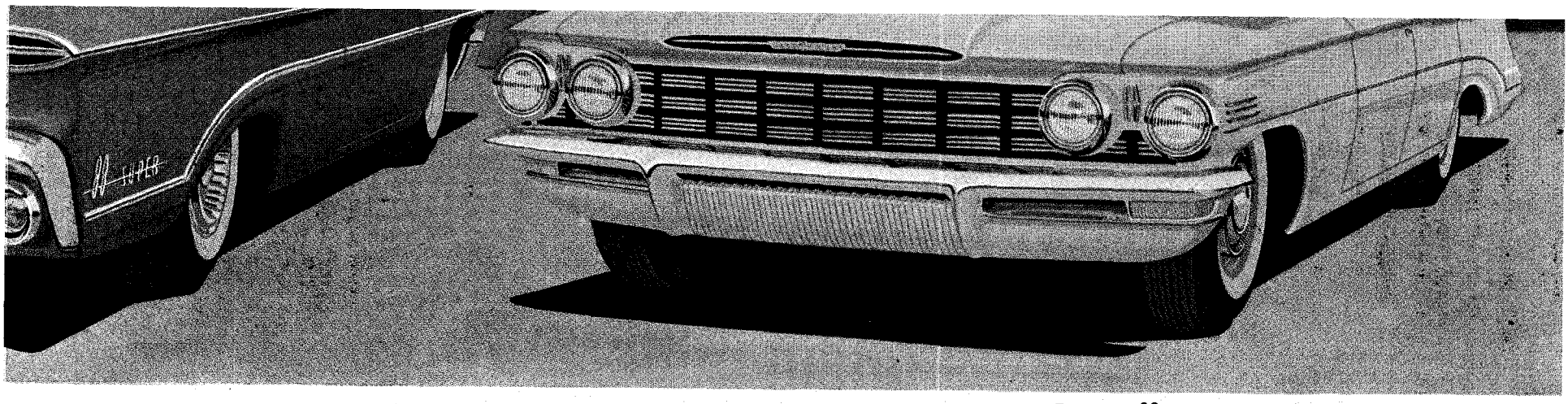

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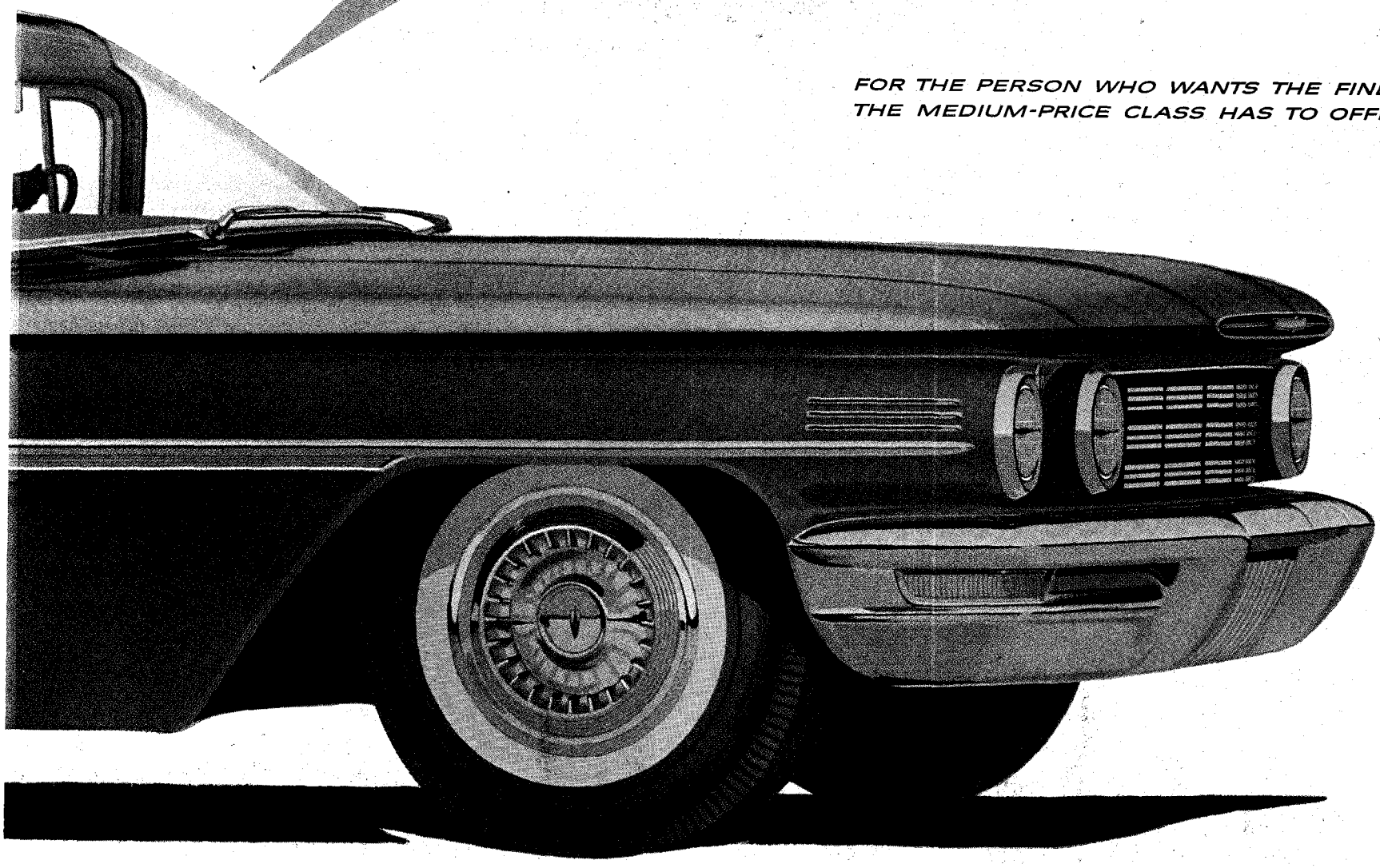

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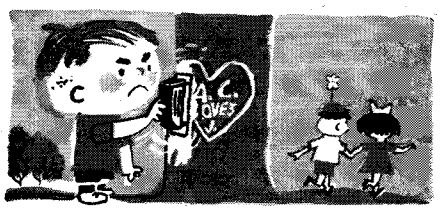

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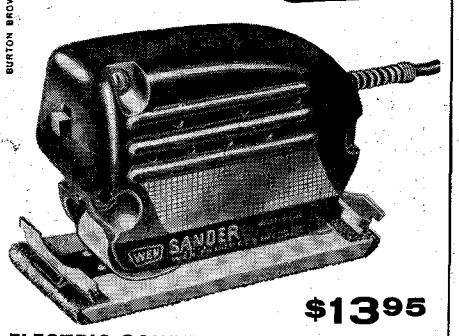

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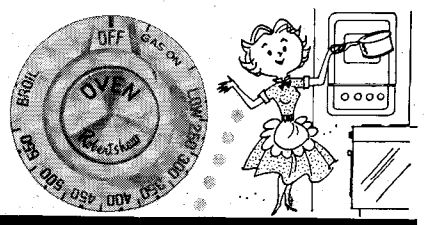
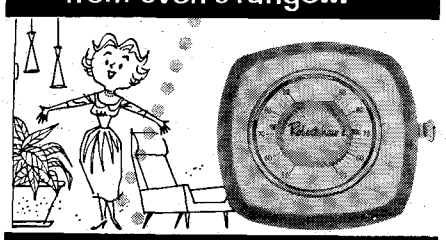


from oven & range...



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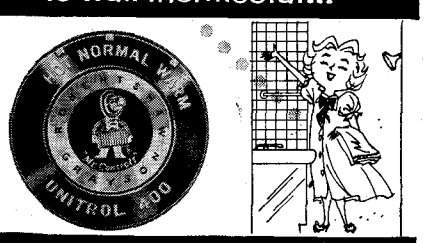

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(*Continued from Page 71*)

liked the streak of boyish devilment in her that always made her ready for any escapade. I suppose she suffered me as being better company than none, and I also suppose that the main thing in my favor was that, although a child to her eyes, I was at least male. This is not merely an unkind remark. Her reputation had preceded my meeting with her. Back in Newbridge the general attitude to her was that she was a foolish virgin. At the mention of her name, my Uncle Gerry had just phewed out a long, contemptuously good-humored breath.

My aunt laughed at her. Once she made the witty and shrewd remark, "That girl has far too many beaus to her string."

Nancy sniffed mockingly, "That featherhead!" But she may have jealously compared her to her own adored Noreen.

Marky said, "Aha! A bold lassie!"

Noreen was, by turns, respectfully and scornfully silent, but, young as I was, I smelled envy.

As for her own sisters, they admired her and feared her and did not love her. They assured me privately that her list of boys was as long as my arm. ("Boys" was a popular word at that time—the "boys" at the front; our "boys" in Flanders; and so on.) Their list included a rich trainer from the County Meath; a subaltern from The Camp; a jockey; a farmer from behind Kildare; a publican's son in Newbridge; a young lawyer from Dublin; even a stableboy from the stables of one of the wealthy trainers, who, then as now, lived in half-timbered houses all around the edge of the plain behind white rails and clipped privet hedges.

I gathered that all of these beaus were met on race days, in the Enclosure, on the Members' stand, in the Restaurant—to all of which places, because of her father, she had complete access. There was more than a suggestion that she met her admirers on varying terms, playing whatever role pleased her fancy and suited their class. In those days when everybody of her own class swarmed on the open plain outside the rails and only the comparatively few paid to go inside them, the daughter of an employee of the Turf Club would have had to present herself very well indeed to be accepted by a lieutenant, a lawyer or a trainer.

I was torn this way and that by her. In loyalty to Newbridge I knew I should think her a figure of fun, and I could see that she was a little bully and a shrew, but she would sweep me off my feet whenever she started to talk about that Camp whose lights flickered at night across the empty plain. She turned it into a magic doorway to the world. In Newbridge, everything, I have said, had been actual but hazy. When she talked to me about the real world I heard Life begin to paw its stable floor.

"Listen, lad! When you grow up, take the King's shilling! Be a soldier! See the world!" And then, with her wide, wild, white-toothed laugh, "Or, if it has to be, see the next world!"

I shall never have a dim or hazy notion of Philly Feehan as long as I remember the baking day when the four of us stood at the door of the cottage, the racecourse behind us as empty as a ballroom on the morning after a dance, the plain before us as empty as a bed at noon, and watched a small, slow cloud of dust move at marching pace from The Camp toward the railway station at Kildare, and heard the clear rattle of the parting snare drums.

She shocked us all by suddenly crying out with passion, her brown eyes fixed on the little creeping dust cloud, her face pale under her shiny, black coif, "I wish to God I was a hussar!"

She taught me how to smoke. I drank my first beer with her in a hotel bar across the plain in Kilcullen. She gave me my first lesson in dancing. Looking back at her now, I see why her type of girl was the ideal of the soldiers of the 1914 war. They had been made to think of themselves as "boys." Their ideal woman was the young virgin, still with her hair down, the flapper, a blend of devilment and innocence—their most highly desired antithesis to rain-filled trenches, mud above their puttees and shells whining over their heads all day long.

So, you can guess why my next visit to Newbridge was different to any that went before. I was now turned fifteen. Noreen was eighteen. The others were beyond the years. They behaved to me as always, but I was not the same with them. I had become wary. It began the minute I arrived. When my Uncle Gerry drove the old tub trap into the cobbled yard through the big tarred gates, opened by Marky immediately he heard the familiar clop of the pony coming along the road, I handed the ritual pound of twist over the side to Marky, alighted, asked the usual questions, said, "I suppose ye're not married yet?" and then, as if on an afterthought, "Oh, and how's our little Noreen these days?"

She must have done something to annoy him specially that day, because he said grimly and shortly, "Oh, very well, I believe! A bit rakish, now and again! But very well. In the best of health."

I was alert at once.

"In what way rakish, Marky?" I laughed innocently.

"Ah!" He shook his head upward. If he had been a horse I would have heard the rattle of the bit and seen the yellow teeth. "I suppose it might be through having no father to keep her in order."

I nodded in sage agreement.

"How long is it now Marky, since he died?"

He was untackling the pony, detaching the traces from the hames, his face against the pony's neck, but though I could not see him, I knew from his voice that he was not going to pursue the subject.

"Well!" he growled into the pony's neck. "It was all a long time ago. Nancy's inside, expecting you."

He could hardly have said it plainer. I went indoors to her and produced the usual Italian blouse. She hugged me and kissed me, but I was too grown-up now to be lifted to the ceiling, and I hugged her back hard and thought she had fine eyes and was a handsome woman yet.

Finally I said it, "And how's Noreen these days?"

She turned back to the table and gently lifted the white silk blouse and said in a thick, oozy voice, "'Tis lovely. 'Twill suit Noreen down to the ground."

"But," I protested, "it's for you! My father sent it for you."

"Tshah! What do I want with finery? I'm gone beyond fineries. But"—smiling fondly and lifting up the blouse again by the points of the shoulders to look it all over—"Noreen will look a masher in that."

No age is at once so insensitive and so sensitive as adolescence. It is one reason why young people are so exasperating to adults. I looked at her with curiosity, oblivious of her maternal devotion, and elegantly leaning against the table I ventured, "Nancy! If you were married, the three of ye would be as happy as three kittens in a basket. And Marky would be a father to Noreen."

Noreen pushed John into the river. He stood dripping on the bank, crying miserably.

She dropped the blouse in a silken heap, gave me a sharp look and flounced to the fireplace.

"Noreen," she said to the range, banging in the damper, "doesn't want him as long as she has me! Anyway, since he won't have both of us, he can have neither of us. Have you seen your aunt yet? She'll be expecting you."

The flick of her skirt frightened me. I did not know what I had touched, but it felt red hot. All I knew was that this prolonged courtship of theirs was going, if not gone, on the rocks.

That first day I did not run down the road in search of Noreen, as I would have done two years before. I walked down to where Coshea's Boreen comes out on River Road and I came on her there, beyond the laundry, leaning over the wall, showing the hollow backs of her knees, chewing a bit of straw, looking across the river at the meadows and the Dublin road beyond them.

I stole up behind her, slipped my arm about her waist and said gaily, "Hello!"

(*Continued on Page 80*)

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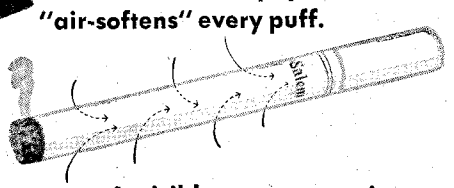

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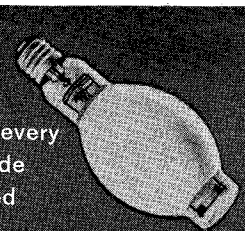

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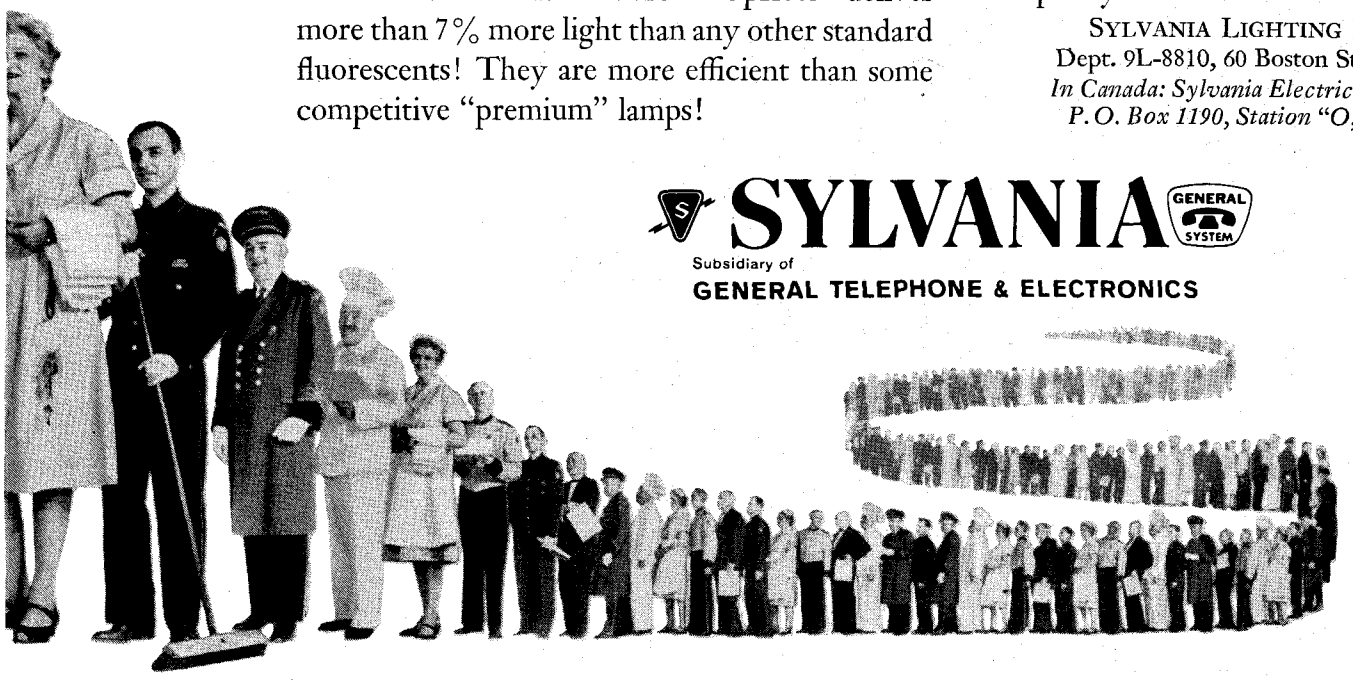

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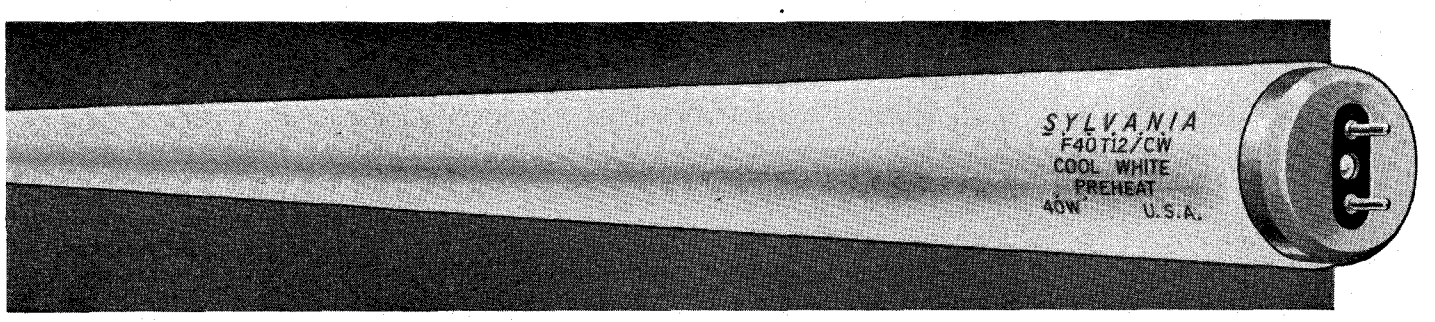

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(*Continued from Page 76*) She just glanced at me and said, "Do you mind removing your arm?"

"Oho!" Very loftily. "Touch me not, eh?"

I was so mad I could have spat in her eye, but I pretended nothing—I would not give her that much satisfaction. Instead, I started chatting away about what I had been doing since I saw her two summers ago. She kept chewing the straw and looking idly across the river. I do not remember what precisely I said that made her begin to pay heed to me, except that it was my idea of a gentle probe about Marky and her mother, but it made her give me a slow, mocking smile that said, as plainly and scornfully as if she had spoken the actual words of an American phrase that was beginning to be current at the time: "Well, and what do you know?"—meaning that I had surprised her, and that I knew nothing, not only about Marky and her mammy but about everything in general, and that I could just as well stop pumping her and go away and find it all out for myself the way she had done. I expected her to say at any moment, "Hump off, kid!" She conveyed it silently. Women do not talk to small boys.

If I had had any pride I would have walked away from her. But at fifteen years and a couple of months you are so frantic to know all about everything in general that you have no pride, only lots of cunning.

I said, very sadly, "I suppose, Noreen, you think I'm only a kid?"

"How old are you?" she asked, with just a faint touch of sympathy in her voice.

"Going on to sixteen. But everybody," I said bitterly, "talks to me as if I was still ten. Have a fag?"

I flashed out my new mock-silver cigarette case. I observed with satisfaction the way she glanced down the road toward the bridge and the end of Main Street, and then turned and leaned her back on the wall and glanced idly up Cat Lane before saying, in a bored voice, "I suppose, really, I might as well."

I noted that she smoked the way all girls smoke who are not smokers, continually corking and uncorking her mouth.

I kept up the role of downtrodden youth. "'Tis well for you, Noreen. I wish I was eighteen. You can do what you like. My da would leather me if he caught me smoking. The way he talks about stamina and muscles, you'd think he wants me to be another Jack Dempsey. Would Nancy be cross with you?"

"I'd like to see her!" she boasted.

"I know a girl in Dublin who smokes thirty a day."

This was too much for her. "You know nothing about girls!"

"Oho! We grow up fast in Dublin!"

I blew smoke down my nose and turned around and leaned over the river wall and spat in the river. She also turned and blew smoke down her nose and spat in the river. For a moment or two she looked across at the golden meadows. Then, "I'm engaged to be married."

I was shocked upright. "You can't be! Not at eighteen! You're too young!"

"I won't get married for a year or two, of course. But I'll get married when I'm twenty. You don't think I'm going to hang around here tied to my ma's apron-strings all my bloomin' life?"

"Where's your engagement ring?"

"It's a secret yet," she said, with another, slow, hot look.

I looked at her for a while, torn between disbelief and a disappointment that had something in it of despair. Then I let my cigarette fall into the river. It was like a fellow throwing down his gun.

She said, "Come on and we'll walk down by the weirs."

I walked by her side until we came to a hawthorn in full spate, listening to her telling me all about her boy. He was a sergeant on the Curragh. He cycled over from The Camp whenever he was off duty and she went out to meet him halfway. He was not going to remain a sergeant for long; he was "going for an officer" and when he got his commission, they would live in London. I asked her if Nancy knew about all this. It was the only thing I said that upset her.

"If you say one word to her," she threatened, "I'll cut the thripes out of you."

After a bit, I risked saying, "If he saw us together now would he be jealous?"

She was pleased to laugh condescendingly. "I'd love to see him jealous. He's simply mad about me."

And she drowned me with talk of the life she was having now as his "belle," and the life she would have after she was married, until it was I who became mad with jealousy. Do you doubt it? Even if I was only fifteen and three months? Dear heaven! Does nobody in the world know how old it is to be fifteen and three months? Whenever now I see a group of boys returning, say after holidays, to school, of any age from twelve on, I look most carefully into their faces in search of eyes that correspond to my unalterable concept of fifteen and three months.

I look at myself through those eyes. I see my own frustration in them. For how can anybody who has to come close to them not feel their helplessness? Each of them is imprisoned in childhood and no one can tell him how to escape. Each of them must, blind-eyed, gnaw his way

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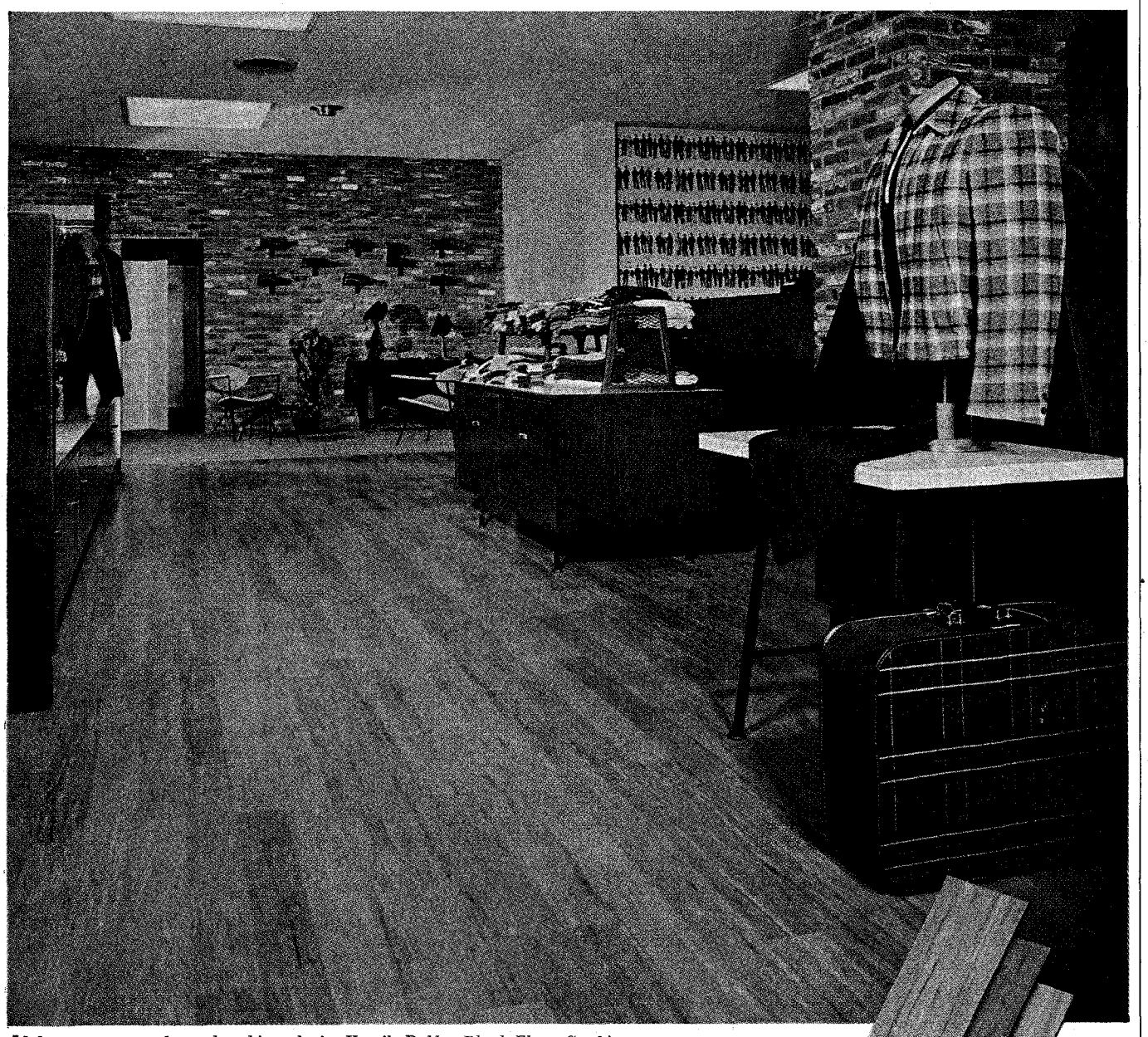

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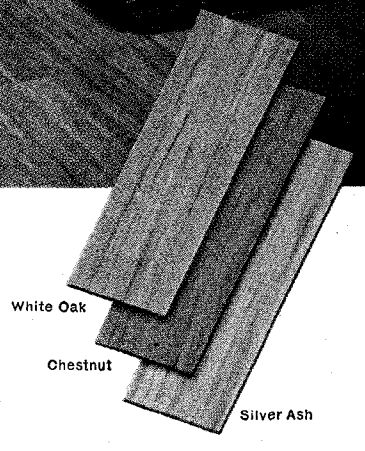

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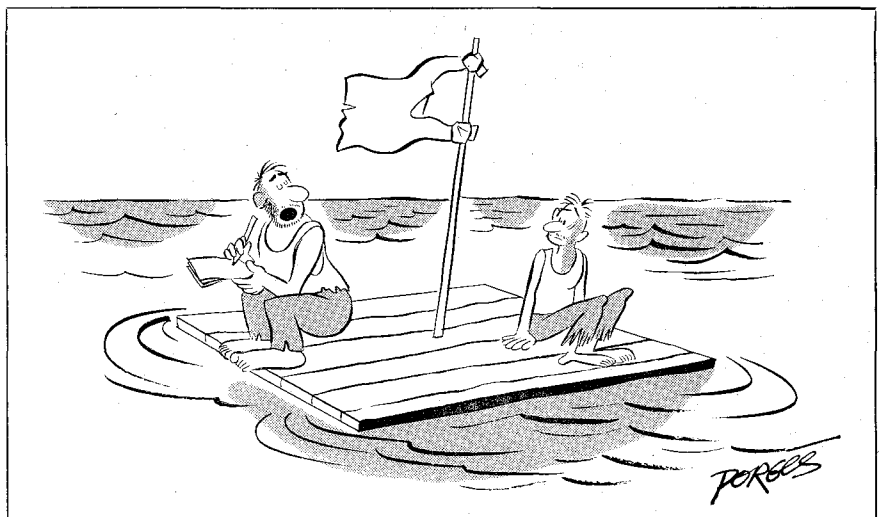
out secretly and unaided. That they may be the eyes of boys who are mathematically fourteen, seventeen, even—I have met them—nineteen, does not matter.

All that matters is the fear of being on a brink and not knowing what is beyond it. At certain moments all through our lives we touch a point where ignorance is teetering on the brink of some essential revelation which we fear as much as we need. These brinks, these barriers, these No Road signs recur and recur. They produce our most exhausting and hateful dreams. They tell us every time that we have to be born all over again, grow, change, free ourselves yet once again. Each teetering moment is as terrible as the imaginary point of time in Eastern philosophy when a dying man, who knows that within a few seconds he will be reincarnated, clings to life in terror of his next shape or dies in the desire to know it. The particular tenderness attaching to the age which I call "fifteen and three months" is that it is the first of many such steps and trials and must affect the nature of all that follow.

Since that July I have been in love half a dozen times, but I have never felt anything since like the tearing torment of those few weeks of summer. How I used to fawn on this creature whose beauty, I now know, was an illusion! How I used to flatter this girl whom, I was so soon to realize, I should never have trusted, merely to be allowed to sit beside her and secretly feel the edge of her skirt!

"And does he take you to many dances in The Camp, Noreen? But where do you get the dance dresses? I'd love to see you dressed for a dance! You must look smashing! But where do you get this little card that you write the dances on? Did you say that it is a pink pencil that's attached to it? By a pink thread? You



". . . How do you spell 'cannibalism'?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

didn't really mean, did you, Noreen, that they have six wineglasses?"

Her least word could crush me like a moth. But from that summer on, she had a power over all of us that was like a tyrant's. One night when Nancy flounced in with the supper and banged down the teapot, and whisked out again with a flick of her rear, my uncle said crossly, "What's up with that one now?"—implying that things had been "up with" her before now.

My aunt shot a glance at me and said, "Our ladyship is gone to the pictures without taking Nancy. And Marky is gone off to a whist drive."

I wonder they didn't notice me. Cinema, indeed! I saw the road to the Curragh, dark, secret, scented. Thinking of that sergeant, I must have had eyes like two revolvers. Yet I never realized the extent of Nancy's miseries and suspicions until, one day, she frightened me by saying, "What are you always mooning about for by yourself? You have no life in you at all this year. Was it you I saw wandering out the road by yourself the other night?"

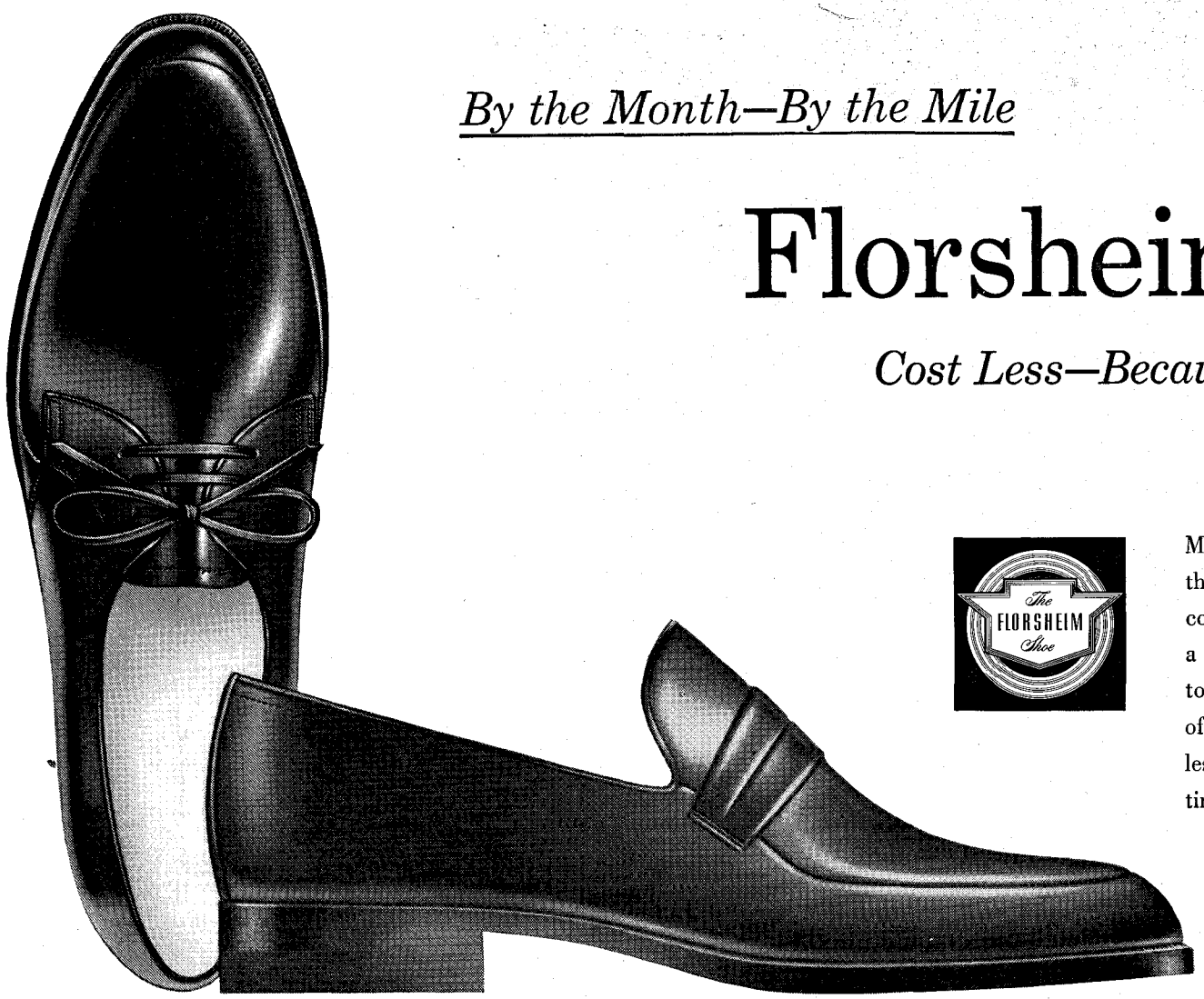
I knew then that she also had been wandering along the roads at dark.

For three whole despairing weeks I did not see Noreen at all. Then, quite suddenly, one Sunday morning I collapsed at Mass. My uncle's doctor diagnosed my illness as acute anemia, but I am satisfied now that it was a traumatic illness. On August the ninth I was sent home. My father got three months' leave to be near me and I remained at home under his care for the rest of the summer and most of the autumn.

Then, toward the end of October, I began to get a bit brighter in myself when he said that I should go to the Feehans and he would join me there for Christmas with his brother, Kenneth, whom he had not seen for some years. I argued to myself that Newbridge would be only a few miles away and that I could more tactfully spy out the land from the slopes of the Curragh. As it happened, things turned out very differently to the way I expected.

I had not reckoned with the weather. To understand this you should see the place as I did that November. In the winter the Curragh seems older and wider. The foggy air extends its size by concealing its boundaries. The grass is amber as if from the great age of the plain. For one week that November a sprinkle of snow fell almost every day, so that all the bottoms were white and the crowns of their slopes were melted green. At dusk the whole plain seemed to surge against the glimmering cliffs of the distant camp, and then only the lights of a traveling car would restore to the earth its natural solidity. In the cottage, life became as restricted as aboard a ship. Only easygoing Moll was content, her tubby figure always moving busily through the pale glow of the house.

On most days there was little to do but watch the horses at the morning workouts—whenever a horse halted, steam enveloped its jockey—or, if the air cleared, walk across to The Camp. It was always Philly who proposed this expedition—no other walk appealed to her—even if we did nothing when we got there except buy some trifle at the stores, such as the latest copy of *The Strand* or the *Red Magazine*, or, if she had the money, she might treat herself to a small bottle of scent. Her favorite, I remember, was some allegedly Oriental perfume called Phul-Nana. We might go into the red-painted tin chapel to say a prayer for



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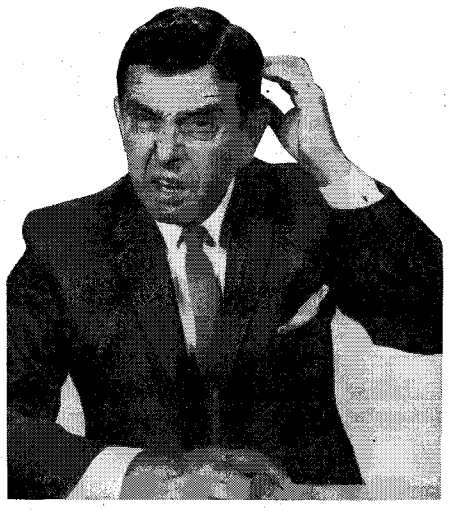

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the boys. Its candles were as calm as light gone to sleep, its tin roof creaking faintly in the wind.

I had always thought The Camp a bleak and empty place. During the winter it was as blank and cold as a plate of sheet iron, and as silent as an abandoned factory building. One wondered where all the soldiers were. It was so silent that it was startling to hear a lorry zooming up the hill toward the tower with its Union Jack hanging soggily from the flagstaff. After the lorry had passed into The Camp there was a ghostliness about the long tracks that it had left behind it on the slight snow. Noreen had talked about "all the fun" that took place here in the winter. When I asked Philly where all the fun was, she said crossly that it all took place at night. I could only imagine or overimagine its supposed liveliness at those hours when she and I would stand in the porch of the cottage gazing fixedly at its flickering line until the cold defeated her curiosity and desire.

After about three weeks I suddenly began to feel one night that something had happened between us, standing there every night under the porch, watching those distant fireflies, sometimes talking, sometimes hardly speaking at all. At first I had the feeling of some form of complicity or collusion. I even wondered whether it might not be that the years between us had dwindled since I last stayed in the cottage. She had been eighteen then. I had been fourteen, divided from her by childhood. Now that she was twenty and I on the brink of sixteen there was barely a rivulet between us. I noted, too, that she had recently begun to converse more seriously with me. Perhaps it was merely because she was bored? Or perhaps it was because I no longer felt obliged by loyalty to Newbridge to think of her as a comic figure, and so felt a greater sympathy with her? She continued to impress me.

The season induced her to do something else that she had never done during the summer: to practice on the old upright piano with its pale-green, fluted satin shining behind its mahogany fretwork. Its strings sounded very tinkly during that snowy week. During the thaw they jangled.

One night I found her reading, pencil in hand, and asked, "What's the book?" It was Moran's French Grammar. She was trying unaided to learn the language. I noted the books she was reading—histories, travel books, famous biographies. She borrowed most of these from a widow, much older than herself, living in Kildare, a colonel's widow whom she had met by chance at one of the meetings on the Curragh.

After I had heard about the colonel's widow I guessed the truth. With the diabolical shrewdness of my age I saw that she was playing, for me, the part of a woman of a certain age with nothing left for her to do but to encourage a young man who still had the world before him. She once even dared to say, "Ah! If I only had my life to live over again!" But, in the end this pretending to be so much older than she was worked in a manner directly opposite to her intentions. Lost in her sense of the dramatic difference between our ages, she let down all her defenses, as if she were a very, very old lady thinking, "Nothing that I can say can possibly matter from one so old as me."

The result was inevitable. When a passionate sigh or a deliberate profanity led her to expose her hand I quietly read the hand and, excited by what I saw, encouraged her without guile. In proportion as she responded to the rising sap of my wonder, she lapsed into sincerity, I achieved equality. It was for this unguarded moment that I was lying in wait, as my earlier experience with Noreen had taught me that I must if I wished to be treated as an equal.

I think she first realized how far she had lowered her defenses the night when, as we sat alone over the parlor fire—Moll was singing in the kitchen, Uncle Ken in bed with his rheumatics and Una studying in her bedroom—I looked at her after she had told some wildly romantic story of army life in India, and said, in a tone of voice with which I hoped her older admirers had made her familiar, "Philly, you have lovely hair too. I'm sorry you put it up since I was here before. I'd love to see you letting it all ripple down your back."

I knew by the start she gave and the abrupt way she said "My hair is all right," that she had recognized the tone. When I kept looking at her with a curved smile and lowering eyes, I was gratified to see the frightened look in her eyes. It meant that I was able to interest her not as a boy, but as a man, so that I was merely amused to see her trying to flounder back quickly to the role of the grown woman talking graciously to the young boy.

I was content with this new situation for about a week—that is to say, I played the role of the sixteen-year-old pupil with a twenty-year-old teacher who knows that he is attracted by her, but who feels that it is her duty to keep him in his place as it is her pleasure to hold his admiration. Then, suddenly, I got tired of it. One night, in a temper at some correction she had made, I shut the book with a bang, glared at her and said that I preferred to work alone.

"But"—she smiled sweetly—"I only want to help you!"

"I don't want you to help me!" I cried haughtily.

"Believe me, my child," she said sarcastically, "you need a great deal of help."

"Not from you!" I retorted.

"Master Know All!"

"And I'm not a child!"

"You are a schoolboy."

I screamed at her, "I'm not! I'm not! I'm not!"

She flew into a rage herself, "Be quiet! Remember that if you can't behave yourself you can't stay here!"

I swept the books from the table and raced out of the parlor, and the cottage, into the garden, and so through the wicket gate straight on to the darkness and emptiness of the plain.

The night was frosty. Not only the Camp but the whole plain was an iron dish. But I was not aware of the cold as I walked straight ahead, as hot with anger as a man might be with alcohol—that anger of resentment which makes young people cry at the very injustice of being born. It began to die in me only as the exhaustion induced by constant stumbling in the dark, the splendor of the sky, the magnitude of the plain and the cold night air worked on me to cool my rage and fan my passion.

I lay down under the shelter of a furze clump between the camp lights and the cottage lights. Once I thought I heard the coughing of a sheep. Then I realized that I was hearing only the wind rattling through some withered thistles near my feet. The wind, the darkness, the stars, the lights, the size of the plain dwindled me and isolated me. My isolation turned all these human and sky-borne lights into my guides and companions. When my head rolled to the north to the lone cottage, to the south to the wind-washed campfires, and looked straight up to the stars of the Charioteer, I remember shouting out in my excitement, without knowing what I meant, "The lights! The lights!" as if I wanted some pyrotechnic convulsion in nature to occur, some flashing voice to speak. Only the wind whispered. Only the dried thistles coughed. I knew that I must be the one who should say the releasing word.

It was long after midnight when I reentered the garden. The cottage was quiet. She would have heard the sweetbrier squeaking over the porch, the soft snoring of her daddy, and after a little while, her bedroom door being opened. She must have thought it was Moll, because she said nothing. I heard her gasp when my hand fell on her bare arm, and I whispered, "It's me, Philly."

She sat up, whispering, "What's wrong?" and I heard her fumbling with the matches.

"Don't light a light!" I begged.

"What is wrong?" she whispered again, and the rest of our talk was carried on like that, whispering in the dark.

"Philly, I don't want to fight with you."

"That's all right; we both lost our tempers."

"I'm very fond of you, Philly."

"So am I, of you. Good night, now."

"But I'm not a schoolboy."

"Yes, yes. Go to your room now. Daddy will be raging if he hears you."

"Philly! You are a grown woman. And I am not a boy." (*Continued on Page 84*)

He sat on the edge of Philly's bed, filled with wonder and delight.

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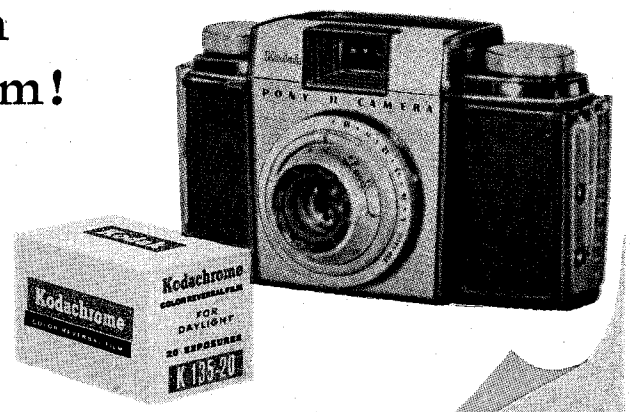

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(*Continued from Page 82*)

"I only said it to tease you."

"Philly!"

I could feel my heart pounding.

"Yes?"

"Kiss me!"

"If you don't go back to bed at once, I will call Molly."

"If you don't kiss me I'll run out of the house and never come back again. Never! Never again!"

(She said that my voice rose. "You were sort of gasping. You were threatening me. I was sure daddy would hear.") Now she whispered, "If I give you one kiss will you go right back to bed?"

I still feel that first kiss, her parted lips, the gateways of the world opening, the stars over the plain shivering, the wind blowing, and her terror as she said, "Now go!"

"Another!"

She struck a match, lit her candle and saw me in my pants, shirt and bare feet. She started to upbraid me, but I saw that she saw that she was no longer dealing with a boy. I sat on the side of her bed, filled with wonder and delight at her bare shoulders and her dark, shining hair down about them, and the knowledge that she was not looking at me as a boy nor speaking to me as a boy. She gripped my hand and she assured me that in future I would have to keep to myself or leave the house, that she knew now that she had been stupid and foolish to have treated me as a boy, because any woman should have known better, but that she understood now and she hoped I understood, so would I please realize that I was a man and behave like a man? And as she whispered, like this, so seriously, I stroked her bare forearm, and felt the trembling of it and the weakness entering into it, and so must she because she stretched out her clenched knuckles to the wall.

"I am going to call Molly!"

"Just one last kiss?" I begged, staring at the whiteness of her neck and bosom.

Still holding her knuckles to the wall, "On your word of honor, you will go then?"

"On my word of honor."

When we parted, two hours later, she upbraided me with a gentleness that affected me far more than anything else that had happened since our quarrel in the parlor.

I lay awake until I heard the cock crowing. I felt no triumph. My delight was chastened by its own wonder. If she thought that I was in love with her she was deluded. I was too supremely astonished by my adventure to be fully aware of her, and when we met in the morning and I looked at her as if she were a mirror, I did not recognize myself. Totally unaware that what appealed to her in me was my utter innocence, taking her to be a woman who had seen strange places, known strange people, heard strange things that I had never seen, known or heard, fearing that she was aware only of my utter inexperience, I behaved unnaturally and self-consciously, hurting her cruelly by what I considered were the proper airs of any man of the world on such occasions. I spoke coolly to her, smiled cynically, once I even winked at her. Whatever I did, I knew that I must conceal my ignorance from her; for during those two hours, lying close together, we had been as harmless as doves, as innocent as lambs simply because I—as I thought then, but as I see now, both of us—had not known what else to do.

Besides, I now needed above everything else a retirement into silence, secrecy, self-contemplation, spiritual digestion, a summoning of shocked resources. I put on my cap after breakfast, borrowed one of my uncle's walking sticks, put a cigarette into the side of my mouth, waved a "Tol-lol!" to the three girls and spent the whole day wandering, blind and lost, about the back roads that lead into the great central bogland of Ireland, an earth-lake of purple heather where you might tramp all day and see nothing stir except a snipe rising with a whir or, far away, a sloping pillar of blue peat smoke from a turf cutter's fire. Its emptiness suited my sense of lostness. I had no wish to arrive anywhere. I wanted to remain undestined. All I wanted was that my other lost self should come back to me.

In much the same spirit I so obviously avoided every chance of being alone with her that she must surely have begun to ask herself, "Does he loathe the sight of me?" just as I kept saying to myself, "Does she despise me now? Did it really happen at all? Did she upbraid me, and push me away and draw me toward her again and again?"

At last my awe began to defog. Passing her in the little corridor one afternoon, I gripped her hand and said, "Tonight?" She nodded, then to my astonishment burst into tears and slipped from me into her room.

That night the barriers rose between us at once. I was frightened by her silence into silence. I was repelled, even disgusted, by the stuffiness of the room, the smelly candle, the tousled bed, our humiliating stealth. We gripped each other at every creak, lying rigid to listen. I could have cried for rage when I was alone again. Our public behavior became correspondingly gracious. It was of what I would now call a Byzantine formality, a mandarin formality. My manner would

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not have shamed a grand seigneur; hers a princess. There also began between us a series of long, maundering talks about love and marriage which could come to no conclusion, which indeed could hardly have made sense, since each of us was trying to instruct the other without admitting that neither of us had anything to reveal.

The fact is only too obvious, we both had within us the same monstrous weapon of destruction. She had imagined too many romantic stories; I had imagined too luxuriantly; both of us had imagined outside ourselves. Fountains and flags and flowers were elsewhere, always elsewhere—under the Himalayas, on the plains of France, an eye-cast across the plain. So, when I asked her about those wonderful winter dances in The Camp and she admitted that she had not yet been to one, the thought had no sequence unfavorable to her because, after all, she had met a real lieutenant at the races. Still, her nature's lighthouse was not roving as it used to rove for me at my pier's end. What had attracted me in her had been the flare that said, "This way to the open sea!" I could not avoid seeing that we had both suddenly become dependent: on this cottage—to which we had so often turned our backs to look at the lights across the plain—on my uncle, on my father, on the few shillings that they yielded us for pocket money, on the stuffy little timber-lined room, with the chamber pot under the bed, and the varnish blistered from the summer heat and one corner of the ceiling damp.

The day she clutched me and said miserably, "Do you love me at all?" I realized that she had become dependent on me. My father came next day. I immediately asked him if I might go to the farm at Newbridge for Christmas. I went there that very evening.

It was like going out of a dim room into full sunshine. I saw everything clearly. They had all been right about Philly; she was a silly featherhead, full of vaporings and nonsense. I no sooner mentioned The Camp to Noreen than she at once made me see it for what it was. Even during the two months while I had been at the cottage looking across at The Camp she had cycled there to three dances which she described to me fully and simply. There was nothing now about pink cards, and pink pencils and six wineglasses; and when I cried, "But you told me!" she only laughed and said she had been making fun of me. That sort of thing might happen in the officers' mess on a special occasion, such as a big dinner dance—she was not certain because she had never been to such an event—but I surely did not think that it was the form at the sergeants' mess? She said that if I wanted badly to take her to a dance there, her man would arrange it. And it was clear that she meant this, and that she was now in the habit of going wherever she liked, and in every other way behaving like a grown young woman.

Within an hour I was under her spell again. She seemed to me more beautiful than ever. She was the actuality of all I had imagined Philly to be. But it was not only her beauty that held me now—the mane of sunlight about her head, her full lips the color of a pale tea rose, her body that was just beginning to take on her mother's plump strength. Her real attraction for me now was her matter-of-factness, her willfulness which produced more and more sighs from my aunt, and frowns from my uncle, and growls from Marky, and—a thing I could never have expected—a sudden flood of tears from Nancy on the only occasion that she talked about her.

"But why?" I asked my uncle. "Why?"

The pitying look he gave me said more than his words. "Nancy gave up a great deal for that girl. I warned her! But nobody can save a mother from herself!"

I discussed it with Marky. "People have to grow up!" I protested to him. "Noreen must be near twenty."

"I foresaw it," he growled. "And I was dead right."

... ...

October Escapade

By R. H. Grenville

A bumbling tippler, hour
by hour
The bee zigzags from
flower to flower;
Wasps, in striped apache
getup,
Wine and dine without a
letup;
Cows, by quiet orchard
streams,
Dream their cider-flavored
dreams,
And, drinking deep the
sweet elation
Of beauty's heady
distillation—
This subtle vintage of
October—
I, myself, am far from sober.

... ...

trying to spoil me!

He sent me a Parker 61...

the one pen I really hoped to own someday!

I guess all dads like to spoil their daughters. But a Parker 61 . . . that really *is* special.

I remember coaxing Dad to let me use his 61 when I did my homework at the dining room table. I just loved that pen. It flashed words onto paper as quickly as I could think – smoothly and easily.

Then, too, I felt grown-up when I used Dad's 61 pen. He always signs his letters and important papers with it. (In fact, he says even his boss borrows his Parker 61.)

Now at college where writing is even more important than ever, I finally have the pen that writes best of all—a Parker 61. And it's so beautiful!

But Dad is kind of sly, too. He knows he is spoiling me . . . but this Parker 61 is his way of saying, "Write home often. We think of you. We love you."

What a wonderful Dad. What a wonderful gift – so beautiful, so useful. Especially *this* Parker 61 pen. Daddy gave it to me.

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None of them understood her. And yet I could sympathize with them. There were times when I almost hated her myself, so greatly did I need her, and so well did she know it, and so ruthlessly did she exact the price of my need. When she started again to dodge me for days, it was solely, I knew well, for the pleasure of making me realize how essential she was to me.

I realized it only too well. Within two weeks the pattern of the previous summer began to repeat itself—one day made radiant by her company, followed by three without her, so miserably blank by comparison that I could imagine that she had plotted the contrast; appointments made only to be broken or kept briefly and summarily interrupted. It would not have been so humiliating if she had made it clear to me that I was only a foil or a fill-in for her sergeant, but there were days when she treated me as much more than that, and then, without warning, she would slap me down with those damned three years between us.

The end came after I had spent six whole, empty days cycling around the country desperately searching for her. On the afternoon of that fateful seventh day, just as the first suggestion of twilight was entering the chilly air, I turned down one of those aimless side lanes that lead under the railway toward the level bog. I had come there across the Curragh. After the plain, open as a tennis lawn, this hollowed lane, deep under trees slung like hammocks from ditch to ditch, gave me a queer feeling of enclosure, secrecy and remoteness. I had been there once before during the summer, also in search of her, and I had then got exactly the same feeling that I was going underground. That summer's day the lane had been a pool of tropical heat, a clot of mingled smells from the overgrown ditches teeming with various weeds and flowers.

This winter's evening these flowers and weeds were a damp catacomb of moldy bones. It became dark where the lane descended under a stone railway bridge before emerging to end at a wooden gate, leading out to the bog, now so vague in the half-light that all I saw of it clearly was the occasional eye of a pool catching the last gleams from the watery sky.

She stood with her back to me, leaning over the old gate, gazing out over the bog. She started when she heard my step. My heart was battering, but I managed to say, with a pretense of gaiety, "Hello, Noreen! Waiting for your beau?"

"And what if I am, nosy?"

"Oho! Nothing at all! Is he letting you down tonight?"

For a second she seemed to bend and slacken, and I relished the sight. She recovered herself with a wicked grin.

"You can be my beau tonight. You're not so awful-looking. You'd pass in a crowd, I suppose."

I had leaned idly against the gate. I was wearing my school cap. She took it off, threw it on the ground and brushed back my hair with her palm. A brighter gleam flitting through the clouds. A bog pool glinted greenly behind her shoulder. The smells of the dank vegetation grew thicker. My breath came faster.

"You know, kid, if you did your hair properly —— Have you no sweetie of your own?"

"Yes!" I said. "Up in Dublin."

"What's she like?"

I could only think of Philly, red-eyed from weeping. I could not talk about that goose to a girl who was going to marry a sergeant who would soon take his commission as an officer and carry her off to England, a married woman. I shook my head dumbly and gazed into her eyes.

"Well," she said impatiently, "what does she say to you when you walk her out? What do you say to her?" She suddenly dragged my arm behind her waist. "Here! Suppose I was her, what would I be saying to you now?" I shivered at her touch. "Go on!" she mocked.

"I don't think you'd say anything. You'd just look at me."

She looked at me sidewards and upwards from under droopy lids. "This way?"

"No!" I said furiously. "More like —— I dunno how! More like a sheep?"

She detached my arm irritably. Then she laughed at me pitilessly and put my arm back again around her waist.

"You're a very timid courter. Say something to me. As if I was your girl."

I whispered, seeing her cloud of flaxen hair against a pale star, "You're like an angel, Noreen."

She sighed a happy sigh that was almost a groan. She looked past me up the dark tunnel with heavy eyelids.

"'Tis like the pictures," she said sleepily. "Go on."

"I could pray to you, Noreen."

"Go on," she murmured throatily, leaning against me.

"When I see the sun through the window in the priory, I think of you, Noreen."

Her eyes were closed. She muttered, as if barely awake, "Why does nobody talk to me like that?"

"Doesn't your sergeant?"

She opened her eyes wide, and stared at me enormously. "What window?"

"The window of Mary Magdalene with the long golden hair."

She pushed me away and roared, laughing at me—perhaps, I now think, at the pair of us—and was there, I have sometimes wondered, a bitterness in her laughing?

"Honest to God, you're a scream!" She quietened and looked seriously at me. "You poor little fool!" she said. "I don't know what I'm going to do with you."

And she really did seem to be considering the problem, so that I felt a great warmth of happiness that she should be thinking kindly about me even if she was a grown woman and even if she still thought I was only a boy. Then she stiffened suddenly and shoved me away. She had lifted her head like a bird that hears a warning screech from its mate.

"Hop it!" she rapped at me. "Clear out!" and began to clamber over the gate into the field beyond.

It did not occur to me to disobey. In a daze of shame I went slowly back up the lane to where I had thrown my bicycle against the ditch. Only when I was on the road did I remember my cap, and laying the bicycle aside, I went back for it, thinking she had run off into the field beyond the gate.

As I came to the bridge I saw them on the other side of the gate, framed by the stone arch, in each other's arms, their mouths locked. Knowledge turned me into a statue. He was not a sergeant. He was not even a private soldier. He was a little buttoned-up lump of a fellow with a coarse cap on his head, peaked upward so that what there was left of salvaged daylight on his little, wizened horse's face made me realize that he could only be a stableman like Marky Fenelon. As I stood there, petrified, his fist clutched her yellow mop and slowly dragged her head backward. Her mouth fell open like a cat's red gullet, yawning widely.

I slunk into the ditch. Then I crept away up the lane, jumped on my bicycle and rode off like a madman. I was aware of a star through black branches. Behind me, far away across the plain, a bugle began to unfold its gay, elaborate call. As it came and died away, I imaged the illusory lights of The Camp flickering in the wind that had silenced the wavering notes, and I thought of that flickering line not as lights, but as lies. Yet I did not feel anger or disgust. I did not feel deceived, or betrayed, or derided. I felt only a hollow in me full of defeat, now and forever after. It was a secret moment. Nobody knew it. Nobody would ever know it. But as I rode through the Main Street of Newbridge, along one side of which the shops were now lighted, with the girls already parading the pavement, and the soldiers coming out of the barracks across the street in twos and threes for a night's pleasure, I kept my head lowered over the handle bars, as if I were afraid that somebody would guess my shame in my knowledge of my defeat, see my fear at my discovery of my own helpless loneliness.

I had wanted to know what there is to know; to possess life and be its master. The moment I found out that nobody knows, I had exposed myself to myself. I would never do it again. The shame of it was too much to bear. Like everybody else, I would pretend for the rest of my life. I would compound; I would invent—poetry, religion, common sense, kindness, good cheer, the sigh, the laugh, the shrug, everything that saves us from having to admit that beauty and goodness exist here only for as long as we create and nourish them by the force of our dreams; that there is nothing outside ourselves apart from our imaginings.

I rode home. I was in nice time for supper. My uncle said, "That's a fine complexion you have. Been cycling?"

(*Continued on Page 90*)

"Well, what's new with you folks?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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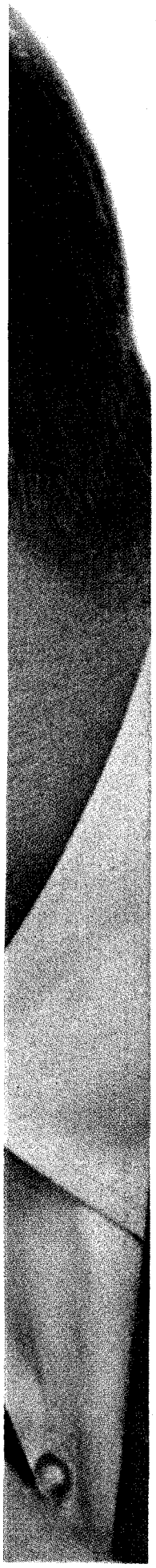

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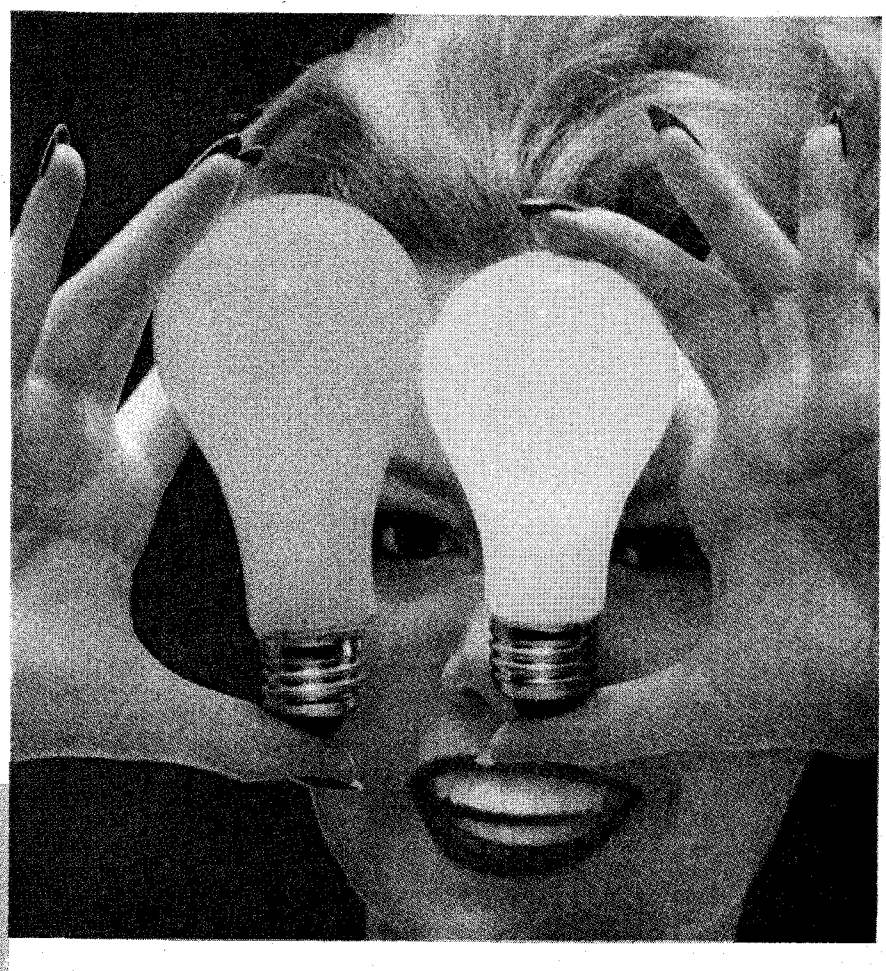

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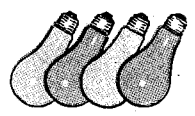

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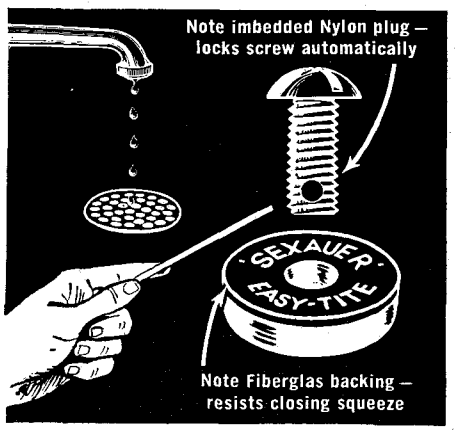
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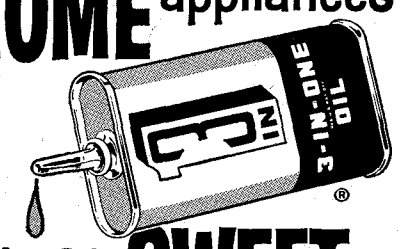

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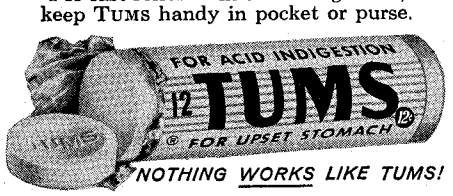


(*Continued from Page 86*)

"It was a grand day for it!" I smiled. "And a grand night of stars."

He winked at me and began mockingly to hum the Barcarole from The Tales of Hoffman.

The next morning as I passed the gate lodge, Noreen came out and with one of her slow, smiling looks, as of a fellow conspirator, she handed me my cap, wet, crumpled and muddy. When I unfolded it I found the silver track of a snail across the lining. I let it fall into the Liffey, where it slowly floated away.

I did not go down there again for a couple of years. By then I was doing Medicine at the university. When my Uncle Gerry met me at the station, he laughed loudly, "By gor, John, I hardly recognized you. They're after making a grand straight fellow out of you. You'd better stop growing up now and start growing out for a change."

As I watched him lumbering into the old tub trap, I said, "You're after getting a bit on the logy side yourself, Uncle Gerry."

"Anno Domini!" he said, flicking up the pony, which had also got so fat that he had rubbed the paint off the insides of the shafts.

As we trotted along the road I asked after my aunt, and Marky, and Nancy, and the farm, but what I wanted to get on to as quickly as I decently could was whether he had any tips for the July races. It was not until I was unpacking and came on my father's usual presents for Marky and Nancy that I remembered that Noreen had got married a few months back; for there were two Italian blouses this time, one white for Nancy, and one pale blue marked "For Noreen," which I took to be a wedding token. I found Nancy in the kitchen, and I could see no great change in her, apart from a few gray streaks of hair, and that she was getting "right logy" too.

She shouted with delight when she saw me, "Aha! You're not a child any more! God be with the days when I used to throw you up to the ceiling. But I'm going to kiss you all the same."

And we kissed with double-hearty smacks and laughs. Then I handed over the two blouses with a mock bow, "With my papa's compliments, madame!"

"They're gorgeous!" she said, laying the two of them side by side. The arm of the blue fell on the arm of the white. Gently she lifted the blue sleeve and let it sink on its own blouse. "I'll post it to her. You heard she went off from me in the heel of the hunt? Aye! She fell in with a soldier here in the barracks and followed him to London. It wouldn't surprise me to hear one of these days that his regiment was posted overseas, to India, or Africa, or Egypt. Then she'll be gone from me entirely." She smiled, but it was a sad smile.

"I'm sorry, Nancy. You'll miss her."

Her smile went. She said vehemently, "I will not! There was a time I'd have laid down my life for that girl. I don't care no more about her now than the child unborn." She smiled sadly again. "Ye used to be great pals at one time."

"Yes," I agreed shortly, and I was glad to turn round and see Marky darkening the doorway.

We greeted each other warmly. I handed him the sailor's twist. As we were flattering each other I wondered if I was expected to make the old joke about his getting married to Nancy, but that year I was in love with a girl at the university and he looked so gray and wizened that the joke seemed rather stale and even a little unseemly. I got him to talk about the July races, because my uncle had said that he was interested in a horse called Flyaway, and he started to tell me all about it.

Suddenly, as we talked, there was a noise behind us, like a clatter of pigeons rising. It was Nancy rending the blue blouse from top to bottom, tearing at it savagely again and again, her teeth bared, her eyes out on pins. Marky, undeflected, merely glanced at her and went on talking in his slow, steady voice about Flyaway. We heard the bang of the range lid. Staring at him, I got the smell of burning silk. Marky, seeing that I was too dazed to listen, took me by the arm and guided me out into the hot sun of the cobbled yard. I looked back at the kitchen door.

"Never heed her," he said. "She's upset. She feels very lonely in herself this long time."

"Marky! Did Noreen get into trouble or something?"

"No! She just hoisted her sails, and off with her. It was just as well! Seeing her going off there every night with common fellows around the town, and poor Nancy in that kitchen, sitting looking at the fire in the range ——"

"Wasn't it a pity yourself and Nancy didn't make a match of it?"

He looked at me from under his gray eyebrows and said quietly, "And give it to say to everyone that I had another man's child under my roof?"

"What matter!" I cried.

He shook his little bullet head slowly, and slowly pronounced judgment, "It does matter. I heard it said too often that no man nor beast ever loved their young with the fierce love of a woman for her by-child." He tapped me lightly on the arm with the twist tobacco. "If I was you, I'd put ten shillings on Flyaway," and he limped away about his affairs.

The natural way back into the house was through the kitchen. Nancy was standing by the range with the poker in her fist and her head to the door. I knew she had heard the lifted latch, but she held her rounded back rigidly against me. I waited.

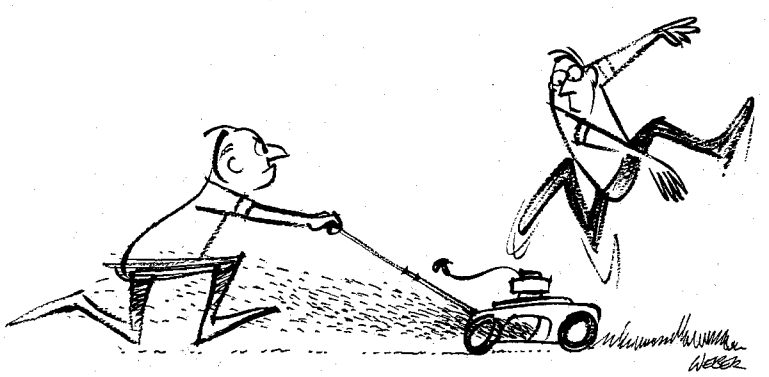
She turned, looked at me and said coldly, "Well? Do you want something?"

As I looked at her, a bugle began to unfold its far-carrying notes from the distant barracks. Then its elaborate call wavered on the changing wind and died away. Did I hear the sparrows chirruping in the walled orchard? Did the ivy at the window rustle? I saw the evening star, and the west was already a cold green. It was the hour when the soldiers would soon be coming out to meet their girls. I made a feeble gesture with my hands and walked off to another part of the house. I wanted badly to read about Flyaway.

All that happened over forty years ago. I have three children of my own now. One is fourteen, one is nearly sixteen and the eldest is a few months over eighteen. The middle one is my son. When I happened to look at him the other night across the fire I saw a familiar look in his eyes and all this came back to me. After all, I have now come to the age when memories are meaningful—the age when a man knows that he has lived. The farm has descended to a second cousin, but my family goes down there now and again for a holiday. They tell me that the cottage on the Curragh is completely disappeared, knocked down to make room for a car park. When I talk to them about bugle calls, they laugh at me and say, "Daddy! Buglers and drummer boys and gun wagons and semaphores and all that sort of thing belong to the time of the Boer War."

They say you cannot see the lights of The Camp any more because of the spruce and firs that have been planted there as a shelter belt. But I could always go to the Curragh for the races.

Neither trained horses nor wild horses would drag me down there now. The only thing that would tempt me there would be to feel and smell the dark night over the plain. I daren't do it. I would still see the flickering lights. I would hear the wavering sound of a far-off bugle. And I would know that these things that I could neither see nor hear are the only reality. This I know to be the truth about life, as surely as I know that I am too old to embrace it now. THE END



The Perfect Squelch

Bill borrowed tools from his neighbors the way other people breathe—regularly and without conscious effort. He was especially diligent in separating his next-door neighbor, Win, from his possessions, often just when Win needed them most.

Being a patient person, Win suffered Bill's borrowing without audible complaint until the Saturday morning Bill crossed his lawn to say, "Hi, Win. Can I use your mower for a while?"

"Why, sure, Bill, use it as long as you want." Win paused and looked pointedly at his own overgrown grass, then added, "Just don't take it off my property."

John J. Hamlin

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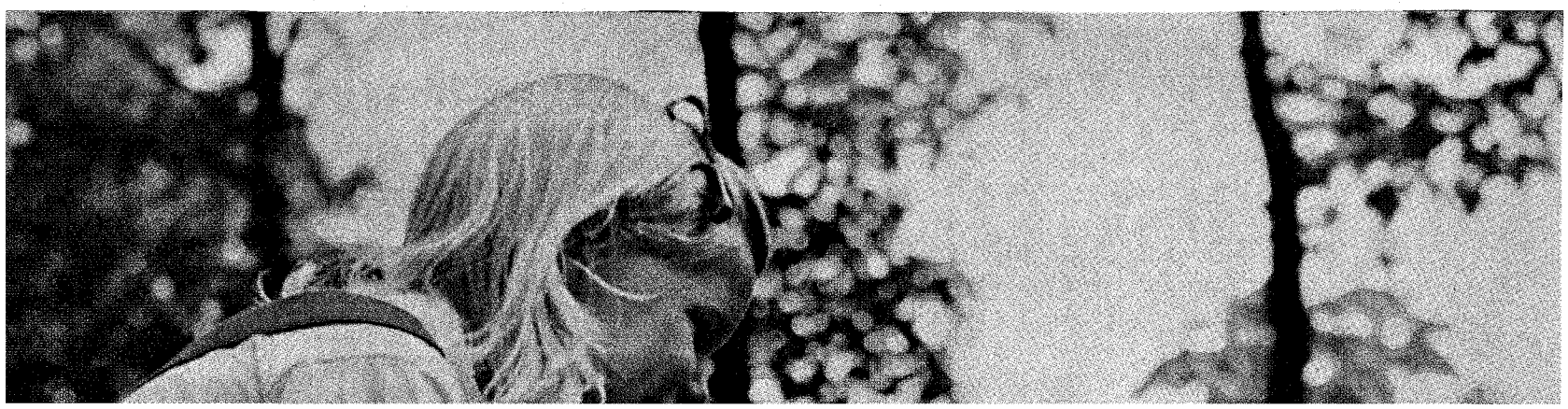

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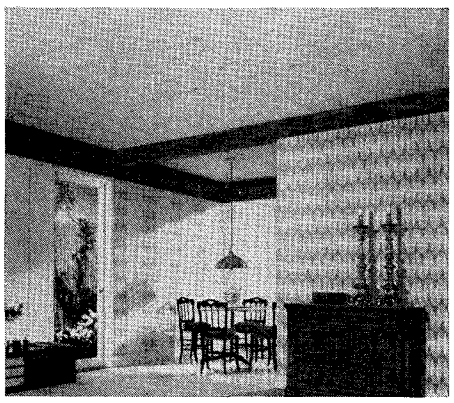

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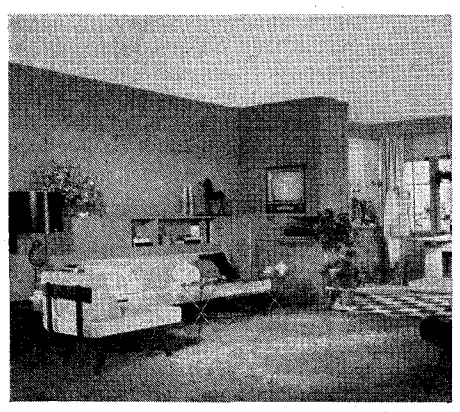

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The Helpful American (Continued from Page 25)

valves and levers. All that was required of it was to deliver a certain amount of water at the proper time, but this was enough equipment to run one of the generators at Hoover Dam. He replaced the top quickly as Lou called.

"Hank! Hank! Come here!"

He joined her at the window where she was pointing down at an alley across the street. "See there!" she cried ecstatically. "There's a mews!"

Ludhill Mews, a white sign proclaimed.

"Well, that's better than calling it an alley," he admitted. "And look—there's the local pub up there." He backed away from the window. "I guess I'll look into that."

"Now, don't get into an argument," Lou warned.

It wasn't really an argument. Hank stepped into the Three Kegs prepared to sip in an atmosphere of ancient, neighborly comfort. A number of men stood at the bar, talking amiably. An old, gray-haired woman wearing a man's felt hat, a long gray sweater and dirty tennis shoes stood with her back to Hank, before a battery of long pump handles. Hank caught the bartender's eye.

"A glass of beer, please."

The woman swung around, rheumy eyes snapping. "An' wot's the idear, pushin' in ahead of me?"

Startled, Hank half-smiled. "I'm sorry. I didn't know you hadn't been waited on."

"Could see me astandin' 'ere, couldn't ya? Pushin' in ahead! Yank, aren't ya? Another of these 'ere pushin' Yanks, abustin' in, shovin' people around!"

Embarrassed, conscious of the silence in the pub, Hank shrugged. "I said I was sorry. Go ahead, order."

"'Sorry 's no good. Pushin' in like ya owned the pub. Well, you don't own it, Yank, see?"

"O.K., O.K.," Hank snapped, forgetting the President's letter for the moment. "I said I was sorry: what else do you want me to do? Cut my throat?"

She glowered at him for a long moment. "You kin buy me a drink," she finally decided.

Hank's annoyance changed slowly to amusement. "Why, you're just an old rummy," he said happily. "We've got 'em at home, too." He signaled the bartender. "What'll it be, Lady MacBeth?"

She muttered something unintelligible. The bartender drew beer in a glass, half filled it with a liquid from a small bottle and topped it off with more beer. The woman took the drink, glared malevolently at Hank and went mumbling off to a corner.

"What was that?" Hank asked curiously.

The bartender drew Hank's beer. "Gaffer. Half beer, half lemon squash."

"Lemon? In beer?"

"It's a very refreshing drink," the bartender said with some asperity.

"Maybe so, maybe so," Hank admitted. He lifted his glass and took a long pull. The beer was warm, mild and very sweet. He gagged a bit, put the glass down and eyed it thoughtfully, aware that the eyes of everyone in the pub were now on him.

"Tell me, Mac," he said sadly, "what does a guy order when he wants something fit to drink?"

A lean gentleman, dressed somberly in dark clothes, his black, furled umbrella hooked over one arm, turned from the bar.

"My dear sir," he said in the most cultured of tones, "the brew you are drinking has been a favorite in this country since before America was founded. It was in Howard's ships when he defeated the Spanish Armada in 1588; Nelson had a flagon at breakfast before Trafalgar; Wellington's men drank it after Waterloo; Cochrane had it aboard when his sailors burned Washington—as a matter of fact, George Third's army carried it to the Colonies."

"No wonder we kicked you people out," Hank said cheerfully. He lifted his glass. "I'll drink it, because I don't want to insult your national tastes." He did. "But I don't have to like it." He put down the empty glass. "I don't suppose you've got any corn likker to wash it down with?"

To a man, the drinkers set down their glasses.

"Glasses!" shouted the bartender. "Glasses, gentlemen! Three o'clock! Closing. Glasses!"

Hank found himself at the head of a parade of departing patrons. Almost before he knew it, he was out in the mews and the bartender was locking the door. In a moment he and the lean gentleman, who had paused to unfurl his umbrella, were alone.

"What happened?" Hank asked, a little bewildered.

The gentleman looked at him in some surprise, then chuckled and snapped out his umbrella, considerately moving closer so that it sheltered them both.

"How long have you been here, Yank?"

"Only an hour or so. Just got off the boat train from Liverpool."

The man smiled. "You did a pretty good job of stepping on our English toes, and the bartender closed his pub three minutes early in the excitement. His hours are eleven-thirty to three, and it still lacks a minute of being three."

He paused to brush his pencil-thin mustache. "Frankly, sir, about all we have left in this once-fair land is tradition. There is no good reason for our pubs to have such ridiculous hours, just as—and this is heresy—there is much of our beer that is insipid. But it was always thus. Your brew, I know, is lighter, drier; and in addition you chill it; but for centuries ice was hard to come by, so we have rather arbitrarily taken the position that iced drinks are uncivilized."

Hank grinned wryly. "I'm always standing up when I should be sitting down." He held out his hand. "Name's Evans. Henry Evans."

The man smiled engagingly as he shook hands. "An Englishman may be aware that his beer lacks something," he confided, "but he wouldn't mention it; he prefers to put lemon squash in it, instead."

"It still makes me shudder," Hank told him. "I thought your pubs were like our bars—a place where a man could express himself."

"And so he can, within reason—if he's an Englishman." The other glanced at his watch. "If you have time, we could step up to the Marble Arch entrance of Hyde Park; there you would hear a real open forum in action."

"In this rain?"

"Sir, if the English had remained inside because of the wet, we'd still be crouching under the rocks at Stonehenge."

Hank laughed and shook his head. "I've got a wife and two daughters waiting at the hotel. We're here on a tour."

The gentleman smiled again and nodded. "In that case, we may see each other again, Mr. Evans."

"Hope so," Hank said. "Sorry I sounded off in there."

"It brightened up an otherwise dull afternoon. So long, Yank."

"Where in the world have you been?" demanded Lou. She and the girls were poring over a sheaf of maps on one of the beds. "You'd no more than gone out when we were called down to meet the rest of the tour."

"There isn't a single boy in the whole group!" wailed Betty. "They're all women—schoolteachers, mostly—and three other old men besides you."

"Thanks," Hank said.

"The courier's cute, though," Maggie bubbled. "He's Swiss and very cosmopolitan."

"If you're going to keep running off to bars," Lou said sharply, "you'll never see anything worth while. This is an educational tour; it's ——"

"O.K., O.K.," Hank interrupted. "I just stepped out for a breath of fresh air."

"I can smell it from here," Lou said.

"We start at eight in the morning," Maggie exclaimed ecstatically. "We'll see the battleground at Hastings and the Dover Cliffs and the Dickens country and Canterbury—all in one day!"

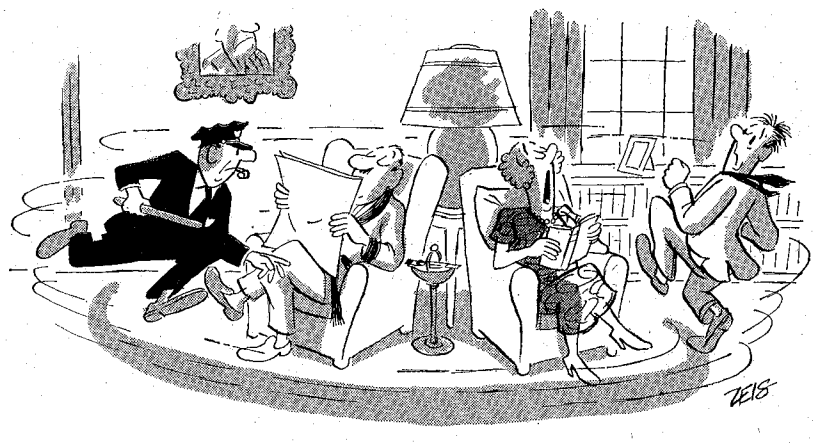
"I'm tired already," Hank said. He bent over his bag. "You remember where I packed my rubbers, Lou?"

"Rubbers!" exclaimed Maggie.

"Dad!" Betty cried. "Nobody but tourists wear rubbers in England!"

He looked up at his horrified daughters. "Well, who do you think I am? The Prince of Wales?"

They saw the old cathedral, the famed White Cliffs and stood beneath the dripping trees on the quiet slope of the ancient battleground. Shortly before the village of Westerham, the big bus swung around a curve and came head on with a small black sedan about to turn into a side lane. The driver of the car, a young woman, became momentarily confused and, as the bus expertly avoided contact, the small car skidded and then slowly settled back into a ditch. The bus stopped and its driver, the courier and Hank jumped out.



"Farnsworth, is there something your father and I ought to know?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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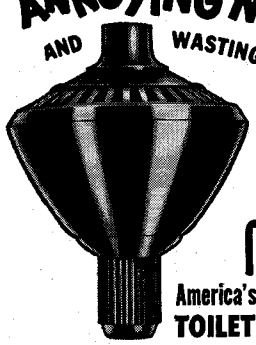

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The rear wheels of the sedan were badly mired, but the two occupants were unhurt.

"I'm afraid it was my fault," the pretty driver said. "Am I badly stuck?"

"Job for the tow van, miss," the driver thought.

The handsome, elderly woman on the left side opened her door and smiled tentatively at Hank. "If you'd send someone back from the village?"

"Tow truck?" Hank exclaimed. "Why, we'll have this toy out of that ditch before you can wink." He turned to the bus driver. "Got a rope? Cable?"

"Box of tools is all, sir."

"I'm afraid we can't wait," the courier said, smiling diffidently. "We have a very tight schedule, Mr. Evans, with just enough time to see the things we must. Even a half hour's delay ——"

"Hold it, buddy," Hank snapped. "We aren't going to leave these women in the ditch, not when we can jerk 'em out with that bus. Now" —he turned to the driver— "rustle up those tools—pliers—'nippers,' you'll probably call 'em."

"But we haven't time!" expostulated the courier. "*Sacré!*" His face grew red with annoyance.

"Please," the elderly woman said quickly. "We'll be all right. If you'll just send someone back from the village."

"Won't take a minute," Hank told her. He took the pliers from the driver and eyed the fence beyond the ditch. "I don't suppose the owner would object to our using some of that wire?"

"I think not," the older woman smiled. "As a matter of fact——"

"Daddy!" Maggie stood in the doorway of the bus beside the annoyed courier, who had obviously appealed to her. "Come on—we're way off schedule!"

"Take it easy, Sis," Hank said. "Hands across the sea and all that sort of stuff."

He waded through the long wet grass, snipped off enough wire from the fence to effect a towline, hooked it onto the frame of the little sedan and a moment later the car was back on the road.

"We're tremendously grateful," the pretty girl said. "So stupid of me."

"Think nothing of it," Hank told her cheerfully. He nodded at the fence. "And if that guy complains about his wire, tell him to get in touch with me: Hank Evans, Boarhead Arms, London." He wiped his hands on his handkerchief and grinned. "I'll be on the Continent by then."

He brushed his clothes as best he could and got back into the bus beside a tight-lipped Lou who didn't speak until after the bus had started.

"I suppose the fact that she was pretty had nothing to do with all that nauseating gallantry?"

"I was just following the President's instructions," he said with exaggerated innocence. "You know ——"

"I know, I know," she snapped.

Hank stood in the shelter of the lofty Gothic entrance of Westminster Abbey, watching the drifting rain. Somewhere within the crowded naves of the famed building was his family and "the group." He had become separated from them, but this moment of aloneness was worth it. Beside him, smoking a cigarette, was a dark-featured man who glanced at him from time to time with amusement.

"Well," Hank finally said, "how goes it?"

The man chuckled. "I thought you were from the States. I come from Central America. I, too, am a fugitive from that." He nodded toward the doorway. "My wife, her aunt, my daughters; I think one family should not soak up all the culture in London at once. I leave my share to someone else."

Hank smiled. "Any men in your tour?"

The other laughed delightedly. "Fortunately, we are by ourselves. But I know what you mean, for I have seen the buses."

Hank took the proffered cigarette and at that moment Big Ben, up at the corner of Parliament Building, began booming the hour. Hank glanced at his watch.

"Twelve. I suppose we ought to step out there and see that."

The other nodded. "And so we should. But they say there will always be an England and ——"

Hank grinned. "And it might not be raining, another day." They stood in silent communion for a moment, smoking peacefully. "Central American," Hank sighed. "Had a lot of fun on jobs, south of the border. Nothing I'd like better right now than one of your margueritas."

The Latin American beamed. "Señor, you have touched my heart!" He thought for a moment. "I expect to be in England some time, so I came prepared with tequila. Would you and your family do me the honor of coming to my house later this afternoon? While they have tea, I will prepare for you the finest marguerita you have ever tasted!"

"It's a deal," Hank said. "We've got to see the Tower of London this afternoon, but after that ——"

"Five-thirty? I live in Kensington Palace Gardens. Here, I will write the address on a card." He scrawled on a card and gave it to Hank.

The trouble with jet pilots is that too many of them are driving automobiles.

HAROLD COFFIN

"We'll find it," Hank said. "Keep a light burning."

"Honestly, Hank! You do the darnedest things!"

They stood in line before Wakefield Tower, hoping, with a couple of hundred other tourists, to see the crown jewels before the day's quota was filled. "Tea with somebody we don't even know! What got into you?"

The cold drizzle had brought color to Lou's cheeks and he thought she looked as fresh and pretty as their daughters.

"He's a nice guy," Hank said defensively. "You ——"

"Ladies and gentlemen!"

The stentorian tones of a gaudily dressed, massive warder caught their attention. A hush fell over the damp crowd. The dark stone walls, glistening wet and gloomy with the approach of dusk, seemed to foretell the coming announcement.

"The day's quota of visitors has been filled," the warder boomed on, "and no more will be admitted to the tower."

The crowd stood in stunned disappointment, then began to break up into small, protesting groups through which the warder made his way. As Hank and the girls turned toward the gateway under Bloody Tower, the soldier confronted them.

"Sir! Are you Evans? Henry Evans?"

Around them people turned in curiosity.

"Why, yes," Hank admitted. "Why?"

The warder nodded. "We've been looking for you. If you will follow me, sir?"

Bewildered, Hank, with Lou clinging to his arm and the apprehensive girls close behind, followed the big man into Wakefield Tower. At the open door of a small office, the warder stopped and clicked his heels as he saluted smartly.

"Mr. Evans, m'lord captain."

For a long moment, Hank failed to recognize the tall, handsome officer in the brilliant uniform who came around the desk to greet him.

"I've been watching for you, Yank," he said cheerfully. "All tourists eventually get here to see the jewels, and I'm glad I had the duty when you arrived."

"Well, I'll be darned!" Hank shook hands heartily and turned to his staring family. "Lou, this is the man I met in the pub—told you about him. My wife Louise, my daughters Margaret and Elizabeth." Hank paused, then smiled wryly. "By gosh, I don't know your name!"

The officer laughed and held out his hand to Louise.

"I don't believe I told you. I'm Lord Farnsworth Trevor, Mrs. Evans." He smiled engagingly at Hank's stunned daughters, bowing slightly. "Miss Margaret, Miss Elizabeth. The tower has just been closed to the public, but it will give me the greatest pleasure to show you the crown jewels, myself."

They spent an unforgettable forty-five minutes with Lord Trevor in the chamber where the magnificent display of jeweled objects glowed within its glass cage.

"Three hundred million bucks," Hank finally murmured, "And I could carry the whole lot in one armload. Lou ——" He turned, but his wife and two daughters were far beyond the reach of his voice, transported to some enchanted feminine world by the words and presence of the handsome, titled officer.

". . . not only the jewels," Lord Trevor was saying, "but in this small alcove Henry VI, while a prisoner, made his devotions—and was eventually murdered."

The girls gasped in delight. Hank glanced at his watch.

"Hey! We've gotta go. Got to get cleaned up for that tea date."

The spell was broken and Lou turned on him irritably. "Oh, Hank! Let's skip it! This is important!"

He shook his head. "No, I told the fellow we'd come." He turned to Lord Trevor. "We're supposed to go to tea in Kensington Palace Gardens. Do you know where that is?" He produced the card.

"Why, of course," smiled Lord Trevor. "That's Embassy Row. Only ambassadors ——" Lord Trevor turned the card over and smiled. "Certainly—this is a new ambassador to London. I had the honor of meeting him at Clarence House. Do you have a car, Mr. Evans?"

Hank shook his head. He didn't dare look at Louise, for a passing glance had revealed the glassy expression of shock in her eyes. "Nope. We came on a bus with the rest of the tour."

"Then let me send you back to your hotel with my car and driver. No trouble at all. It's my pleasure."

The only sound was the swish of tires on wet streets. "Nice running car," Hank said to the chauffeur.

"This is a Bentley, sir."

"Runs pretty good."

"Daddy," Maggie said in a numbed voice from the back seat, "a Bentley is a Rolls-Royce with a different radiator."

Hank glanced back at his family. Mother and daughters wore the same vague expressions of exalted bewilderment. Impressed with the turn of events as he was, Hank couldn't help but rub it in a little.

"O.K., so it's a Rolls-Royce. It still runs good."

Louise hung onto his arm as they went up the steps to the Boarhead Arms. "Hank," she said in a small voice, "did you know who the man was you met at Westminster Abbey?"

"Of course not. He was just a nice fellow. I don't go (*Continued on Page 96*)

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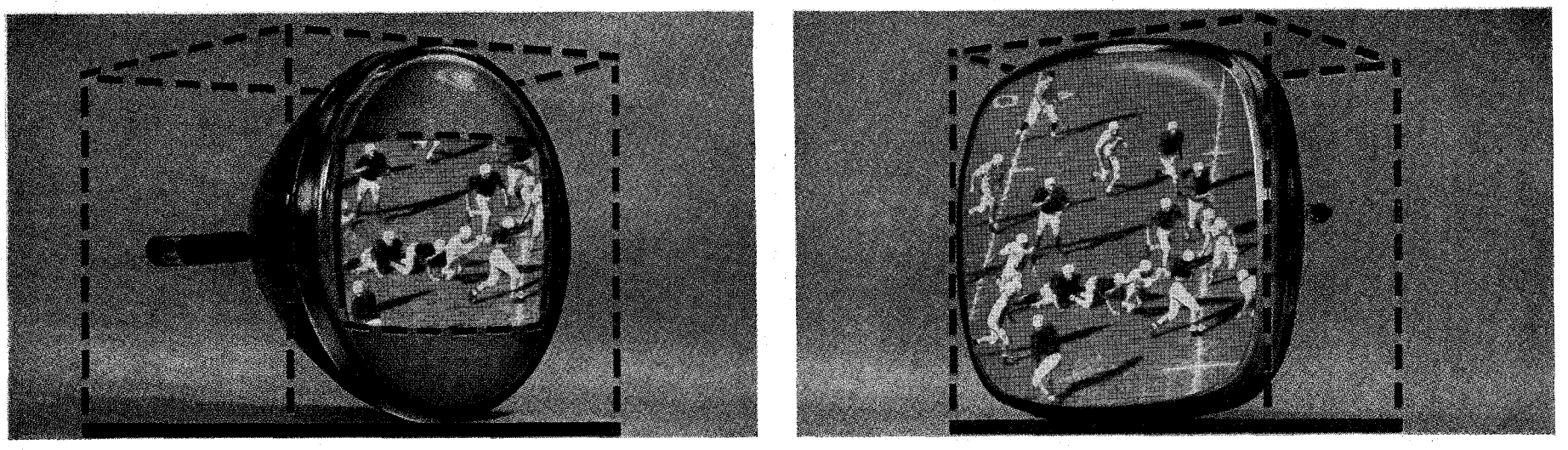
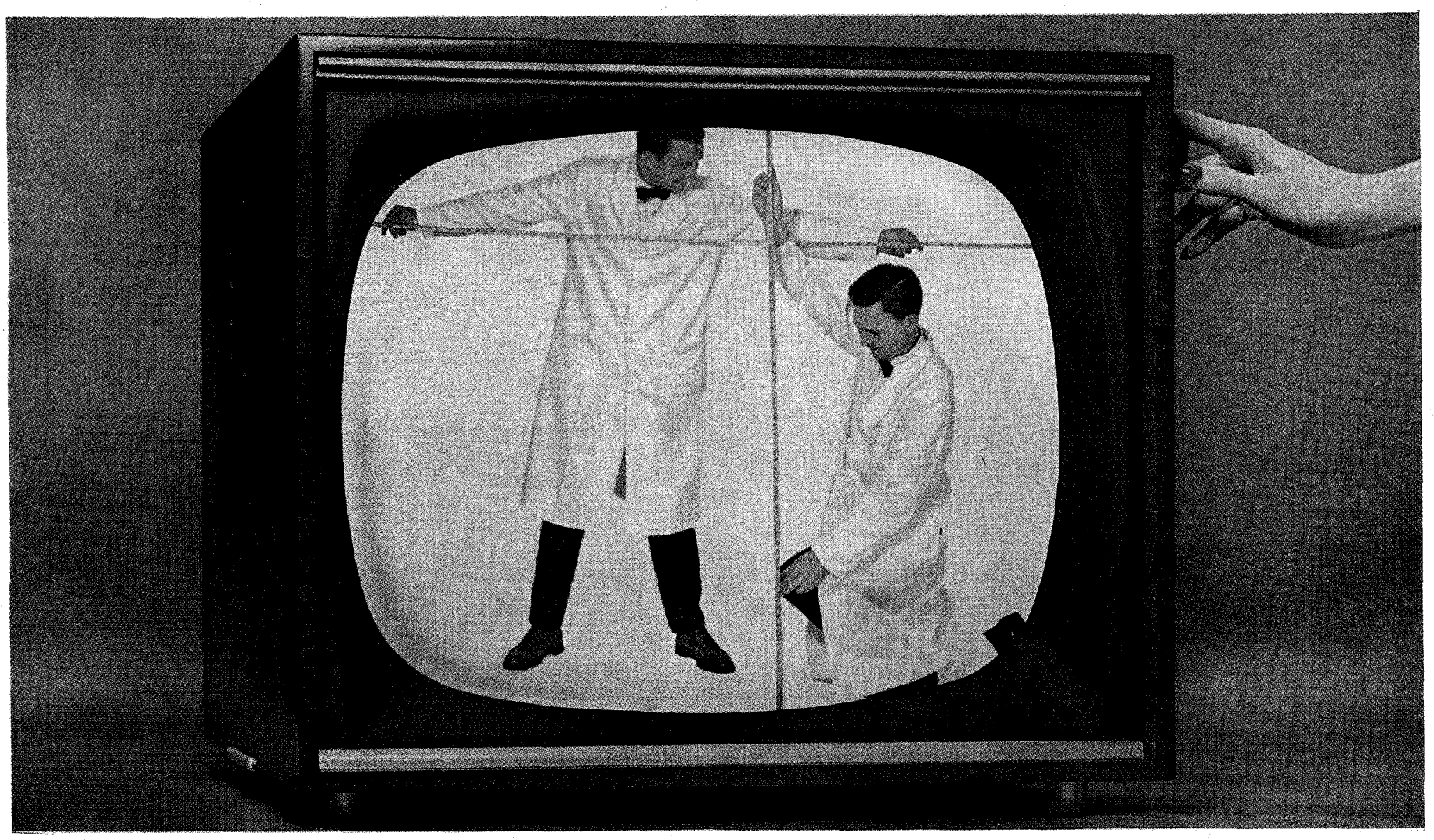


TV picture tubes were space-wasters until O-I research showed how to make them *rectangular*



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You take it for granted today that you'll get a picture on your TV set that is almost as big as the front of the cabinet itself. It wasn't that way a few years ago.

Although the picture transmitted by TV broadcasters has always been rectangular, the "face plates" of picture tubes in sets were round. Result: wasted space and picture area. Then Kimble Glass, an Owens-Illinois subsidiary specializing in electronic and scientific glass, found the way to make the face plate rectangular, to fit the picture being transmitted. Every manufacturer of TV sets or tubes adopted the new shape.

Since that big step Owens-Illinois has continued to move forward with the television industry by providing the glass housing or "bulb" for picture tubes, large or small, black and white or color.

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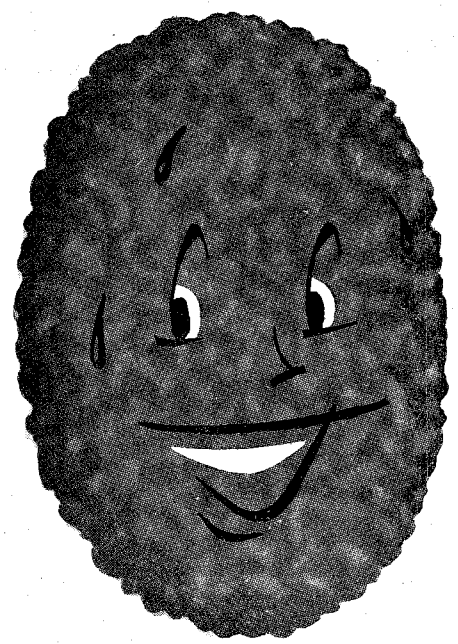
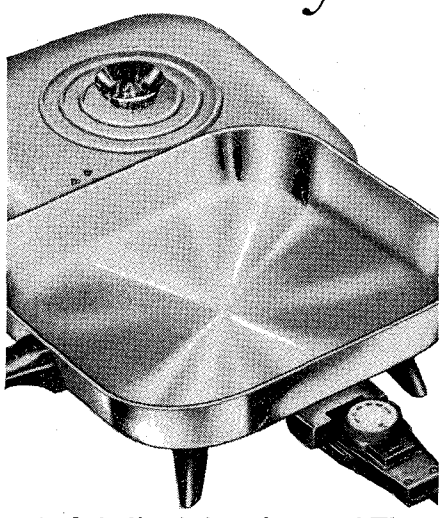


I love to sizzle on a Dormeyer



And sizzling is just the start! The Dormeyer Deluxe Fri-Way Skillet fries, cooks, braises, bakes, stews, even casseroles! Exclusive heat control helps you turn out deliciously-perfect meals. And—joy—entire unit is completely immersible for thorough washing! (High dome vented cover included.)

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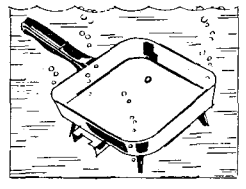

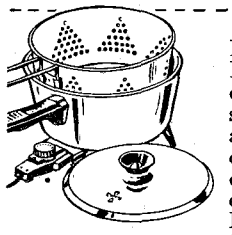

Dormeyer Deep-Fry Sauce Pan for cooking fried foods, stewing, casseroles, and all sauce pan cooking. Big 4 quart capacity. Washes easily under water. Probe control, deep-fry basket and vented cover included.

Dormeyer

Dormeyer Corporation, Chicago 10, Ill.

(*Continued from Page 94*) around asking people who they are. I like a guy; I like him. I don't care what his business is."

"Mr. Evans!" The manager, backed by the hall porter and both bellboys, bowed deferentially before them. "A package came for you, sir. I took the liberty of putting it in your room." The man's voice trembled. "From Chartwell, sir."

"O.K.," Hank told him and led the way to the elevator. "Who do we know in Chartwell?" he asked as they went up. "Or is that the name of another store where you've bought something?"

"Chartwell?" Louise thought. "I know I've heard of it."

"It sounds famous," Maggie said.

"Well, anyway," Hank observed, "let's wash up and get going. It's getting late."

The package was a tremendous bouquet of flowers. While the girls stripped away the wrappings, Louise handed Hank the white envelope.

"Mr. Hank Evans, Boarhead Arms, London," he read aloud, curiously. "Darned fancy paper. Engraving's a sixteenth of an inch high." He ripped the envelope open, read the enclosed note and then read it again, slowly. After a long moment he looked up.

"From the owner of that fence," he said casually. "Says I either gotta put the wire back or have lunch with them at Monte Carlo. Guess they'll be on the Riviera about the time we are. That was his wife in the car."

He dropped the note on a table, sat down and pulled off his wet shoes and socks. Louise crossed and picked up the note, and the girls crowded in to look over her shoulder. Hank put on dry socks and then a dry pair of shoes. He found his rubbers and began to pull them on.

"Sir Winston!"

He glanced up to see his wife Louise and his daughters staring at him with expressions of awed reverence. It was a priceless moment, and he catalogued it for future reference.

"Writes a pretty good letter, doesn't he?" Hank stood up and looked down at his rubbers with satisfaction. "Should have had these things on all day. Come on, come on. Let's not keep my friend the ambassador waiting!"

What a Boy Wants (Continued from Page 44)

it. That's all right, but in a game they don't give you a wire frame around the strike zone. You shoot for this." He put on the mitt and pounded the pocket with his right fist. "Now warm up for a while."

Randy did. After a while, Lennon walked out to him and said, "You haven't got a bad natural motion, but it can be better. Like I told you, you're never going to have a real hot fast ball, but you can get it faster than it is. Now look, you're a fairly tall kid with long legs, but you're not using them. You're not stepping out enough. You're not following through on your delivery. Watch this."

Lennon, without ball, demonstrated with a beautifully fluid motion. He went through it a couple more times, then went back behind the plate, put on his mitt, and said, "Now you try it."

Randy tried it and after a few pitches started to get the hang of it.

Lennon said, "Now let's see your curve. Have you got one?"

"A little one," Randy admitted.

He threw it. It was a little curve, but it definitely bent. Furthermore, it was natural. He didn't have to think about snapping his wrist or anything. He just had to throw with his natural motion, releasing the ball between his thumb and his index finger, and it curved.

Lennon said, "O.K., son. The curve will get a little better when you get just a little faster. It's going to be your big pitch." He put his glove just over the outside corner of the plate, about knee-high. "Now put that curve in here. Just imagine that the little square of wire is a little ahead of the mitt."

Lennon didn't move his mitt, and Randy hit it right in the pocket. Lennon looked pleased. He said, "When you get a real curve and can do that, you're in. Most of the right-handed batters you'll ever face for a long time can't hit that one. Now let's say it's a left-handed batter." He threw the ball back and gave as a target the same position on the other corner of the plate. This time Lennon had to move his mitt a little, but not much.

August ran into September, and school started, but Randy continued to work out on the lot with Jimmy Lennon at least three or four times a week. His fast ball improved, but, as Lennon had said, he would never overpower batters with it.

"You'll use it as your change of pace," Lennon told him. "It will look relatively fast beside the other stuff you're throwing." Starting to work on the knuckle ball, Lennon said, "I'm going to teach you pitches that a fast-ball thrower wouldn't be learning until he was thirty."

When the cold winds of October came, they moved inside to a small gym in the neighborhood, where they worked out all winter. Sometimes Randy had Mr. Lennon—he always thought of him and addressed him as "Mr. Lennon"—over to the house for dinner. In a neighborhood already sprouting with apartment houses Randy Johnson's folks still maintained a large, old, comfortable house, in which the elder Johnson had a room then known as a "den."

It was outside this room that Randy, on one of the dinner occasions, eavesdropped. He didn't mean to—but who can resist listening when the subject of the conversation is himself?

His father, a thick, muscular man who had been a pretty good athlete, said,

Do-It-Myself-Analysis

No inferiority complex
Is holding my ego in check;
I just have a bad
psychological block ——
Sitting right on the top
of my neck.

Herbert Warfel

"But don't you think, Lennon, that you're giving the boy false hopes? To my mind he's just not built for it and he's in for a bad letdown."

There was a clink of bottle on glass before Lennon answered, "Johnson, there's no telling where a boy who wants something that much might go." Pause. "I'll admit he hasn't got the physical equipment, but he does have a brain. What he wants is *right now*. I think he has a chance of making his high-school squad next spring. After that, if he goes on to college, he might even play a little college ball. But the boy gets good marks in school, and by that time he may have decided to be an engineer or something. At any rate, no harm done."

Randy turned around blindly in the darkened hallway, tears streaming behind his thick glasses, and ran to his room. He didn't hear Lennon continuing, "Even so, I think he has a sort of talent for pitching, a sense for it. He'll never break any of Alexander's records, but he's got something—and he's learning."

Randy didn't show up at the gym the next day, but the day after that he did, with a mumbled apology to Lennon about some extra school chores. That day he worked harder than ever, with a certain grimness which puzzled Lennon.

On a cold day in April, which, in Chicago, easily could have been mistaken for one of the milder days of February or March, the Traymont High School baseball team came out for its first practice. In the dim, moldy, forty-year-old locker room Randy was issued an old uniform too short for him, but also too full.

A bitter wind whipped across the scraggly, rocky old playing field, which was used only for practice, football or baseball. No self-respecting opponent would have played on that surface.

Things started out badly almost immediately. The coach, Corny Huggins, scattered some boys in the shaly outfield. Randy, shivering in the cold, happened to be standing nearest to him. Huggins, a short, squat man, had once got up as far as Moline, in the Three-Eye League. His face was hard and wore a perpetual expression of bitter disappointment, perhaps because at an early age he had reached the backwater of Traymont High instead of the line-up of the Yankees.

Huggins suddenly tossed a fungo bat to Randy, who promptly fumbled it. Looking at him dubiously, Huggins said, "Hit out some fungoes." He tossed Randy a ball, which was also fumbled. Trembling with embarrassment and nervousness, Randy tossed the ball in the air, took a mighty swing—and missed the ball. Now, in a complete panic, he missed again, and, on the third try, topped the ball and hit a trickling roller that came to rest about halfway to the fielders.

Huggins merely looked at him as if he'd crawled out of a wall, took the bat away from him and gave it to another boy. This fellow promptly hit a towering fly, and the coach walked away.

Well, Randy thought, *I'm a pitcher. I'm not supposed to be an expert with the fungo bat.*

After a couple of days things started to sort out. Positions were assigned, truncated games were played. Randy felt very good. He had put on a little weight, and he had been throwing indoors all winter. His arm felt good, and he was ready to go. But no one asked him to. Most of the time he couldn't even get one of the catchers to receive him. More often than not he threw to a neglected first baseman or outfielder. Two or three times he pitched batting practice, but with no umpire to call strikes, the batters just stood there and ignored his low stuff until he laid in something they liked.

He realized he was being ignored, but he could see that he was better than the other pitcher (*Continued on Page 101*)

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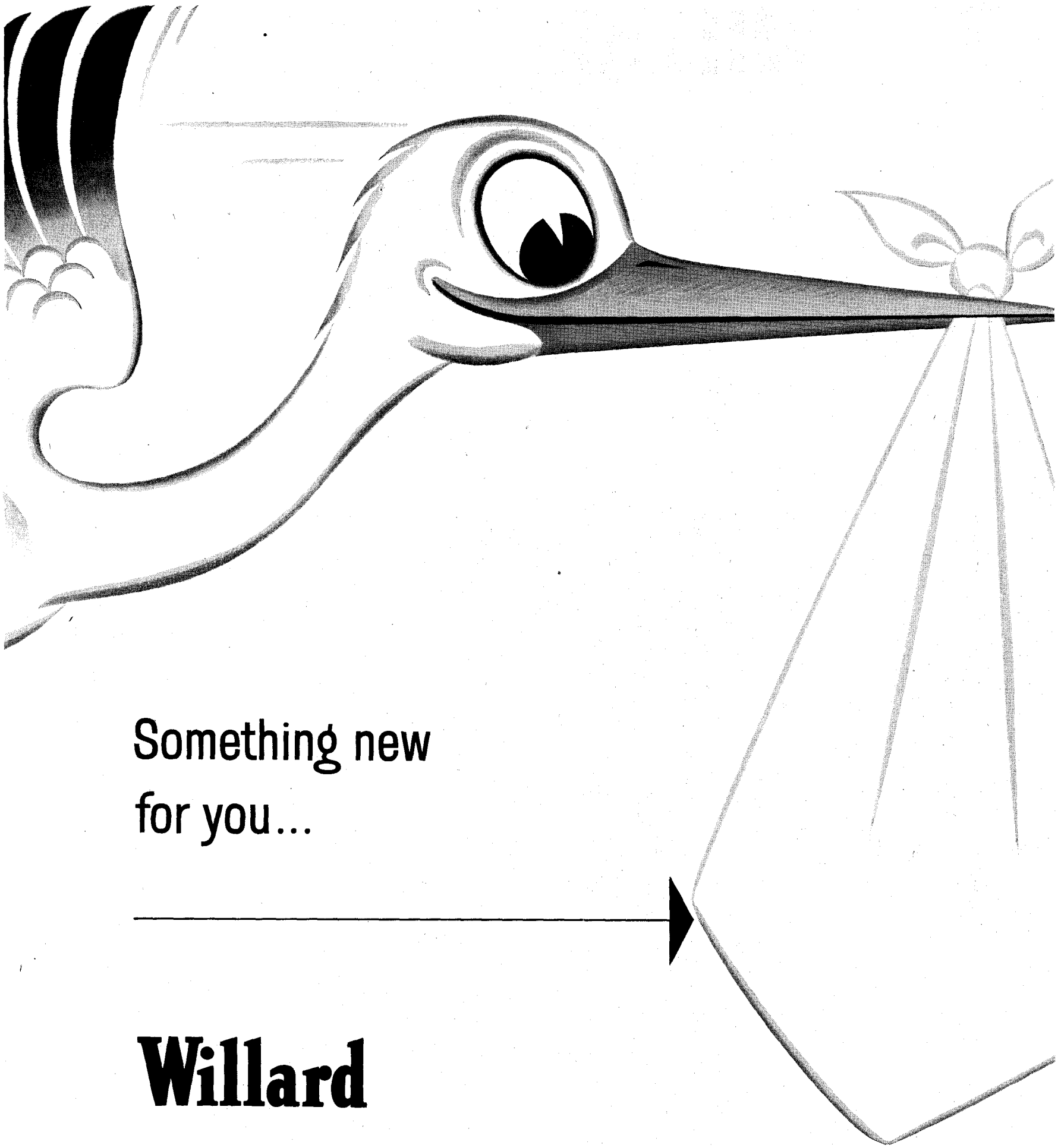

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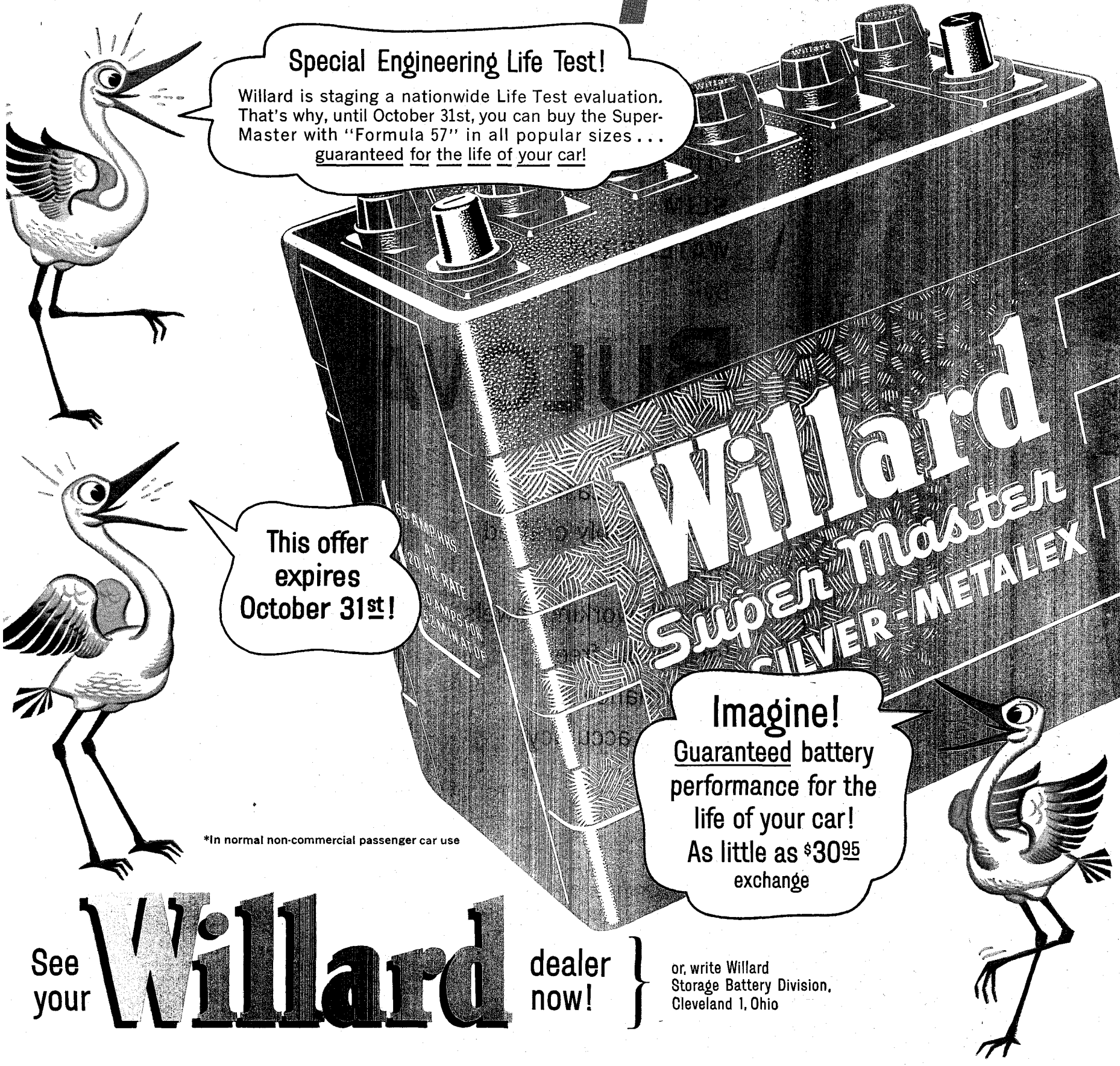
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(*Continued from Page 96*) candidates and he was sure that one day Coach Corny Huggins would discover him.

It was on a Friday after practice that Huggins called them all together in the locker room. He had a list in his hand and intoned, "Those on the following list report as usual Monday. If your name isn't on the list, turn in your suit and better luck next year."

The list was read, and Randy's name wasn't on it. He stood there in stunned incredulity, trying to prevent the tears from forming in his eyes. He sat down and kept his head low so that no one could see his face. He felt a hand on his shoulder and, turning reluctantly, his tear-drowned eyes perceived Mr. Grimslaw, the principal. Mr. Grimslaw was a sports fan who attended all school contests and as many practice sessions as he could.

"Don't take it so hard, Johnson," the principal said. "As the coach remarked, you have another year."

"Mr. Grimslaw," Randy said bitterly, "I wouldn't play under Coach Huggins if it meant I never played baseball again."

Huggins, who was passing by and heard this, said, "Gee, that'll be tough for the team. And here I'd been figuring on another championship next year."

Randy didn't answer. He finished undressing, took his shower and dressed. He turned in his uniform and shoved into his briefcase the special pair of pitcher's baseball shoes with the toe plate and the glove that his parents had given him at Christmastime.

Once at home Randy locked himself in his room and tossed the glove and the spikes on a top closet shelf with other old junk he didn't expect to be using in the future. Then he lay down on the bed and let the tears and sobs come. Finally he lay quiet and eventually dozed.

He was awakened by a knocking at his door. His mother's voice said, "Randy, Mr. Lennon is here to see you."

Randy didn't feel like seeing anyone, but he was a normally polite boy and he eventually said, "All right, ask him to come in here."

He tried to wipe away evidences that he had been crying, then unlocked the door. Jimmy Lennon entered the room, closed the door behind him and looked at Randy carefully. Lennon finally said, "Your mother told me you brought your spikes and glove home with you."

Randy said shortly, "I was cut."

"Why?"

"You tell me." Randy's voice was bitter. "I never pitched to a batter in a practice game. The coach never saw me pitch at all. He never even stood behind me while I threw to a catcher."

Lennon murmured, "Doesn't seem very fair, does it?"

"No!" Randy was having a hard time keeping the tears from coming back to his eyes, and he looked resentfully at Lennon. Wasn't this the man who had caused him to work like a dog, who had buoyed up his hopes?

"Look, Randy," Lennon finally said, "I've taken over the management of a team a little west of here. The fellows are a little older than you, but if you'd like to work out with us, you can."

"Work out for what?" Randy asked.

Lennon shrugged. "Maybe we can see exactly how good you are. Then, depending how it comes out, maybe we can find a place for you—or else you can hang up your spikes for good." He patted Randy on the shoulder. "Be out at Pilot Field at about twelve-thirty Saturday."

He left the room, and Randy stared after him, puzzled.

Randy was amazed at Pilot Field. To begin with, it had covered wooden stands that extended down both foul lines almost to the outfield fences and seated almost ten thousand people. The infield had grass inside of the skinned base paths, and the outfield looked smooth and green. There was a real pitcher's mound, instead of the unraised slab that Randy had been used to, and home plate looked new and white.

Under the stands was the clubhouse, and there Lennon got Randy a uniform that fitted fairly well. Then, before going out on the field, Lennon told him, "Randy, the Pilots are a semipro team. We play the big industrial teams from Racine, Kenosha and Beloit, as well as other semipro teams here in Chicago. We also play teams from the Negro League, like the Kansas City Monarchs and the American Giants. Some of the fellows on the squad make more money playing than they would in Class C organized ball, although they all have other jobs. Beginning soon we play every Saturday and Sunday, and around June we start playing in the Twilight League on Tuesday and Thursday evenings." As Randy blinked behind his thick glasses, Lennon added, "I'm telling you this now, Randy, so you won't expect too much of yourself. A couple of the fellows have been in the majors, and a few more have played Double A ball. There are others, younger ones, who could step onto a Class B team right now."

That day Randy just threw idly to a succession of catchers, while the rest of the squad engaged in infield practice, shagging fly balls and batting practice.

However, the next day, Sunday, Lennon had enough men out so that, loosely speaking, he was able to get two teams together. He said to Randy, "You're pitching for the outs. Samson will be your catcher. Get your signals worked out with him."

As Randy finished warming up and walked out to the mound he felt dizzy and lightheaded. Lennon was umpiring from behind the pitcher's box. "Remember," he told Randy, "keep your strikes low and outside."

But Randy never had thrown from an elevated mound before, and his pitches kept coming in too high. Also he was nervous, and the balls he was throwing up there were too fat, catching too much of the plate. The first five batters all nearly tore the cover off the ball, and Randy, badly shaken, finally retired the side only by virtue of three long line drives pulled down after heroic runs by outfielders. Four runs had poured across the plate.

It wasn't much of a game. Except for two or three men who had been playing basketball, the players were favoring winter-stiffened muscles. After the first inning Randy did somewhat better, but not enough to evaporate his feeling of discouragement. After five innings the game was called.

As he undressed, Randy was surprised when Lennon said to him, "Be back next Saturday, same time." Noting the look of astonishment on Randy's face, Lennon added, "You didn't do bad at all, considering. The next time, just keep thinking of that wire frame you used to practice with."

Randy did better than think of the frame. He got it out, and during the next week he went every evening to the vacant lot and practiced with it. He could still lay the ball through that little six-inch square of wire more often than not, but he now knew, from sore experience, that pitching to batters was a totally different thing, the notable difference being that the wire frame couldn't drive the ball to left center for two bases.

On the following Saturday, as Randy and the regular Pilots were suiting up in the clubhouse, Lennon said, "Fellows, we're going to play a game today. It shouldn't extend you very much, but maybe it'll be fun."

"How much?" an old pro asked.

"For free," Lennon answered. "The other team are amateurs, and there won't be any box office." He turned to Randy and said, "Boy, you're going to pitch. Let's shave that plate thin and keep the ball low. I want you to warm up way out in the left-field corner. Don't come in until the team takes the field."

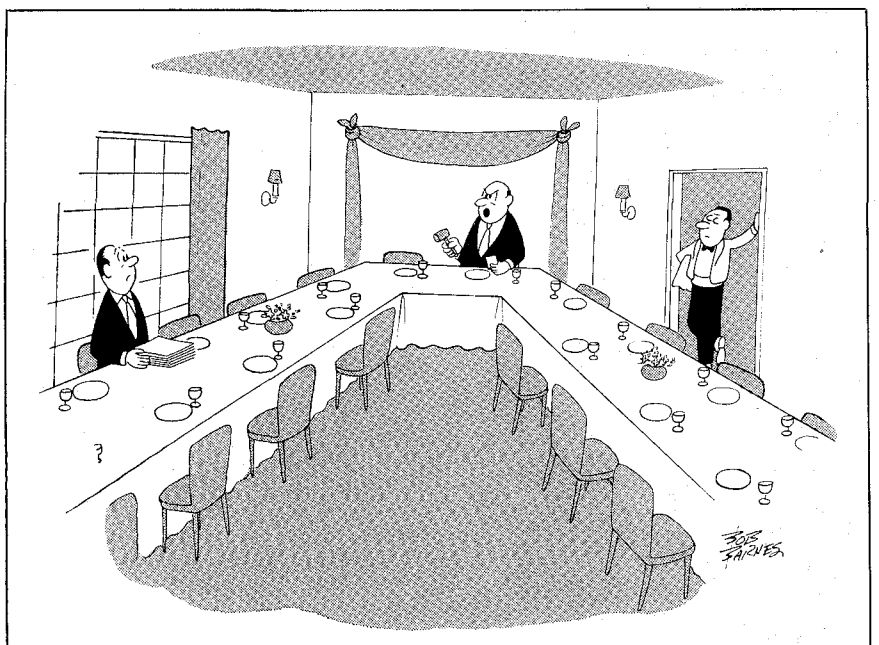
The players looked curiously at Randy and puzzledly at each other. It was customary at Pilot Field for the home starting pitcher to warm up on the side lines between home and third base.

Before the other team came onto the field, Randy already was down in the left-field corner with his catcher, Samson, a burly, older man who once had been up with the Washington Senators for a year. Randy produced from his glove a ball heavily wrapped with black bicycle tape. He lobbed it up easily to Samson, who exclaimed, "What the devil is this?"

"It's a taped ball," Randy said carefully. "Furthermore, I've had it soaking in a bucket of water all week."

"What's the idea?" Samson asked.

Randy answered firmly, "The same principle as a batter walking up to the plate swinging two bats. By the time I get a real baseball in my hand, it will feel like a feather." (*Continued on Page 103*)



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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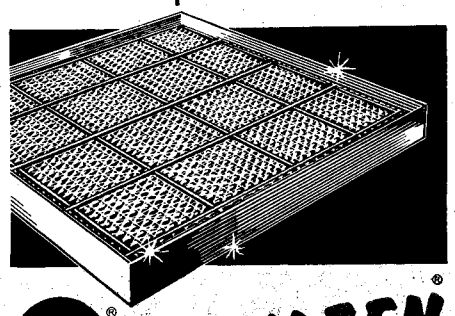

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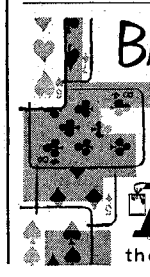

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(*Continued from Page 101*) "I thought I'd seen everything," Samson shrugged, "but this is the first time I ever saw a pitcher warm up by shot-putting."

He threw the ball back to Randy, and it landed with a heavy, wet plunk in his glove. Randy threw it back, and the warmup went on. It was an unseasonably warm day for Chicago in April, a month which has brought blizzards to that city. The good, warm sweat began to trickle down Randy's back and pitching arm. It felt fine, like a benevolent lubricant.

The bell finally rang, just as in a big-league park. Randy threw one final pitch to Samson, then turned toward the diamond for the first time since he'd started to warm up. Samson joined him, mumbling, "Something's screwy here. I didn't get any batting practice."

As he got out to the mound, the second-string catcher rolled him the ball from behind the plate, filling in while Samson donned his tools of ignorance. It was a brand-new ball, the first such that Randy ever had handled in his life. Jubilantly he weighed it. Beside the black-taped monstrosity he'd been throwing, it felt like a tennis ball, only smoother. Carefully he tried three curves. Then, through sheer joy, he used his last two warmup pitches throwing hard ones over the heart of the plate. He felt as if he could have thrown the ball clear through the backstop.

Middle age has arrived when a man keeps staying about a size larger than his clothes.

DAN BENNETT

As the first batter approached the plate, Randy was looking at him only with the detached interest of a pitcher sizing up a hitter he'd never faced before. It was only a delayed reaction that telegraphed to his mind the letters on the batter's shirt. They read, TRAYMONT. The secondary mind telegram told him that the batter was Wally Trumbo, a senior who had made the All-City team as a junior.

Startled, Randy looked toward the first-base dugout. There he saw TRAYMONT on many shirt fronts—and kneeling in front of the dugout was Coach Corny Huggins. All of them were staring out at him with mixed expressions of astonishment and amusement.

Randy returned his attention to the batter, Trumbo, who now had stepped into the box. Trumbo's expression was one of supercilious merriment. Randy, feeling very calm, peered nearsightedly in at his catcher, and caught the sign for a curve. Without a windup Randy threw it in there, knee-high and just over the outside corner. The properly blue-clad umpire threw up his right hand—"Strike!"

The next sign was for a fast ball. Randy aimed it for approximately the bill of Trumbo's cap, and Trumbo sat down. "Ball." The next call was for a curve again, and once more Randy broke it low over the outside corner. Trumbo hesitated, then swung wildly, missing by a foot. One and two.

Another fast ball called for, Randy knew he ought to drive Trumbo back again; but, with supreme confidence, he blew the ball over the inside corner, just above the knees. Trumbo took it and was called out.

The next man went down without ever taking the bat off his shoulder. Third man up was the same Mel Baker who had teased him so often as he practiced in the vacant lot. Baker let two curve balls over the outside corner go by for strikes, and then went down swinging on a knuckle ball which actually bounced on the plate. Randy walked into the dugout feeling confident and good.

The game was called in the fifth inning, with the Pilots still batting. The score was a horrendous 23–0. Randy's happiness was somewhat marred by the fact that he felt a little sorry for the sheepish, disgusted Traymont team.

As he walked in from second base, where he had been stationed as the result of an unexpected base-clearing double, he passed Lennon, who had stopped to talk to Corny Huggins. He heard Lennon saying to Huggins, "You might be all right with pros, but you ought never to coach boys. You don't even know what a boy wants."

"And what does a boy want?" Huggins snarled.

"A chance," Lennon said quietly. "Just a chance."

Before he could pass into the dugout and through into the clubhouse, Randy was intercepted by Mr. Grimslaw, the principal of Traymont High. "Well, Johnson," Mr. Grimslaw said, "revenge is sweet, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," Randy answered honestly.

The principal smiled and said, "If you were to come out for the Traymont team again, I believe that Coach Huggins would look on you with new eyes."

"Thank you, sir," Randy said earnestly, "but that won't be possible. You see, sir, the Pilots are a semiprofessional team, and I wouldn't be eligible for interscholastic activities now."

"Quite right," Mr. Grimslaw murmured. "I'd forgotten that for the moment. Good luck, Johnson."

Mr. Grimslaw walked away, and Randy ducked through the tunnel door that led into the clubhouse. Randy undressed and took a leisurely shower. Standing there with the hot water sluicing down his body, he thought that he'd never felt better. He'd had a glorious moment such as few boys his age would ever know.

Back in front of his locker he dressed slowly and methodically. When he had finished combing his hair in front of the cracked wall mirror, he took his spikes and his glove from his locker and turned to go. He faced into Lennon. "Thank you very much, Mr. Lennon," he said. "But I still don't see how you set it up."

"That was easy," Lennon shrugged. "At the risk of sounding vain I'll say that Huggins was flattered that I'd look him up. Secondly, he was glad for his boys to play in a real ball park instead of those piles of cinders they usually play on."

"Well," Randy said, "thank you anyway. It made a big minute for me."

He extended his hand, but Lennon refused it. "Where are you taking that glove and those spikes?" Lennon asked.

Surprised, Randy answered, "Home."

"What for?" Lennon demanded gruffly. "You'll be needing them here tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Randy asked blankly.

"Yes, tomorrow. We start to work on teaching you to field your position so that you won't be bunted silly—so that when you should be backing up third base, you won't be standing out there on the mound with your teeth hanging out. Twelve o'clock." He started away, then turned back smiling. "By July, if you keep learning, I may start using you in relief. By September you might even start a game." He put his hand on Randy's shoulder and said softly, "There aren't many pitchers who can throw a ball through a six-inch square of wire."

As Lennon walked off, Randy found himself trying to blink back those awful tears which so often threatened his dignity. Only this time they were happy tears.

THE END

Captains and mates of rental fishing boats know these Keys waters intimately. This trio has been guided into a school of big ones off old Fort Taylor at the tip of Key West.

Tie into thrills on this tropic-island holiday

Some visitors to the Florida Keys go so far as to say they are worth seeing even if you had to row. But that's not necessary. Vaulted bridges up to seven miles long link these emerald isles. And the drive over azure seas *is* entrancing.

Finned trophies caught in these waters make the Keys one of the most popular sport fishing regions in the world.

Its resorts are made for lazy living. The marine air is a great refresher. Warm days are perfect for swimming, for tanning a beachcomber brown. Sea delicacies caught in the morning are served tantalizingly fresh the same evening in modern shore restaurants.

In old Key West, southernmost city, you'll see tropical flowering trees and vines heavy with flamboyant bloom. Its quaint streets, old forts and busy water front recall a seafaring history that's barnacled with buccaneer lore.

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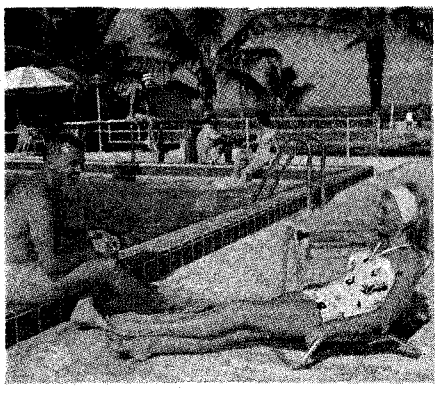
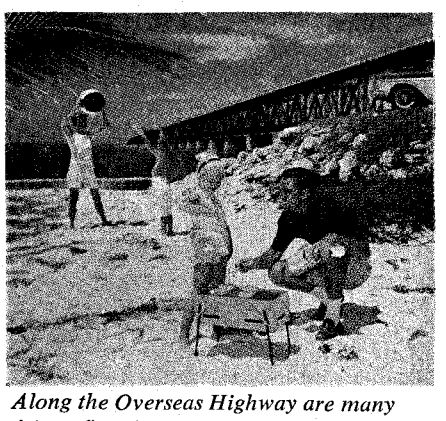


Accommodations in the Keys vie with Florida's finest. Many have swim pools.



Along the Overseas Highway are many drive-offs where you can picnic, fish.

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Auction of Fabulous Furs

(Continued from Page 31)

differences have everything to do with price and desirability.

Working among these furs, examining and assessing and making notes in catalogues, are buyers from twenty-three countries, East and West, all wearing white smocks to protect their dark clothes from the dust and grease of the skins. They are assisted by young Russian helpers, also in white smocks, hired for the occasion by the Soviet fur industry. As we watch, a stalwart Russian girl takes down a bundle of skins and slaps it on a table to be examined by an American and a French buyer. The two buyers go over the bundle quickly but expertly, jot down its quality, type and origin in their catalogues, then flip that bundle back to the girl and go on to another. Because it would be physically impossible for these buyers to examine every skin in the almost 9000 lots to be auctioned off here, the show bundle must be—and invariably is—a true sample of the lot as a whole. Still, by the time the ten display days preceding the auction are over, the average buyer will have examined thousands of skins and, as a result, will know which lots interest him and approximately how much he will bid for them in the auction itself.

But since this is a Russian auction, it must open with a Russian banquet. And so at exactly noon on the Thursday the sale is to begin, the president of the state-owned Soviet fur industry throws open the doors of the big, glass-domed dining room of Leningrad's down-at-the-heels Hotel Astoria and welcomes 230 fur buyers, officials and their wives to one of the most lavish spreads ever put on in the Soviet Union for visiting imperialist capitalists. The tables are flower decked and already laden with *zakuska*—hors d'oeuvres *à la Russe*—when we enter. On a platform a Leningrad orchestra is blaring out its version of prewar American jazz, while along the wall, at the ready, stands a battalion of waiters in white ties and tails, with white roses in their buttonholes. With a wave of his hand Pres. Alexei Kaplin motions to his roomful of international *pushniks*—from the Russian word for fur, *pushnina*—to be seated.

And then it begins, that form of Russian roulette which is a marathon of vodka toasts and speeches. There are toasts to Leningrad, eight times; to the Soyushpushnina, or Soviet fur industry, fourteen times; to East-West friendship, eleven times; to peace, twenty-one times. The spokesman of each national delegation makes a speech, generally in English; the speech then has to be translated into Russian by a benign, multilingual, 320-pound fur merchant named Yuri Frankel, who is the court jester of the fur business. After each speech president Kaplin makes a formal reply in Russian; and that, too, must be translated by the indefatigable, perspiring Yuri. There are more toasts—to our children, "to the ladies, who make our business flourish," to fur trimming, to neglected furs, to a novice here for the first time, to the old-timers here for the thirtieth time. There are more speeches.

And in between all this we are plowing our way through smoked salmon, fresh black and red caviar, smoked sturgeon, sliced cold woodcock, assorted sour-cream salads, fried fish cakes with piquant sauce, chicken cutlets, vegetables, roast potatoes, fruits, cheese and, of course, rivers of red and white Georgian wine and vodka. The Swedes forgo their speech for a football cheer; a Chinese delegate drones on; another dish is brought in and served, another country heard from. A poem is read by Yuri—"to glossier, brighter, lighter versions of raw and dyed and colored Persians." More toasts—to Leipzig, to the Russian girl helpers in the House of Fur, to a successful sale, to long-haired furs. More vodka. More Russian wine. Finally, to top it all off, in march twenty-three waiters and waitresses—as many as there are nations represented here—carrying *bombes glacées*, towering Russian pastry cakes, bowls of fresh strawberries and bottles of champagne. It is at this consummate point that one realizes how important to the U.S.S.R. her fur trade is.

By four o'clock, when President Kaplin considers his international guests sufficiently wined and dined and welcomed, they are loaded into big blue buses and transported from the hotel, across Leningrad, and out to the House of Soviet Fur for the opening of the auction. At once the atmosphere changes; this is business now. Off come the coats and ties of banquet formality, on go the white smocks, and everyone files past the fur showrooms and into the auction amphitheater with pencil and catalogue ready.

The amphitheater looks something like a university classroom, except that it is draped from floor to ceiling with immense Persian carpets, and the buyers take their places behind desks, like schoolboys. Also coatless, his shirt sleeves rolled to the elbows, President Kaplin mounts the podium flanked by six assistants, or "spotters"; he sits down, picks up his gavel and opens the 1959 Leningrad fur auction with Lot No. 1—160 white Yakutski foxes.

A powerfully built, stern-looking Russian of fifty-five, Kaplin has been president of the Soyushpushnina since 1937 and has been conducting these auctions for twenty-two years. By now he not only knows all these buyers by sight and by name but he knows their firms, their financial backing, their tastes and individual buying habits. A lifelong Communist, he is surprisingly genial, up to a point, and is not above cracking jokes with the Western buyers in his own language or in theirs. But as is usual in the U.S.S.R., humor ceases where ideology begins. Last year an Englishman who wanted to thank Kaplin for the friendly co-operation of the 100 Russian assistants said the girls "worked like slaves." Kaplin instantly set him back on his heels with a growl, "In the Soviet Union there are no slaves!" Actually the girls, mostly language students from the University of Leningrad, are paid only three rubles an hour, the equivalent of thirty cents—by our standards a slave wage.

Now, from his podium, with his six spotters pointing and shouting "*Vot!*"—"There!"—to signal each bid, Kaplin adjusts his owlish spectacles, clears his throat and, within three hours, disposes of 150 lots of white and blue foxes, a total of more than 21,000 skins. The white fox sells at an average of around twenty-five dollars a skin, the blue fox at around $19.50. It is no upset; it is about the price everyone expected. One lot of white fox goes to a French bidder who is buying for the bare shoulders of the showgirls of the *Folies Bergères*, and Kaplin smiles. He has been to Paris several times.

The auction itself is amazingly quiet. Most of the bids are not made vocally, but by an almost imperceptible movement of the bidder's eyes or eyebrows, or the lifting of a pencil, which it is up to Kaplin and his spotters to recognize and acknowledge. All prices are in dollars, but the auctioneer's spiel—rather like that of the tobacco auctioneer a well-known American cigarette company used to put on the air—is in Russian. Repeating each bid over and over until another bid is made, Kaplin, by the time the ten-day auction is over, will have lost his voice and gained more than $10,000,000 in foreign currency for the Soviet Union.

As the auction proceeds it gets more and more informal, with buyers casually strolling in and out between the fur showrooms and the auditorium, smoking cigarettes, drinking Russian tea in glasses or munching on currant buns. Some are interested in almost all furs, some in only one or two. A few, those with an eye on the international market, are as interested in what their competitors buy, and at what price, as they are in buying. Finally, for the thirty American buyers here, there are seven "forbidden" furs which are of no interest at all. These are the furs—mink, ermine, marten, weasel, muskrat, kolinsky and fox—which the United States Congress in 1951, in a burst of either patriotism or protectionism, or both, banned as imports to America from Russia. American fur men grumble against the measure, and when any of these seven furs go on the block, walk out and leave the field to the Europeans, Scandinavians and Canadians.

What brings American buyers here is primarily sable, which is a Soviet exclusive, and Persian lamb and broadtail. Persian lamb and the embryonic broadtail come from several countries—Southwest Africa, Afghanistan and Iran, as well as the U.S.S.R.—and are produced on farms. But the sable is a mean and vicious little animal that in captivity eats its own young; therefore it cannot be profitably ranched and grows only wild and only in Siberia. It is in the bidding for these three furs that the American buyers show their mettle, and the Leningrad Fur Fair builds up a tense competitive excitement, as we shall see. Mink does not concern us here, for Russian mink is not considerable either in quantity or quality.

The business of fur, which fur men insist began with the cave man and is therefore the oldest commerce in the history of man, attracts gamblers, men who like to play close to the vest and bet hard and heavy on their own judgment and skill. And the annals of fur are full of hair-raising tales of fortunes won and lost almost overnight on a good or bad investment. In one sense, the entire business is a gamble, because it depends for its livelihood on the whims and caprices of that most whimsical and capricious creature, woman. Yet some of these assembled *pushniks* are gambling more than others. And it is interesting to see which, and why.

Actually there are three different kinds of buyers here. The first is the commission agent, a professional fur buyer who comes to the auction with money in his pocket and firm or almost-firm orders from his clients back home in London or Montreal or Frankfurt or wherever. He buys what he is told to buy and is paid a set commission on its value; he is not gambling at all. The second is the big wholesale-and-retail fur manufacturer, men like Henry Mechutan and Stefan Wolynski of Maximilian Furs in New York whose business is so big and whose interest in furs so wide that they prefer to come here and buy for themselves rather than pay a commission agent to do it for them. These men can and do gamble on their own purchases. But it is the third kind of buyer, the so-called "skin merchant," who runs the heaviest risks and takes the longest chances in the hazardous game of fur, buying for cash and selling on credit, and sometimes tying up millions of dollars in a market that can change overnight.

Among the skin merchants here, the most important is Julius Ariowitsch, a restless, balding, rough-mannered man who cannot sit still, who paces in and out of this auditorium like a bored and disinterested gorilla. In the complex and unadvertised system of interlocking interests that characterizes the fur business, Julius and his brothers have financial investments in almost every fur market in the world, most importantly in New York, London, Paris and Milan. Like many of the buyers here, Julius is an old Leipzig man; the Ariowitsch family has been in the fur business for three generations and was one of the foremost Leipzig houses up until the advent of Hitler. Now, with his American brother Eddie beside him, and his English brother Francis and his father Max back in New York, Julius is buying furs. Not because he needs furs—the (*Continued on Page 107*)

"Well, no vague promises this time—I definitely get my raise when hell freezes over."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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roof! Parts from identical engines. Piston (a) and valve lifter (b) were lubricated with a heavy-duty oil. Piston (c) and valve lifter (d) were protected with *new* Havoline Special 10W-30, the *extra* heavy-duty motor oil. Each driven over 10,000 miles, under identical conditions. See how *new* Havoline Special protected the important areas.

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Brutal Rocky Mountain roads . . . the testing grounds. Two fleets of cars were driven 210,000 miles of stop-and-go driving, in frigid weather. This accelerated sludge and varnish formation. At end of tests, the engines protected with *new* Havoline Special 10W-30 showed minimum sludge, varnish, and wear!

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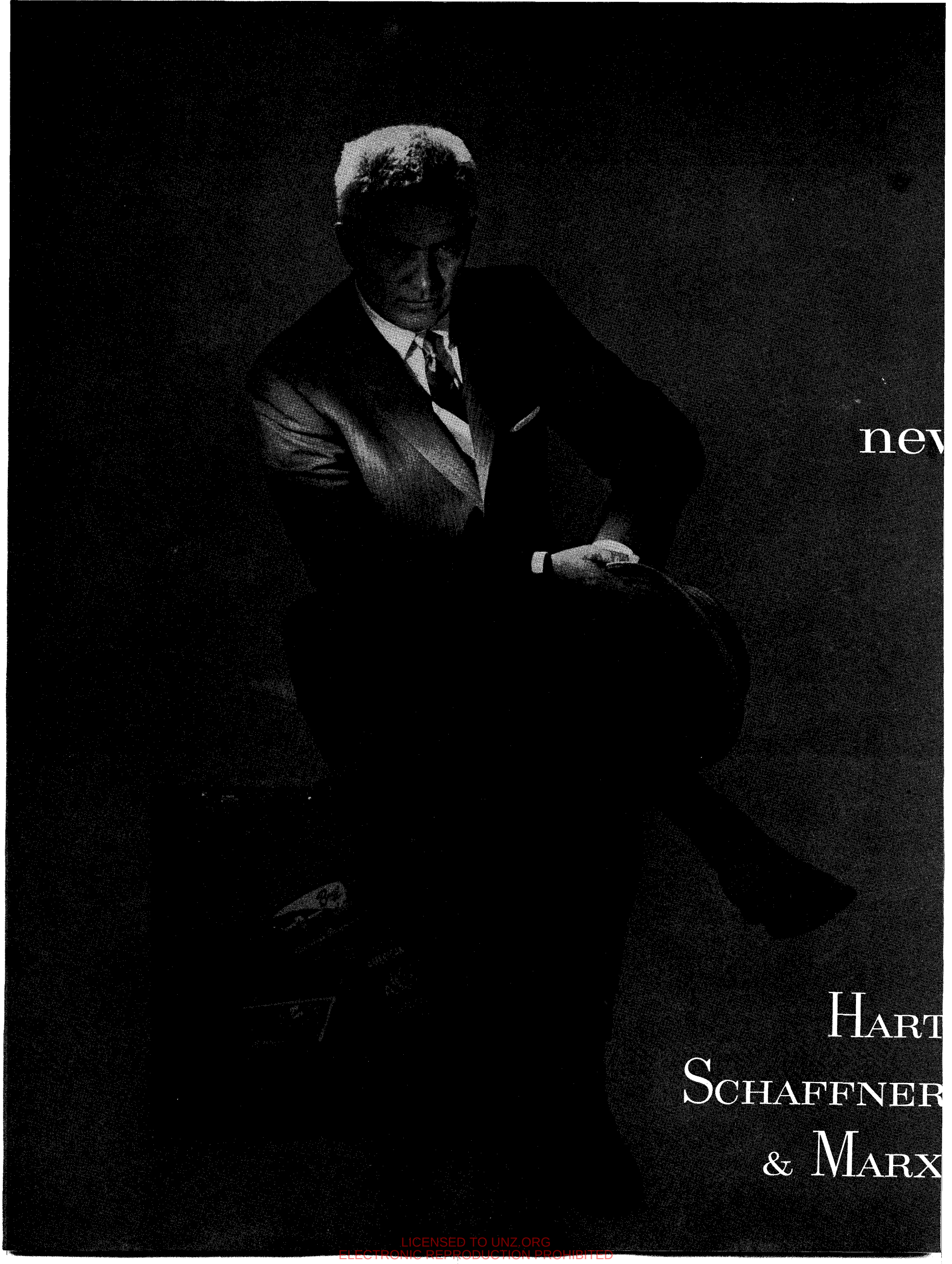

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the worldly look

...of Hart Schaffner & Marx! Men are looking slim. And it's deliberate. In this sensible year of 1959 there is less padding in clothing, less exaggeration. And HS&M's designers have fashioned worlds of news into the suit of 1959—new lapel refinements, new leanness of fit, new ways with the hang of the fabric—mostly subtle, but adding up to the newest look in years. Happily, this new look of today has one strong link with the past—the famous Hart Schaffner & Marx label. It has been sewn inside more suits than any other fine label in the world. It says this new style is tailored with old-fashioned care; HS&M craftsmen have paid painstaking attention to every detail. And this new clothing reflects it. It is proudly

Hart Schaffner & Marx, down to the last slenderizing stitch.

(*Continued from Page 104*) Ariowitsch warehouses are already crammed to bursting—but because he is a speculator in fur buying.

As one of his competitors here puts it, "Wherever there's a fur auction, there's an Ariowitsch." And Julius and his two brothers cover them all—in London, New York, Montreal, Stockholm, Copenhagen, here in Leningrad—flying from one sale to another, crisscrossing, sometimes meeting, sometimes not. Their stock in trade is in their heads and in their bank accounts—an astute, almost uncanny knowledge of furs and fur markets, and enough capital to enable them to buy skins in the large lots put up by the auction houses, stock them in warehouses, and sell them off later, in smaller assortments, to fur manufacturers and retail furriers. Depending on the price and quality, Julius will spend thousands of dollars here, both in the "wild goods"—miscellaneous furs—and in Persian lamb and broadtail. Yet ask him what he is buying, and he answers blandly, "Oh, a few odds and ends." Offhandedness is a tradition in the fur trade.

And so is good humor. Although it is a risky business, or perhaps because of it, there is big money to be made in furs, and many of these shirt-sleeved buyers sitting quietly behind their auction desks are millionaires. It is a tribute to their dispositions that they work here from ten A.M. to seven P.M. each day, with only one hour off for an unappetizing "blue plate" lunch, and then patiently climb back into the buses and go home to musty, dark hotel rooms, leaking plumbing and monotonous, badly served Russian food—and do it all in such a good-natured spirit. Because it is midsummer at the time of the auction, most of Leningrad's theaters are closed, and so the evenings here—the famous "white nights" of Leningrad, when the sun goes down for only an hour or two—were generally spent in poker and gin-rummy games in someone's bleak hotel room.

Back at the auction, the second day disposes of 19,615 wild and ranched-mink skins, mostly to British buyers; around 11,000 kolinskies, mainly to Canada; more than 2000 huge, tawny lynx skins at a top price of $115 a skin; and 9500 Mongolian and Russian marmots, a cheap, happy little animal that sleeps nine months of the year, sells for as little as one dollar a skin and can be dyed to resemble mink. Saturday is muskrat day in the morning—more than 1,000,000 skins are offered—and ermine and squirrel day in the afternoon, with the United Kingdom taking most of the muskrat and ermine, and the Americans, especially the Ariowitsches, buying most of the squirrel. As for price, muskrat and squirrel hover at around a dollar a skin, and the basic prices for ermine vary from $2.26 to $4.28. A word of warning here: Woman, put away that pencil! To attempt to calculate the cost of, say, an ermine wrap on the basis of these prices is like using the price of a ton of raw steel to compute the cost of a new automobile.

It is on Sunday—sable day—that the auction really hits its stride. As it happens, this is also Soviet Navy Day, and outside, all up and down the embankments of Leningrad's Neva River, crowds of Russians are rapturously cheering a parade of great, gray Soviet destroyers and cruisers and gunboats as they mount the river with flags flying. Inside, in the quiet House of Fur, Western fur merchants are buying $500,000 worth of Siberian sables. Rumors have gone around the showrooms that sables will bring down 20 per cent more than last year's contract prices, that the Ariowitsches and Maximilian Furs and two other powerful American buyers named Adolph Nussenow and Leo Ritter of Ritter Brothers are going to fight it out for the best-quality skins, that the Europeans are going to jump in too. And so, just before five o'clock, when the first and most coveted bundle of Barguzin sables is due to come up, the amphitheater begins to fill.

By five every seat is taken. The big crystal chandeliers go on, throwing into relief the pit and the three semicircular rows of buyers. Everyone knows the lot we are waiting for, the very finest ten-skin Barguzin bundle marked Lot No. 2477. And now, on the electric tote board over President Kaplin's head, the approaching numbers flick by—2474, 2475, 2476. At 2477, President Kaplin halts and takes a gulp of hot tea, as if to give the Seventh Avenue boys a chance to think it over again before bidding. There is a moment's silence. Then Kaplin picks up his gavel and announces the Soviet Government's starting price, $250 per skin.

And they are off. $300 . . . $400 . . . $460 . . . $500. It is the big American houses who are bidding, the Ariowitsches, Mechutan and Wolynski for Maximilian, Ritter, Rudolph Newkirk of Koenigswerther. And they all know what the game is. Whoever pulls down this bundle will be able to advertise that he paid the very top price for the very finest Barguzin sables in Leningrad. $500 . . . $550 . . . $580 . . . $600 . . . $650. On a bench next to me, a pretty little Russian girl helper keeps repeating in German, "Crazy, crazy, crazy," and shaking her blond head. Bidding without sound, raising no more than a finger, Mechutan and Wolynski go to $700. Ritter tops it with $715. A silence, and then the gavel falls. Ritter Brothers has paid $7150 for a bundle of ten sable skins, and the room breaks into applause at the very idea that this is possible.

Now we go into the second and third and fourth lots, and the bidding normalizes and calms down at the sound, realistic prices of $225, $125, $80, even $30 as the quality descends. This is what these skins are worth for the making of capes and stoles, and the Europeans and Americans buying them will charge them to production, not to advertising. And so through fifty-three lots of the Barguzins at forty skins the lot.

But the big buyers have not moved. They are waiting for a second burst of fireworks when the Yakutski sables start. Yakutski sables are as good as Barguzins, a bit darker and sparsely sprinkled with gray hairs, but any preference between them is solely a matter of taste. Again we all know the lot we are waiting for, the prized ten-skin, first-quality bundle which is No. 2530, but this time Yakutski instead of Barguzin. Again the electric number board ticks off the approaching numbers: 2527, 2528, 2529. And again, when the board announces the crucial Lot No. 2530, Kaplin stops dramatically, waits for absolute silence and then picks up his gavel and announces the opening price.

And again we are off in an explosive spiral of American bidding, the same great New York houses pushing one another up so fast the spotters can scarcely keep up—$250 . . . $300 . . . $400 . . . $450 . . . $500 . . . $600. At $700, pudgy, irrepressible Yuri Frankel of Stockholm bellows a bid, and the crowd laughs at the impudence as Maximilian promptly goes to $750. This is precisely where Mechutan and Wolynski want to be, just over the previous Barguzin high of $715. But the bidding keeps going—$800 . . . $850 . . . $900. Next to me the little Russian blonde is still shaking her head and murmuring, "Crazy, crazy, crazy."

At $900 there is silence. President Kaplin waits, repeats the bid, waits again, and finally the gavel sounds. Maximilian Furs has paid $9000 for a bundle of ten sable skins. But they have won the battle for top publicity billing, and the room rings with laughter and applause. Even President Kaplin sees the cleverness of the ploy—letting Ritter take the first prize bundle so that Maximilian could outbid him on the second. Ritter Brothers can still claim it bought the finest, most expensive Barguzin sables in Leningrad. But Maximilian can claim it bought the finest, most expensive sables in the world, at the highest price ever paid in history.

"If I ever do get interested in boys, I know one whose block I'm going to knock off!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Later, as the sale of lower-quality sables takes over with normal buying at normal prices—around fifty dollars per skin—I see Maximilian's Mr. Wolynski in one of the showrooms trying to explain to the same little blonde why he was willing to pay $900 apiece for the Yakutski sables. Mr. Wolynski is a polite and persuasive man, but the girl keeps shaking her head as if in delirium. Whatever it was that just took place in the amphitheater, it was something deep and dark and capitalistic, something a good Soviet citizen could never understand.

Now we have only two more days of "wild goods" to go through—21,000 stone and baum marten; 42,000 black and white fitch; 166,000 white and gray hare, for felt hats; incalculable quantities of wild red fox and wolverines, otter, weasel, nutria, badger, wolf and leopard—and then we get into the already-stitched "plates" of squirrel backs and bellies. Incredibly soft, made up of thousands of tiny skins, these look like fur blankets; according to the buyers, they are sold at a loss to the U.S.S.R., stitched together only "to keep Hungarian and Rumanian fur workers busy." And thus we end the first catalogue and the first three quarters of the sale—3,000,000 skins in all.

The auction ends in a blaze of Persian lamb and broadtail, another 1,000,000 skins, but because most of these are sold in "strings" the selling goes very fast. The theory of string buying, used only in quantity furs, is that once the first lot of skins has been sold, the market price of all the other lots should thereby be established. Thus the buyer of the first lot of, say, 200 Persian lambs has the right to take as many more lots as he wants of that string of 20,000 to 30,000 skins, up until the moment that he signals he's had enough or until another buyer overbids him. In the sales of raw Persian lamb and broadtail, the number board over the auctioneer's head runs like a mad, drunken thing, and the buying goes so fast no one but President Kaplin and his spotters can follow it.

Broadtail, or *breitschwantz*, as everyone seems to know, is unborn lamb, and it is considered a luxury item, not quite like ermine and sables but almost. Although in Afghanistan and Iran the farmers are not above beating the ewes to make them miscarry, or even killing them a few days before their time and extracting the fetus, it is against the law in the U.S.S.R. to do any more than accidentally profit from a bad winter in which the ewes die or miscarry in the snow naturally. However, because last winter was a hard one, happily from the point of view of the Soyushpushnina, there is a good quantity of broadtail on the market this year, and the bidding is spirited. There are also a few lots of what is called "Sur" Persian lamb and broadtail. These are skins of an unusual tobacco-brown color, highly prized by connoisseurs of furs, and, because they come on the market in purchasable quantities only once every four or five years, they cause considerable excitement. This year the Ariowitsches and an Italian house take the best of them.

So our sale finishes. There is a flurry of dyed and dressed skins at the end, but the American buyers are uninterested; they are already packing to go home. Russian dressing and dyeing have improved much in the past few years, but with the United States customs duty so high—25 to 35 per cent—American buyers prefer to buy their skins raw, import them untaxed, and have them dressed and dyed at home.

And what has been accomplished? Well, the U.S.S.R. has cleared more than 99 per cent of its furs at prices it considers profitable. The *pushniks* from East and West have bought what their clients may want at prices their clients may pay. The Americans have walked out with about 75 per cent of the sable, 80 per cent of the finest lightweight black Persian lamb and broadtail, and important quantities of other furs for trimming. The British are happy with most of the Russian ranched mink, most of the white hare and literally hundreds of thousands of greasy inside-out muskrats—"to make shopgirls' mink coats," as they put it. The Canadians have gone in heavily for kolinsky, the Scandinavians for dressed and dyed Persians, and the Yugoslavs for squirrel. As usual, lots of leopard and pony skins are on their way to East and West Germany, and the best white fox and ermine are on their way to Paris.

Now in the last hours begins the frantic exchange of shipping orders, plane reservations and letters of credit. The Soviet Union brooks no delay and accepts no promissory notes; all furs sold here must be paid for in cash on the barrelhead and shipped out immediately, the bulk furs generally going by boat, and the small expensive furs by air. As for the buyers, except for one or two disgruntled ones who couldn't find what they wanted at the prices they wanted, everyone seems content—both to have come to the sale and to be leaving it.

By nightfall of the last day, not one buyer is still around, not one fur bundle still hangs in the formerly crammed showrooms. All that remains to haunt the House of Fur in Leningrad is a presence, a vague inexpressible presence that probably will still be here next year. It is the sharp, lingering smell of dead and bartered animal skins. It is the ghost of the fur business. THE END

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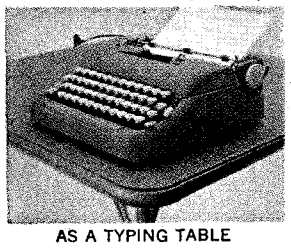
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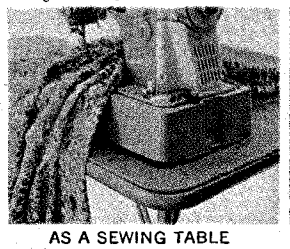
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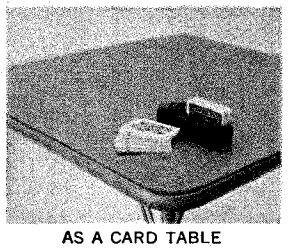
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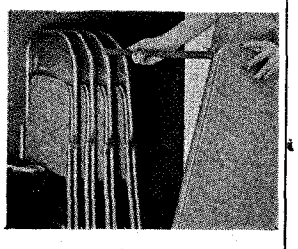

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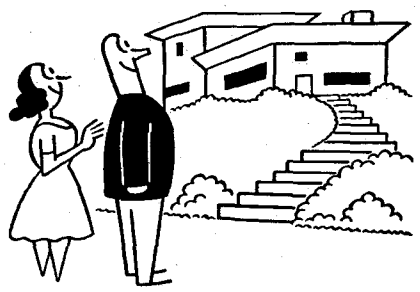

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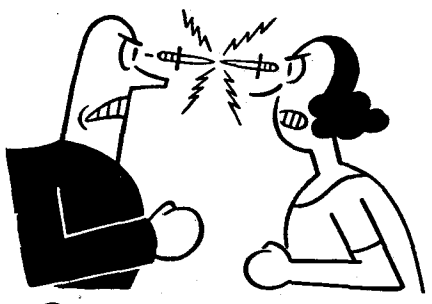
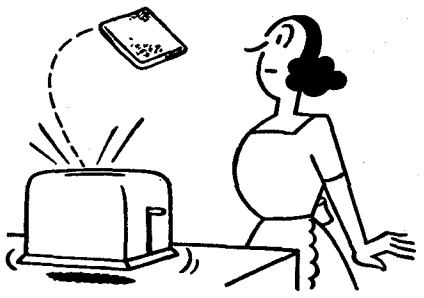


But it presently caused their first row



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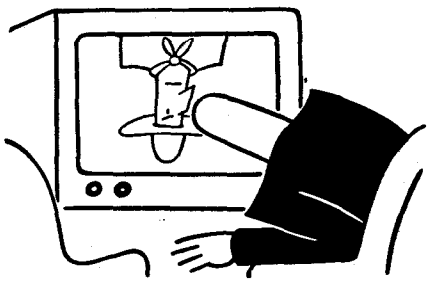
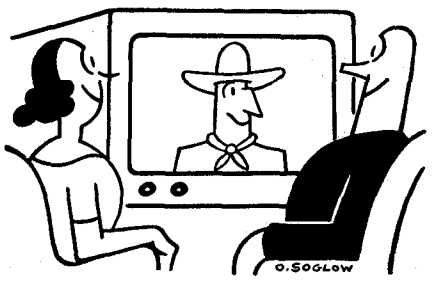


The TV would flop



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The Case of the Waylaid Wolf

(Continued from Page 53)

five-hundred credit limit, that you wanted five hundred and that you were coming out to collect it."

"That would be a nice idea," Kingman said. "Go ahead, follow it up. What happened after that?"

"You went out to the lodge."

"O.K.," Kingman said. "Keep talking, counselor. Let's get this idea of yours out in the open and look it over. You think I went out there to collect the five hundred bucks."

"You could have."

"And then what?"

"You could have had an argument and stuck a knife in his back."

"You mean I took a knife out there with me?"

"There were knives in the kitchen."

"So I went out there, had a talk with him about five hundred bucks and stuck a knife into him?"

... ...

"I'm simply investigating the possibilities," Mason said.

"All right. Let's look at it this way," Kingman said. "Why should I stick a knife in him? He was a customer."

"Perhaps because he didn't pay the five hundred bucks."

The black bushy eyebrows went up. "Loring Lamont didn't pay the five hundred? Come, come, counselor, you're going to have to do better than that. Loring Lamont wanted to keep his credit good with me. He liked to play the horses, and I was his bookie. He knew he could trust me. I paid off when he won. I kept my mouth shut. The old man was never going to learn anything about what was going on through me. Loring Lamont knew that. Why should he refuse to pay me the five hundred bucks?"

"Perhaps he gave you a check," Mason said, watching the man closely.

"All right, go on. What happened?"

"And then you got in an argument—perhaps over a woman."

"How you talk," Kingman said. "Look, Mr. Mason, in my type of business women grow on bushes."

"This may have been a particular woman."

"Not with me. There aren't any particular women. In my racket a broad is a broad. Now let's get this thing straight," Kingman said. "You think I went out there to collect five hundred bucks because I was going to get in a poker game. You think I was in a hurry for the five hundred smackeroos."

"It could be," Mason said.

"Sure, it could be," Kingman said. "So I went out to get the five hundred. Then, in place of hurrying back to a poker game, Loring Lamont said, 'Look, Orval, I had a date with a babe who ran out on me. We were just getting ready to sit down and eat some ham and eggs. Why don't you sit down here with me and have some ham and eggs?'

"So I sat down at the table with him and had some cold ham and eggs, notwithstanding the fact I was in a hurry to get back to this poker game."

"You seem to know a lot about what happened," Mason said.

"In my business when someone tries to frame me for something, I find out the facts."

"All right," Mason said. "You find out the facts. Now I'll tell you what might have happened. Lamont might have told you, 'Look, Orval, I'm hungry. This food is on the table. I was just sitting down to eat when a babe ran out on me. You wait until I've finished eating and I'll make you out a check. If you're hungry you can eat that plate of ham and eggs. If you aren't, you can throw them out.'"

"O.K.," Kingman said. "We'll ride along with it your way, counselor. Then what happened?"

"Then you ate the ham and eggs and then you had an argument."

"Did I get a check for five hundred bucks or didn't I?"

"You got the check," Mason said.

"And then I got in an argument with him?"

"That's the part I'm investigating."

"Go ahead and investigate all you damn please," Kingman said. "For your information, Mr. Mason, I didn't go out to that country place. I didn't call him on the telephone. I only got the one check from him and that was in the morning. You'll find that I cashed it at the bank before two o'clock. That was on the fifth. I don't hound my customers, and when I want to play poker I don't have to go dashing around getting money to put up for an ante. Now you have a theory. You'd better get some facts to back up your theory before you start making it public."

"Don't tell me how to practice law," Mason said. And then added quietly, "Now you've been telling me things. I'm going to tell you something. I'm investigating this case. I have no desire to try to push anyone around. I don't want to invade anyone's private life. I want to know what happened, that's all. You say you were in a poker game from eight until nearly midnight. Give me the names of the people you were playing with. I'll check. It will be a quiet check. If you check out, that's all there is to it. If you don't, I'll do some more checking."

"I've told you some of these people wouldn't want to be brought into it."

"That may be," Mason said, "but there are certain facts which lead me to believe you may have talked on the telephone with Loring Lamont."

"What facts?"

"Let me ask you this," Mason said. "How did he refer to you? Did he call you by your first name or by your initials?"

"By my first name."

"He never called you O.K.?"

"He never called me O.K.," the man said, the gray eyes holding Mason's.

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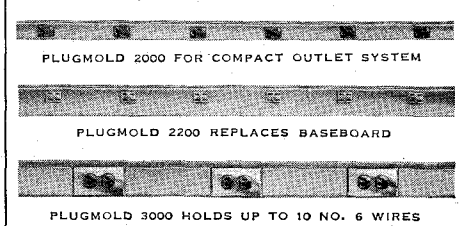

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"All right," Mason said. "Give me a list of the persons who were in the game with you and I'll check. I'll do it quietly."

Kingman shook his head. "I tell you, I don't do business that way. I'm telling you what the facts are for your own guidance, just so you don't lead with your chin and so you keep healthy."

Mason reached to an inside pocket, pulled out a folded legal document, took out his fountain pen, wrote the name "Orval Kingman" in a blank and handed the document to Kingman.

"That," Mason said, "is a subpoena duly issued under the seal of the court, ordering you to appear at two o'clock this afternoon as a witness on behalf of the defense."

Kingman's face darkened. "I've tried to tell you and tell you nice," he said.

"And I've tried to tell you and tell you nice," Mason told him. "You give me a list of the men who were in that poker game with you and I'll check. Otherwise you'll go on the stand and tell where you were on the night of the fifth."

"You're bluffing," Kingman said. "You aren't going to put on any evidence. No smart lawyer ever puts on evidence on behalf of the defense at a preliminary hearing."

Mason shrugged his shoulders. "You've got your subpoena. Be there at two o'clock this afternoon. If you think I'm bluffing this will be a good way to find out."

"Now, wait a minute," Kingman said. "Let's not get each other wrong. I ——"

"You have your subpoena," Mason said. "If you want to get out of testifying temporarily you can give me a list of those names."

Kingman's face darkened; then abruptly he pulled a notebook from his pocket and started writing. "There are five names," he said, tearing the sheet from the notebook and handing it to Mason. "If you want to check with them quietly and confidentially you'll find out where I was on the night of the fifth.

"There are two men whose names I've marked with a little check mark. I'd prefer to have you start with them. They're regular poker players. The other three men are businessmen who think they're pretty good poker players."

"They lost?" Mason asked.

"As it happens, they lost."

"And you won and these two men whose names you have checked won?"

"If it's any of your business, we won."

"I can see why you might not care to have the situation publicized," Mason said.

"That doesn't make me guilty of murder, Mr. Mason."

"Now there," Mason told him, "is where you're using words that I'll listen to. I don't want to abuse my position or the power of the law. All I'm interested in is finding out what happened. If you were in that poker game and didn't leave it, that's enough for me."

Kingman said, "O.K., counselor, that's good enough for me. They told me you were a square shooter. Get your men doing a little investigating and you'll find I'm clean."

Abruptly the man's right hand shot out of his pocket and was extended toward Mason. Mason shook hands.

"They told me you were on the up and up," Kingman said. "I just had to be sure, that's all."

"You only got the one check that day?" Mason asked.

"So help me, counselor, that's the truth. I got the one check. I saw him about ten o'clock in the morning when he stopped by to give me the check, and he picked some horses for the afternoon. And since we're putting cards on the table, I'll tell you something else. He won. Not too heavy, but he won. If he'd lived he would have had money coming to him."

"And as it is?"

"As it is, he gets nothing," Kingman said. "That's one of the chances a man takes. If I give him credit and he bets with me, loses and then drops dead, I can't present a bill against his estate. If he bets with me and wins and drops dead, his estate doesn't get anything. I can't come in and say, 'I'm a bookie. I owe the guy fifteen hundred bucks.'"

"Was it that much?" Mason asked.

"Just about," Kingman said.

He turned to Della Street. "I'm sorry I had to strut my stuff in front of you, Miss Street," he said, "but with a man like Mason you have to talk to him when you can get him."

He bowed, swung on his heel and pounded his way back down the corridor toward the elevators.

Mason glanced at Della Street.

"Well," she said.

"What's the reaction of your feminine intuition?" Mason asked.

"I believe him," she said.

Mason nodded thoughtfully. "Just the same," he said, "we'll get hold of Paul

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Drake and do a little checking on that poker game. That five-hundred-dollar check to a person listed simply as 'O.K.' assumes even greater importance as we go on."

"Of course," Della Street pointed out, "the initials 'O.K.' wouldn't necessarily be those of the person receiving the check. It could be some sort of a code."

"In which event," Mason said, "it's up to us to crack the code. Come on, Della, let's eat."

At five minutes before two o'clock, as Mason was entering the courtroom, Paul Drake, hurrying from a telephone booth, tapped the lawyer on the shoulder.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Orphan Bride

By Bessie Saunders Spencer

Hush, little breezes, you
and whispering night,
A child of sorrow in a bit of
froth
Repeats an ancient vow by
candlelight.
Shield from the yellow flame
this frail white moth!

Fasten the shutters on the
creeping dark,
For she has sat with it, in
fear, alone,
Knowing the cold hearthstone
and its dull spark,
And grief of having no
one quite her own.

Nor let old years come in
with ash and rust.
This gilded hour she is so
loved, so sure,
No borrowed roof and no
uncertain crust—
Let no one mention nothing
is secure.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"What is it, Paul?"

"Everything checks on that car in front of the fireplug," Drake said. "Peter Lyons, who went off duty about midnight, gave the first ticket. After midnight there were two more tickets. Police had been ordered to keep a watch on that street, so orders had gone out to keep an eye on cars in the district, tag on the first illegal parking, then keep an eye on the car and order a tow-away after the third ticket.

"The Lamont car was handled as routine until police found out about its importance. By that time the car had been towed away. Of course, after the murder there was a frantic scramble to look the car over for fingerprints. I think they have some."

Mason thought that statement over.

"Well?" Drake asked. "Does that hit you too hard?"

"I don't know," Mason said. "We'll see what develops."

The lawyer walked on into the courtroom.

When Judge Bayton had called court to order, Mason said, "if the Court please, I was asked to stipulate to the testimony of the officers about the parked car. I am, of course, willing to make any stipulations which will save time and which do not affect the substantial rights of the defendant. However, in regard to the testimony of Peter Lyons, the officer who put the first tag on the car at nine-thirty, I feel that the interests of the defendant require I should cross-examine the officer. I am therefore serving notice on the prosecution at this time that, while I was willing to stipulate as to what Lyons' testimony would have been on direct examination, I now wish to exercise my right of cross-examination."

"Very well," Judge Bayton said. "That was the stipulation, and I presume the prosecution will have Officer Lyons here for cross-examination, although the Court doesn't see that the testimony in regard to the parked car has any great significance."

Donald Carson arose with smiling urbanity. "Not only do I agree with Your Honor, but since it now appears his testimony would necessitate a delay in the case, I will withdraw my stipulation and we won't use the testimony of Officer Lyons at all."

"Then you withdraw your stipulation as to Lyons' testimony, and it will be considered he was not a witness?" Judge Bayton asked.

"Yes, your honor."

"Just a minute, if the Court please," Mason said, getting to his feet. "We object to such procedure. Officer Lyons, having been brought into the case, can't be taken out of it now. The understanding was that I would stipulate as to his testimony on direct examination. The defense has the right of cross-examination."

"But the prosecution has now withdrawn the witness," Judge Bayton said.

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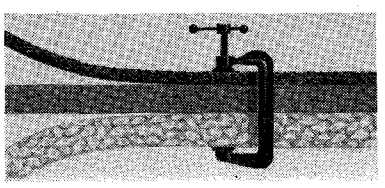

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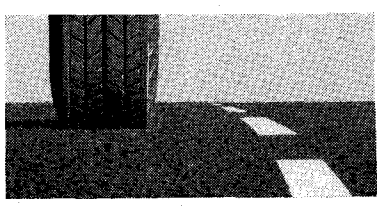

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"The prosecution can't do it," Mason said. "After I accepted the stipulation Officer Lyons was deemed to have testified on direct examination that certain things happened. This was subject to my right of cross-examination in the event I desired to use that right. The stipulation was offered, was accepted, and I now desire to use the right of cross-examination."

Judge Bayton frowned. "Is it that important, Mr. Mason?"

"I don't know," Mason admitted frankly, "but I intend to find out."

"Very well," Judge Bayton said, smiling. "I think Mr. Mason is correct, Mr. Prosecutor. The stipulation was offered and was accepted. The defense has the right to cross-examine any witnesses he so chooses. You will have Mr. Lyons in court."

"I don't know that we can get him in court on such short notice," Carson said. "I didn't have any faintest idea that the defense would want to cross-examine the officer."

"Well, you evidently guessed wrong," Judge Bayton snapped. "The Court trusts you will arrange to have Officer Lyons here for cross-examination so that the case will not be delayed. Now who's your next witness?"

"Lieutenant Tragg of Homicide," Carson said.

"Very well. Put Lieutenant Tragg on the stand and arrange to get Officer Lyons here so he can be cross-examined."

Carson glared at Perry Mason, tiptoed over to an officer, whispered briefly to him, then straightened and said, "Lieutenant Tragg to the stand, please."

Lieutenant Tragg, broad-shouldered, grizzled, lumbered up to the witness stand, was sworn, gave his name, address and occupation and faced Carson expectantly.

"You were called to the country property of the Lamont Rolling, Casting and Engineering Company on the evening of the sixth?"

"I was."

"And the body of Loring Lamont, which had been previously discovered, was still there at that time?"

"No. The body had been removed before I got there."

"Now, lieutenant, were you present at the morgue when a search was made of the pockets of the clothing of Loring Lamont?"

"I was."

"Was anything particularly unusual found in those pockets?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"A rotating part for the electrical distributing system on an automobile."

"Do you have that part in your possession at the present time?"

"I do."

"Will you produce it, please?" Carson asked.

Lieutenant Tragg reached in his pocket, took out a sealed envelope, took a knife from his pocket, cut through the edge of the envelope, took out a small object and handed it to the deputy district attorney, who in turn submitted it to Mason for his inspection, then turned back to the witness.

"What is the function of this part in the distributing system of an automobile, lieutenant—if you know?"

"It distributes the electrical charge in rotation to the different spark plugs so that the cylinders will fire in order."

"And if this part is removed from a car, what is the effect?"

"The ignition system fails."

"And it is, therefore, impossible for the car to operate?"

"That is right. You can't start the motor."

"And this was found in the pocket of the decedent?"

"It was."

"Are you familiar with the automobile of the defendant in this case?"

"I am, yes, sir."

"Can you state whether or not this part, which I now hand to you, fits the electrical system in the car of the defendant?"

"It does."

Carson turned to Perry Mason and said, "Strictly speaking, the questions I am now going to ask Lieutenant Tragg can be objected to as hearsay, but in the interests of saving time and simply in order to present a complete picture to the Court, I am going to ask these questions, realizing that if counsel for the defense wishes, he can object and I will then be forced to put a mechanic on the stand. However, I think we all wish to save time on matters about which there can be no dispute."

Carson turned back to Lieutenant Tragg. "Did you make any investigation as to whether the car of the defendant had been in a condition to be operated on the night of the fifth?"

"I did."

"What did you find?"

"The car had remained on the parking lot all the night of the fifth and the morning of the sixth. On the morning of the sixth a mechanic came to the lot, tested the car and repaired it so it would start."

"Do you know what the mechanic found to be wrong with the car?"

"I do. This part was missing from the distributor."

"This part?"

"Either this part or a part identical with it."

Carson said, "I will now ask that this rotating part be placed in evidence as People's Exhibit—whatever the next designation may be."

"I think it's Exhibit B-seven," Judge Bayton said.

"Very well. Let it be marked as Exhibit B-seven for identification."

"Now then, Lieutenant Tragg," Carson went on, turning once more to the witness, "you interrogated the defendant concerning her whereabouts on the evening of the fifth of this month?"

"I did."

"When did that interrogation take place?"

"On the seventh, after the defendant had been picked up by the police."

"Who was present at the time of that conversation?"

"I was, and Ralph Grave, a member of the police force."

"And were any inducements, threats or promises made to the defendant in order to get her to make a statement?"

"There were none."

"Was she advised as to her rights and the fact that she did not need to make a statement?"

"She was told that any statement she might make could be used against her. I asked her if she cared to explain where she had been on the night of the fifth and whether she had been with Loring Lamont."

"And what did the defendant say?"

"Briefly, she stated that she had tried to start her car in the parking lot, that it would not start, that Loring Lamont had come along and offered her a ride, that he had taken her to the rural lodge maintained by the Lamont Company, that there he had attempted to force his attentions upon her, that this came at a time when he had cooked up a supper of ham and eggs and she had baked biscuits, that she repulsed his advances and ran out of the cabin, down the road; that he had started to follow her in his automobile, so she had detoured to the side of the road and crawled through the barbed wire; that she had then realized he was following her tracks in the wet ground on the surface of the dirt road; that when he came to the place where she had crawled through the wire, he had stopped and left the car with the motor running while he crawled through the fence after her; that she had managed to double back, get through the fence, race down the road and had jumped into the car and taken off in his automobile before he could catch up with the car.

"She further said that she had driven the car back to town and then, feeling that she would add what she called a touch of sardonic humor to the situation, had deliberately parked it in front of a fireplug and had gone off and left it."

"Did she say what time this was?"

"She said she thought it was about eight-fifteen to eight-thirty."

"And she deliberately parked the car in front of the fireplug?"

"Directly in front of the fireplug."

"Had left the keys in it?"

"Yes."

"And she stated to you that the deceased had cooked ham and eggs?"

"That is right."

"Did she state that they had partaker of the ham and eggs?"

"She specifically stated that the altercation had taken place and she had run away prior to the time the ham and eggs were consumed."

"Did you," Carson asked, "make any attempt to verify certain aspects of this statement by physical examination of the evidence and any objects which might tend to furnish corroboration?"

"I did, yes, sir."

"What did you do and what did you find?"

"First we dusted Loring Lamont's car for fingerprints. We found two of the defendant's fingerprints on the back of the rearview mirror. We also searched the road trying to find tracks which would corroborate the statement made by the defendant."

"And what, if anything, did you find?"

"We found that there had been so much travel (*Continued on Page 114*)

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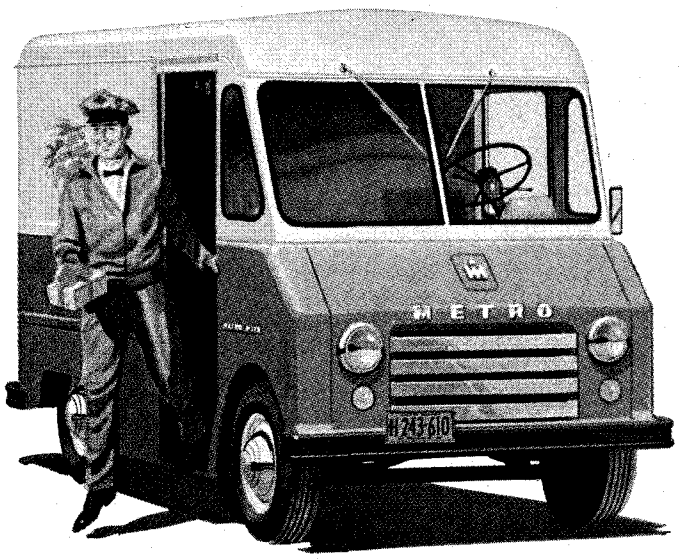

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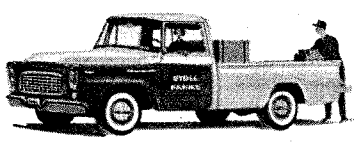

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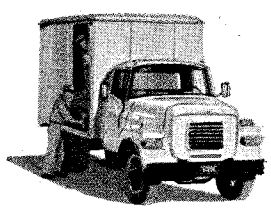

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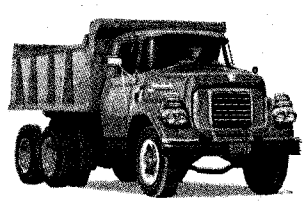

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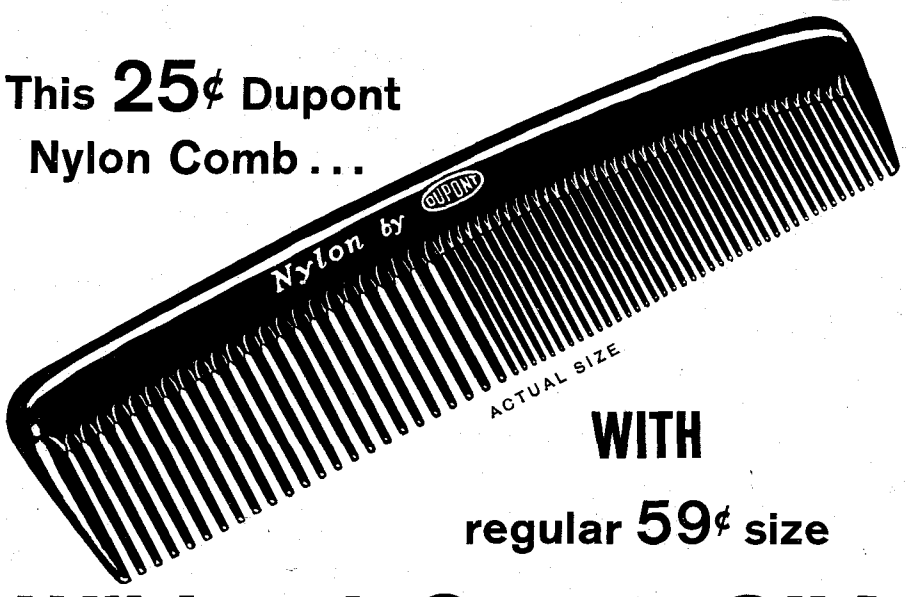

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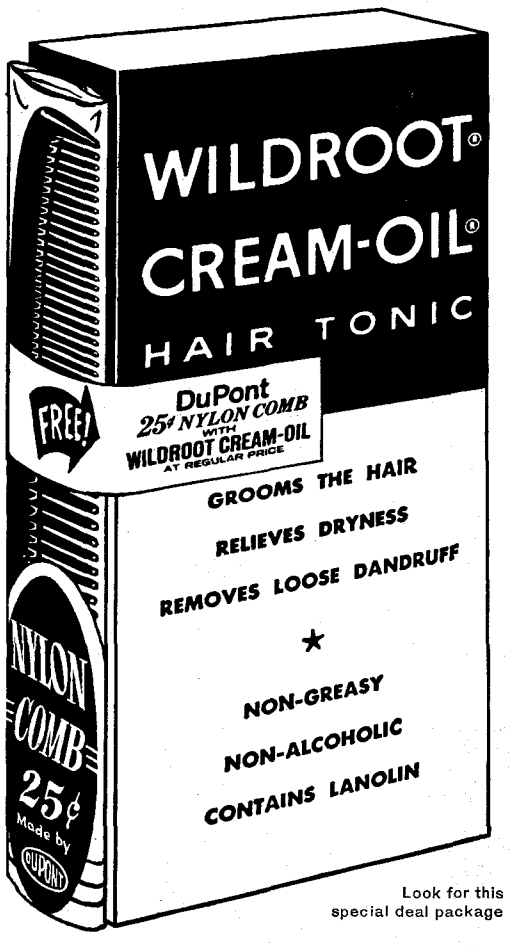

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"What tribe did you say you're from?"

(*Continued from Page 112*) over the dirt road that it was impossible to detect footprints on the road."

"That was on the road itself?"

"Yes, sir, that was on the road itself."

"Now, what about the place adjoining the road—the bank?"

Lieutenant Tragg squared his shoulders as though bracing himself for an attack. "We found," he said, choosing his words carefully, "where the defendant had planted evidence in an attempt to corroborate her story."

Judge Bayton looked up quickly, snapping to attention at the answer. He glanced at Perry Mason, then at Donald Carson, then at the witness.

"Is there any objection to that question or any motion to strike?" he asked, "on the ground the witness has testified to a conclusion?"

Mason said, "Rather than object I would like to cross-examine the witness on the point."

"You can't sit idly by and let extraneous matter be brought into a case, hoping to cross-examine," Judge Bayton said.

"I don't think it's extraneous," Mason said. "If the defendant did plant this evidence it's a very material and a very convincing fact."

"But the witness doesn't know she planted it," Judge Bayton snapped. "I think it's your duty to object and move to strike."

"If the Court please," Carson said, "I think the witness does know it. I think the circumstantial evidence on the point is damning. We would welcome cross-examination; both the witness and the prosecution would welcome it."

"Well, it isn't up to the Court to tell counsel how to try his case," Judge Bayton said. "The witness has certainly testified to a conclusion, however."

"A conclusion which I think this witness, by reason of his training as an expert and his peculiar aptitude in such matters, is quite competent to draw," Perry Mason said urbanely. "There is no objection by the defense."

Carson swung back to the question of the witness. "Just what did you find?"

"At first, and on the morning of the seventh, prior to the time we had questioned the defendant, we found where someone had cut a piece from the hem of the defendant's skirt. This piece had been cut with a knife. Then this fragment or segment had been taken out to the barbed-wire fence near the scene of the crime. Someone had impaled it on the barbed-wire fence in such a position that it would be certain to attract attention.

"We then found where some woman, wearing high-heeled shoes, had been lifted against the bank and had been lowered down the soft soil, leaving tracks made by high-heeled shoes in an apparent attempt to make it appear this person had slid through the lower wire of the fence."

"Are you prepared to state definitely, Lieutenant Tragg, that this person who had left those tracks did not slide through under the wire of the fence?"

"Definitely."

"And how can you tell that?"

"Because the ground was sufficiently soft back of the fence to have retained the imprint of heel tracks, and there were no tracks on the other side of the fence—that is, the side away from the road."

"Did you subsequently find the skirt from which that piece had been cut?"

"We did."

"Where?"

"It was one of the defendant's skirts and had been left temptingly displayed in her apartment where it would be virtually impossible to miss it."

"Do you have that skirt with you?"

"I do."

"Will you produce it, please?"

Tragg opened a briefcase and produced the skirt Madge Elwood had been wearing when she and Perry Mason visited the apartment of Arlene Ferris.

"You have the piece which was cut from the garment with you?"

"I have."

"Will you produce it, please?"

Tragg produced a torn piece.

"This triangular piece fits in the hem of the garment?"

"It does."

"Will you please demonstrate to the Court?"

Tragg spread the skirt out over his knee, took the triangular piece of cloth which Mason had cut from the garment and fitted it into place.

Judge Bayton, frowning, leaned over from the bench to study the piece of cloth

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and the skirt with the cut hem, then glanced ominously at Perry Mason.

"Please let the Court inspect that, lieutenant," he said.

Tragg spread the garment and the torn piece on the bench. Judge Bayton carefully fitted them together.

"We now ask the skirt and the fragment be introduced in evidence as People's Exhibits, appropriate numbers—B-eight for the skirt, B-nine for the fragment," Carson said.

Judge Bayton said, "Counsel is, of course, entitled to examine this witness on *voir dire* before the articles are introduced in evidence. Does counsel wish to do so?"

"Counsel does," Mason said.

"Very well. You may examine the witness on *voir dire*," Judge Bayton said.

Mason smiled at Lieutenant Tragg. "You have said that the evidence was designed to substantiate the story of the defendant?"

"There can be no other possible explanation," Tragg said crisply.

Mason smiled. "Then the attempt was rather clumsy, lieutenant. A person trying to substantiate a story of the defendant would, at least, have had the young woman who was leaving the tracks go on the other side of the fence and run along the soft ground."

"There may not have been time."

"And," Mason went on calmly, "you have stated that the skirt from which this fragment was cut was a skirt belonging to the defendant."

"It was her size and found in her apartment. I consider that sufficient evidence of ownership."

"Did you make any attempt to find where the defendant had purchased this skirt, lieutenant?"

"No."

"Did you make any attempt to find cleaning marks on the skirt? That is, the identification marks made by cleaners?"

"Yes. We found the code number on the skirt."

"Did you make any attempt to trace that cleaning mark?"

"Not yet."

"You are aware that different cleaners use different code marks and that those marks are sometimes stamped in indelible inks, sometimes in invisible ink which is only visible under ultraviolet light, and that it is possible to trace the ownership of a garment through these figures?"

"That is a technique which is used by the police many times a month."

"But you didn't use it in this case?"

"Not yet."

"Yet you have testified that this skirt is the property of the defendant?"

"On the evidence we have I still say it is hers. It is her size and it was found in the defendant's apartment."

"Now then," Mason said, "this little bit of cloth hanging from the barbed-wire fence attracted your attention, did it not?"

"It did."

"And caused you to study the tracks carefully?"

"That is right."

"And from that careful study you came to the conclusion that an attempt had been made to furnish what we might call a synthetic corroboration for the story of the defendant?"

Tragg said, "That question calls for my opinion. I will give that opinion. I believe the defendant killed Loring Lamont. There may have been extenuating circumstances, but rather than tell the truth about these circumstances the defendant decided to concoct a story about having been pursued through a barbed-wire fence and deliberately sought to plant evidence which would support her story."

"That's a conclusion of the witness," Judge Bayton pointed out.

"It's his opinion as an expert," Carson insisted. "The question called for it, and his answer was responsive."

"After all," Judge Bayton said, "this is all on *voir dire*, and defense counsel apparently has some plan in view, but the Court doesn't care to have its time taken up with opinions and conclusions regardless of whether there are objections. Let's get along with the case."

"Did this evidence cause you to make a further search of the premises in the vicinity of the place where this piece of cloth was found?" Mason asked.

Tragg hesitated a moment, then said, "Well, yes."

"And if it hadn't been for that piece of cloth there on the fence, it is quite probable that you wouldn't have searched the surrounding country?"

Tragg permitted himself a frosty smile. "Anything is possible, Mr. Mason."

"And did your search of the surrounding country disclose other evidence which did substantiate the defendant's story?"

"There were tracks," Lieutenant Tragg said, "but (*Continued on Page 120*)

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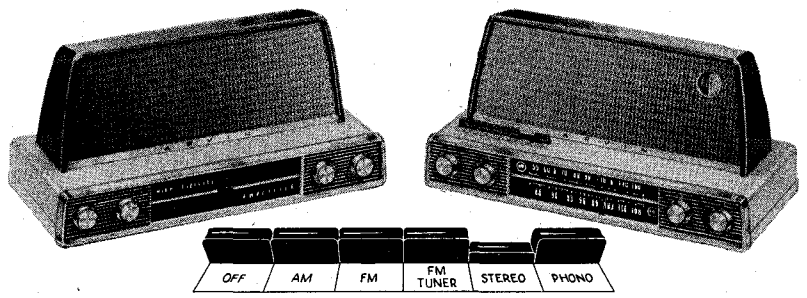

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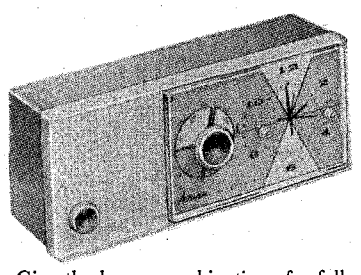

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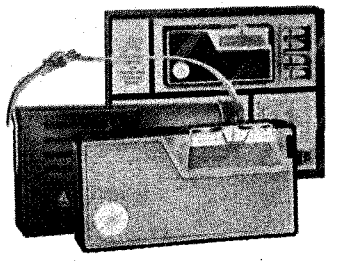

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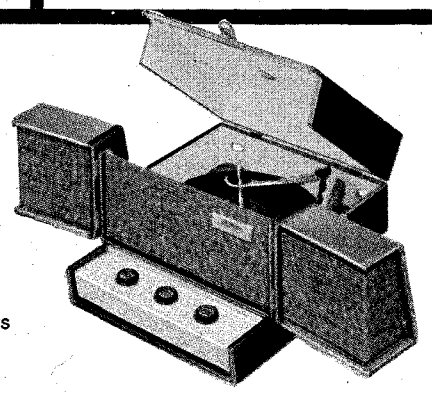

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*These are the shops** where the N·A·P·A Parade of Parts speeds up whatever repairs may be necessary on your car—because these are the shops that are on the receiving end of the nation's largest independent parts distributing network . . . reaching from manufacturers, to 45 N·A·P·A Warehouses—to 2700 N·A·P·A Jobbers—to countless thousands of service-repair shops.

No matter what the make, model or age of your car (or truck) . . . no matter what parts it may need . . . the N·A·P·A Jobber in your community can be relied on to supply them promptly so the shop will lose no time in getting to work on your job.

Look for the sign with the N·A·P·A Seal—the recognized symbol of fine quality and fast service—the same seal that marks the nationally advertised brands shown on the following pages in the N·A·P·A "Parade of Parts."

[* Thousands and thousands of service-repair establishments throughout the country are now displaying these signs, but it has been physically impossible as yet to supply thousands of other shops who work hand-in-hand with N·A·P·A Jobbers. If *your* favorite shop does not display this sign, ask if he uses products bearing the N·A·P·A Seal.]

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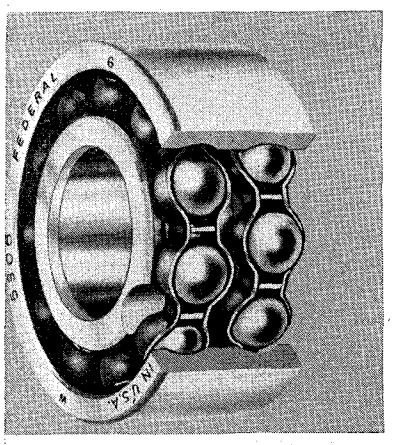
N·A·P·A "Parade of Parts"®



Federal Ball Bearings

safety, efficiency and smooth perform- of the car you drive depends on *reliable* bearings! That's why millions of cars, :s and tractors are factory-equipped with ral Ball Bearings—why so many service s keep 'em running with Federals.

HE FEDERAL BEARINGS CO., INC.
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

Last Longer

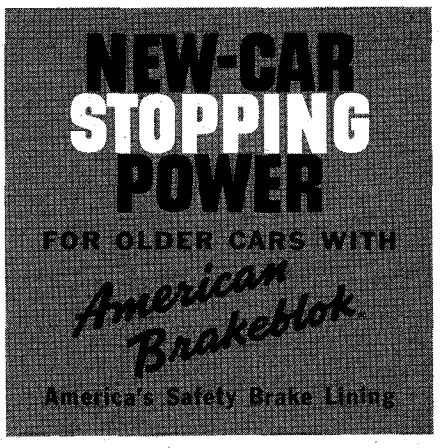
Because Soundmaster has more corrosion protection inside and outside.

DE KOVEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
RACINE, WISCONSIN

Precision Is the Key

The rigid demands of today's high-powered engines can't be compromised. Repairs require, above all, precision parts. So ask your repairman to use nationally-advertised Allied parts. Each meets the industry's highest standards for both materials and precision.

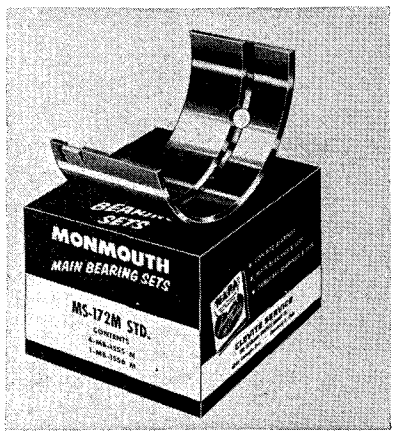
ALLIED AUTOMOTIVE PARTS COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA



Safer Stops—Longer

Get the lining specified for many new cars—frictioneered for power or standard brakes. Improve the stopping power of your car. American Brakeblok dealers know brakes and give you a better job. Stop in for a complete inspection soon!

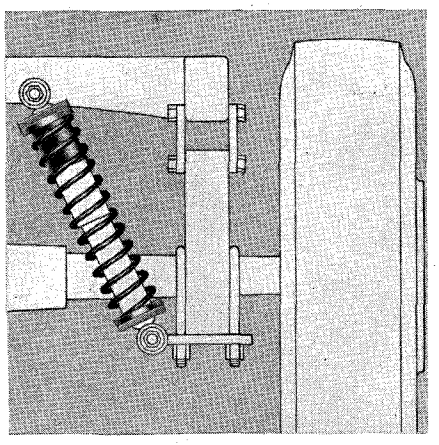
AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK DIVISION
BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN



onmouth Engine Bearings

trouble-free installation and maximum ormance, specify *Monmouth* Engine Bear- —original equipment in most makes of nes. Monmouth Bearings are preferred eplacement by all who seek the highest ity and the best service.

/ITE SERVICE DIV. • CLEVELAND 3, OHIO



Cure Spring Overloads

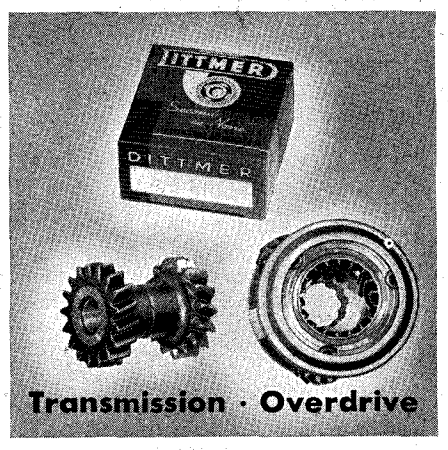
The economical, effective answer to rear end overload on your car is Balkamp Shock Springs. Installed over your present shocks, they maintain level ride, stop sway on curves. Can also be used on boat trailers and many pick-up trucks.

BALKAMP, INC.
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Get New Car Performance

No tune-up job is complete unless your Contacts, Condenser, Coil, Distributor Cap, Rotor and Voltage Regulator are thoroughly checked and replaced when needed. Insist on the best, ask for ECHLIN.

ECHLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
BRANFORD, CONNECTICUT



Making Fine Gears Since 1919

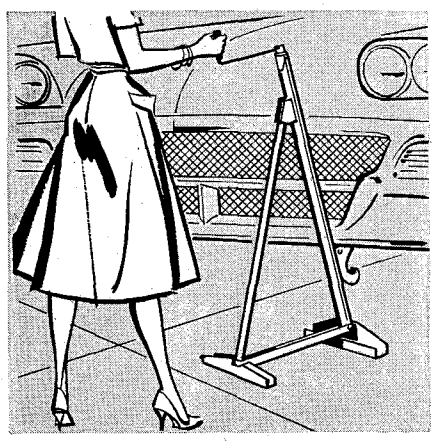
Whether for car or truck, your repairman is supplied by his N·A·P·A Jobber with the most complete line of standard transmission and overdrive parts in the replacement field. His Dittmer Gears, Shafts and Overdrive Parts are truly "Second to None."

DITTMER GEAR DIVISION • AUBURN, INDIANA

fe Brakes Avoid Heartbreaks

w safe is your car? Surveys prove that in ut of 4 cars brake fluid level is below safe its. Don't risk brake failure. Check brake d level when you check your oil. Insist on ety by demanding PURITAN Super 60 Brake id.

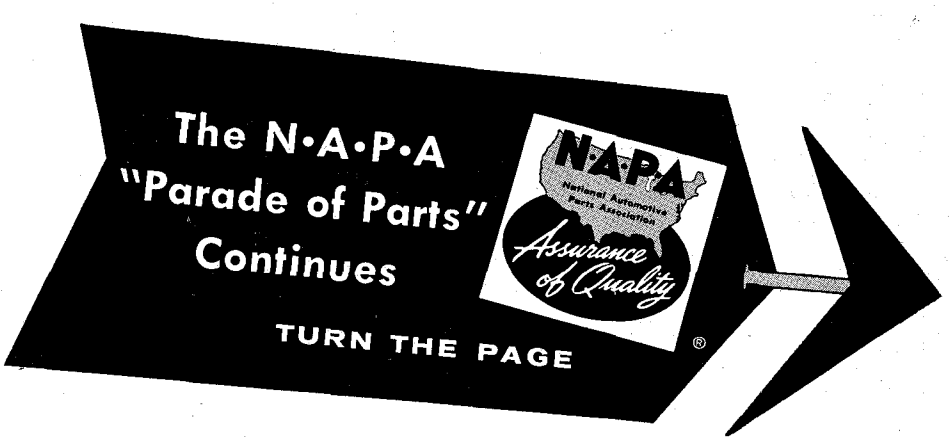
N MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION
BALTIMORE 3, MARYLAND



Fleet Bipod Bumper Jacks

It's nice to have a man around when a tire needs changing. But it's even better to have a FLEET Bipod Bumper Jack. It's so easy to use and it's absolutely safe . . . it never lets you down! Folds up compactly after use.

EDGEWATER AUTOMOTIVE DIVISION
ST. JOSEPH, MICHIGAN



National Automotive Parts Association, Chicago, in behalf of the thousands of independent

N·A·P·A JOBBERS

who supply the automotive repair trade from coast-to-coast with these—and many other—nationally advertised brands of quality automotive parts and supplies.

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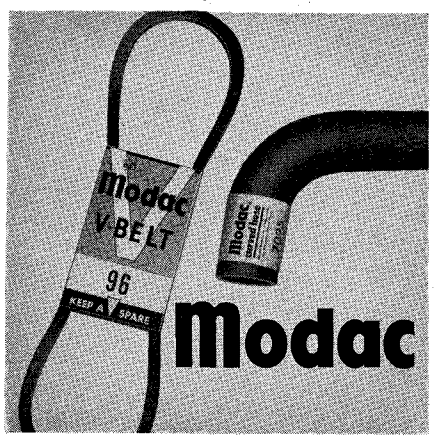
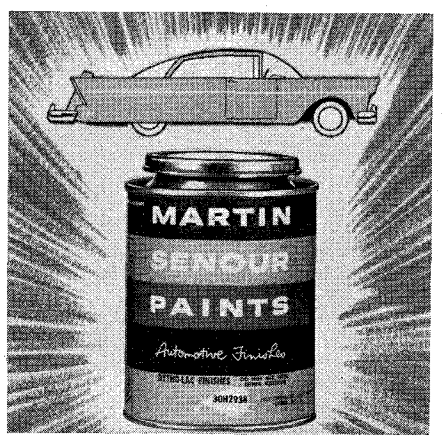
N·A·P·A "Parade"



Modac V-Belts & Hoses

You get top protection against costly, annoying breakdowns when you have Modac V-Belts and Hoses on your car . . . they are made of finest materials that insure long, dependable service . . . are custom-engineered to fit your car perfectly. Get the best . . . insist on Modac V-Belts and Hoses.

NATIONAL PRODUCTS, INC. • DENVER, COLO.



Perfect Spot Repair

with Martin Senour's New Versatile Acrylic

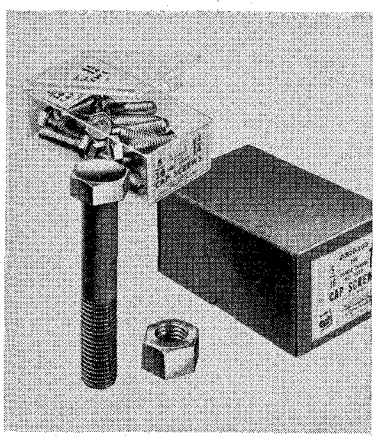
- All 1960 colors now available.
- Maximum color retention, lasts years without fading.
- Dries rapidly to a high gloss with deep color beauty.
- Blends uniformly with original finishes.

MARTIN SENOUR, 2500 SOUTH SENOUR AVENUE CHICAGO 8, ILLINOIS

MicroTest Timing Gears

For maximum performance for Heavy Duty Engine overhauls, Timing Gears should be replaced in SETS, as skilled mechanics will tell you. Ask your repairman to install MicroTest Gear Sets with Factory Preset BACKLASH.

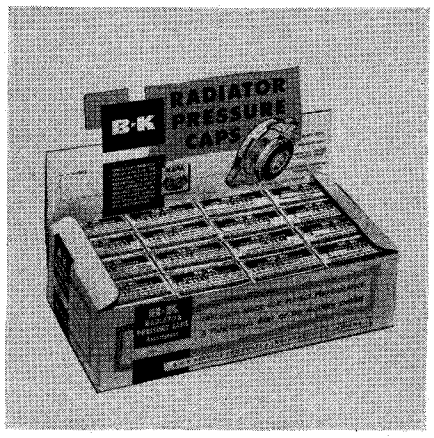
MICROTEST TIMING GEARS CLEVELAND, OHIO



STRONG—SAFE—SECUR FASTENERS BY "ROCKFO

- Precision Built For Depend Repairs.
- Quality Controlled For Dri Safely.

ROCKFORD SCREW PRODUCTS COM 2501 9TH STREET • ROCKFORD, ILLI



B★K Pressure Caps

Don't gamble your anti-freeze in a radiator sealed by a worn-out pressure cap. Be sure your repairman checks cap condition as he winterizes your car, putting in a reliable new B★K Pressure Cap if replacement is needed.

B★K SERVICE PRODUCTS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

BRIGGS for smooth winter riding

Smile at the miles on rough winter roads. Eliminate bounce and sway when you hit ruts and bumps with Briggs Imperial Adjustable Shock Absorbers. Enjoy the comfort, safety of this "million dollar ride." Replace worn shocks every 20,000 miles. Ask your service station or garageman for a free inspection!

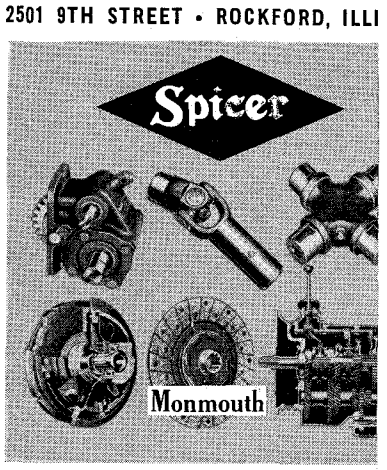
THE BRIGGS SHOCK ABSORBER COMPANY CLEVELAND, OHIO

Safe—Sure—Wires and Cables

for

. . . STARTING
. . . LIGHTING
. . . IGNITION

BELDEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Dana Products

Just as practically all vehicle makers de on DANA-made Products, you can de on Spicer and "Mechanics-Type" Univ Joint Kits; Spicer Transmissions; S Power Take-Offs and Joints, and Monm Clutch Plates.

DANA CORPORATION • TOLEDO 1, O

For Safety—For Service

New bright yellow, red and blue cartons. Same high-quality United parts. Whether it's master cylinder assemblies or wheel cylinder assemblies, or power brake kits—United means quality. To replace your brake parts, your repairman can get United parts from his N·A·P·A Jobber.

UNITED PARTS MANUFACTURING COMPANY CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

MAC'S-IT KIT

. . . consists of a pint of cleaner and a 4 oz. can of tough durable glaze that will protect your car's finish from scratches and weather oxidation for over a year . . . Try it and you too will say—"DON'T WAX IT, MAC'S IT!"

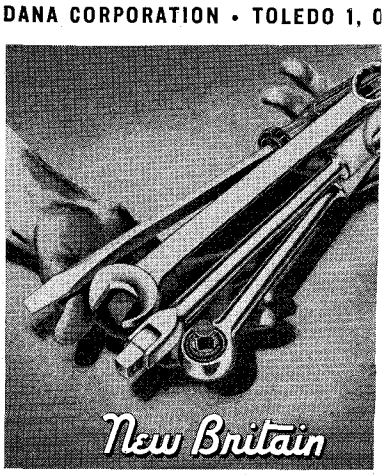
MAC'S SUPER GLOSS CO., INC. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

WEATHERHEAD

THE QUALITY LINE

Most repairmen choose Weatherhead hose and brass fittings for replacement. It's the quality line. Used as original equipment. Includes power steering, fuel and brake hose assemblies; valves; dash controls; brass fittings.

THE WEATHERHEAD COMPANY FORT WAYNE, INDIANA



Famous Hand Tools

The professional Tools Mechanics ch for Automotive, Aircraft and Indus repairs and services.

THE NEW BRITAIN MACHINE COMP NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

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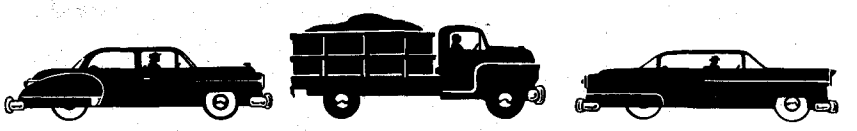
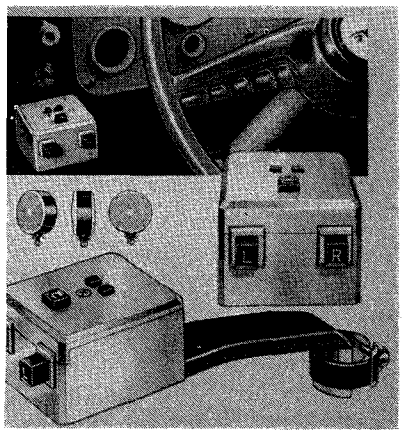


***nationally advertised brands for* CARS, TRUCKS, TRACTORS • ALL MAKES • ALL AGES!**

Don't Gamble

ır car's safe steering and handling depend he condition of these chassis parts. When acements are needed, insist on a brand ıe you *know* . . . Allied. You can put your ı in the rigid standards every Allied part ıt meet to carry you safely.

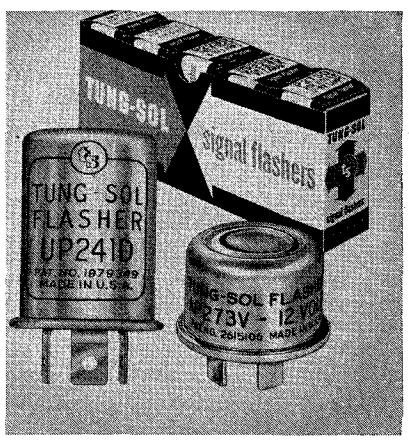
IED AUTOMOTIVE PARTS COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA



w Type Switch Gains Acceptance

all's 628 Push Button Switch proves itself ɔerformance and efficiency. Operates turn ıals, provides four-way flashing and stop ıt control. Dash or steering column mount- . Lifetime guarantee against signal switch uble. For use with Visall's Class A and ıpetitive turn signals.

VEHICLE PRODUCTS COMPANY
CINCINNATI, OHIO



TUNG-SOL® Flashers

ıe heart of your direction-signal system is ɔ flasher—a special automatic switch pio- ered by Tung-Sol. Tung-Sol flashers have en selected by every auto, truck and bus ınufacturer for installation on new vehicles. hen your flasher needs replacements, for fety's sake, be sure it's a Tung-Sol.

TUNG-SOL ELECTRIC INC.
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Trico Wiper Blades

Off goes the rain! Off goes the grimy film! No more blur. No more smear. You'll see a big difference when you snap new TRICO Wiper Blades on your windshield—For safe driving vision, replace your blades once each year.

TRICO PRODUCTS CORPORATION
BUFFALO 3, N. Y.

Choice of Car Factory Engineers

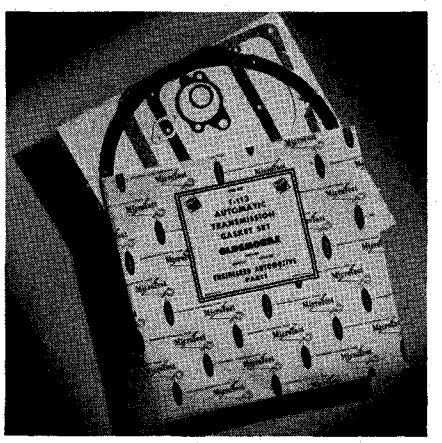
Thermostats are vital to efficient, economical engine performance in summer, and quick heating in winter. The advantage which Thomson "HP" Thermostats give in modern *pressurized* cooling systems, is confirmed by most car-factory engineers. *Thomson leads in thermostats for all systems.*

STANDARD-THOMSON CORPORATION
WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

Look for This Sign

This
Soundmaster sign is your best guide
to expert
exhaust system service.

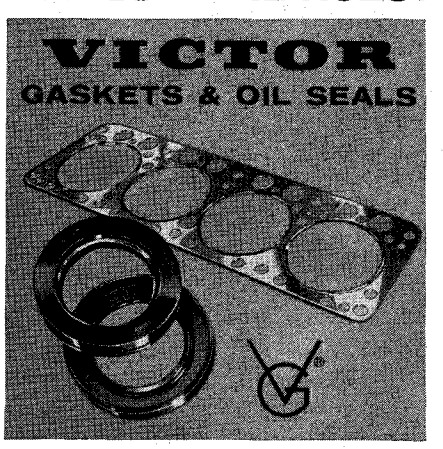
DE KOVEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
RACINE, WISCONSIN



MicroTest Transmission Parts

Automatic transmissions sometimes need only adjustment. But if new parts are needed, your repairman's N•A•P•A Jobber can supply them, no matter what make you drive—because Micro-Test is the industry's most complete line of genuine quality automatic transmission parts.

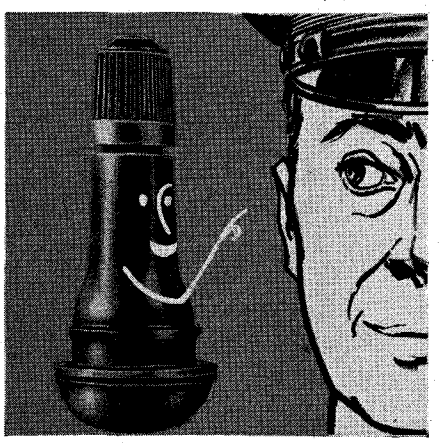
MICROTEST GEAR CO. • INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



You're Right with VICTOR

Use Victor gaskets and oil seals and you're always assured of the right replacement part . . . the right fit . . . and the right performance. That's why most service shops prefer Victor sealing. It's the leading original equipment brand for cars, trucks, tractors.

VICTOR MANUFACTURING & GASKET CO.
P. O. BOX 1333 CHICAGO 90, ILLINOIS



YOUR TIRES' BEST FRIEND

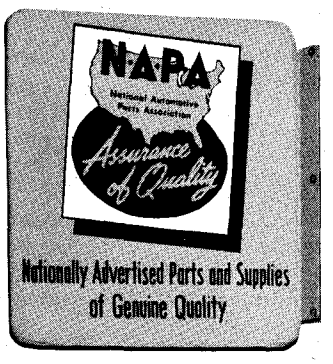
Bridgeport Tire Valves

Built to meet tire manufacturers' rigid original equipment standards, Bridgeport valves mean more wear for your tires, more safety for you.

Remember: the best tire valves come from Bridgeport.

BRIDGEPORT BRASS COMPANY
BRIDGEPORT 2, CONNECTICUT

Look for this sign—
the recognized symbol of
Genuine Quality and Prompt Service
on parts, supplies and equipment
for cars of *all makes, models, ages.*



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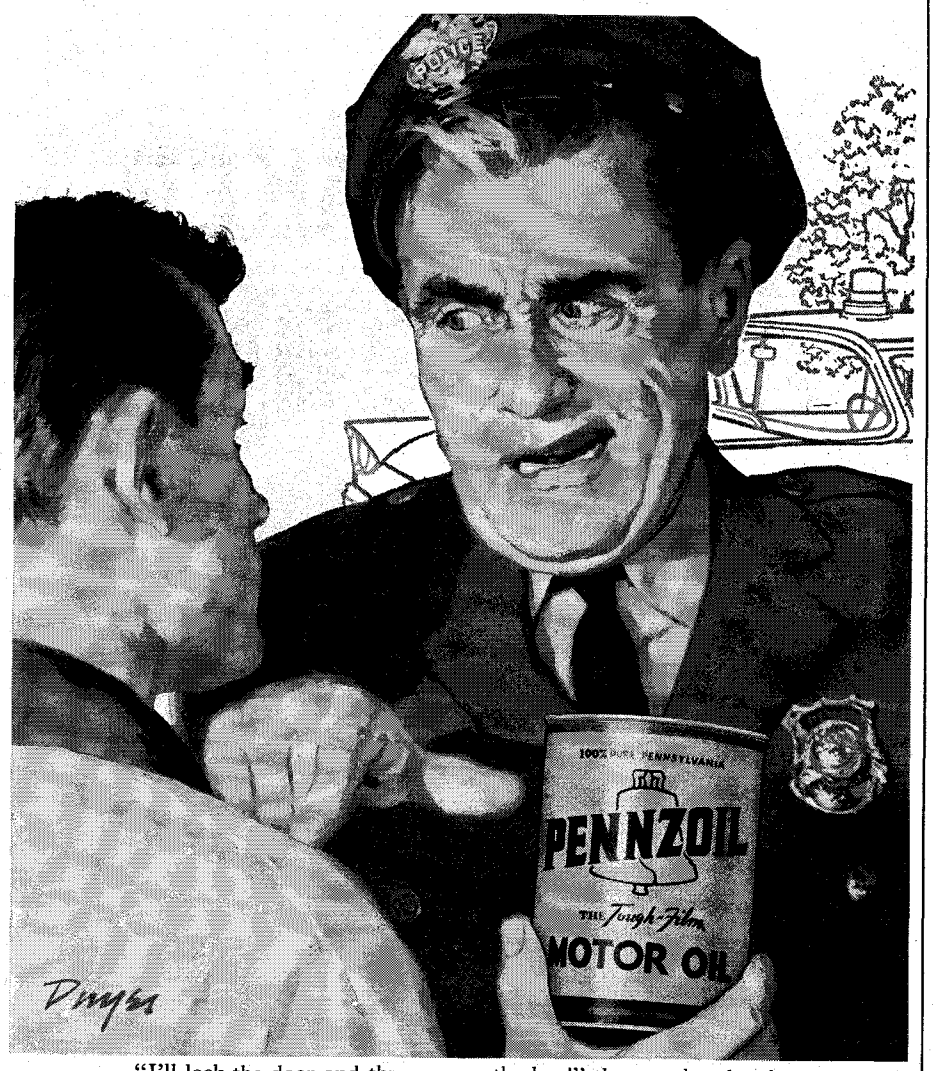

"I'll lock the door and throw away the key!" the cop thundered.

The day the cop accused the wrong culprit

by Stony Jackson

Cop:
My car was a crook, Mister! But now I know how to keep it legit. And if you don't give me what I ask for, I'll slap the cuffs on you for aiding and abetting a criminal!

Attendant:
Easy, Officer. How do you know your car was guilty?

Cop:
Look at the facts. My car committed a felony every time I drove it. The engine robbed power . . . stole mileage . . . snatched my money for tune-ups! Until I put the finger on it and switched to Pennzoil with Z-7! Like we use in our patrol cars.

Attendant:
Right, Officer. That *other* oil was your culprit! Pennzoil will keep your engine running smooth and trouble-free. Because it *cleans* as it lubricates. *It's all you need to know about engines* . . . to put more power under your hood—extra miles into your gas tank.

Cop:
I know! Pennzoil with Z-7 is the clue to top engine performance *all* the time.

Author's Note:
Pennzoil is The Tough-Film® motor oil, especially refined from 100% pure Pennsylvania-grade crude, the highest quality oil for engines ever discovered. And the makers of Pennzoil are the largest producers of this oil in the world. No other motor oil will protect engines so well. So *ask* for Pennzoil by *name*, wherever you go.

This is all you need to know about engine care.

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication
Find Your Nearest Dealer In The Yellow Pages
MEMBER PENN. GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSN., PERMIT NO. 2, OIL CITY, PA.

(*Continued from Page 115*) these tracks were all a part of fabricated evidence."

"How do you know?"

"The ground was in two general classifications, or perhaps I should say three. First, there was the surface of the road. This was a dirt road which showed tracks which were pretty well obliterated by the rain which came afterward, and which definitely were not visible on the sixth or the seventh. The second class of soil was the soft soil on the side of the road. That soil remained soft for some time. The same was true of the bank leading down to the westerly side of the road. On the other side of the fence, on the west of the road, we came to a third classification of soil. This was soil covered with grass and other vegetation, and the ordinary footprint would not have been visible here. However, marks made by high heels were visible here and there. We did find some marks made by high heels, but there was not enough of a pattern to enable us to make an accurate interpretation of the tracks; but we knew the whole evidence had been fabricated because the closest heel prints on the other side of the fence were found twenty-seven feet from the place where the piece of cloth was discovered."

"These tracks would have gone unnoticed if it hadn't been for the cloth on the fence?"

"As to that I can't say."

Mason turned to the deputy district attorney. "Do you wish to introduce this garment in evidence?"

Carson said, "I want the garment introduced in evidence."

"Then I am going to insist that the cleaning mark be traced," Mason said. "There is no evidence of ownership other than that the skirt was found in the defendant's apartment. Any evidence of ownership so far is a mere conclusion of the witness."

"There is plenty of circumstantial evidence of ownership," Carson said. "It was found in the defendant's apartment. It is her size. It was used in a hurried and futile attempt to substantiate a fabricated story."

Judge Bayton said, "Under the circumstances, the garment will be marked for identification only at this time. We will wait to admit it until the ownership has been proven. That concludes Mr. Mason's *voir dire* examination, and you may continue with your direct examination of this witness, Mr. Prosecutor."

Carson turned to Tragg, "Did you find any physical evidence which negatived the defendant's story?"

"Lots of it," Lieutenant Tragg said dryly.

"Will you please tell the Court what it was?"

"In the first place, the shoes worn by the decedent had not been worn on a muddy road. They were entirely free from mud. The trousers worn by the decedent had not been out in any wet brush. The clothes worn by the decedent did not have any mud on them, as would have been the case if he had slid under a barbed-wire fence. The dinner of ham and eggs which the defendant stated had not been touched had actually been eaten."

Carson turned triumphantly to Mason. "You may cross-examine."

Mason frowned thoughtfully. "You examined the shoes worn by the decedent?"

"We did."

"And found no traces of mud?"

"None whatever."

"The cuffs of the trousers?"

"No traces of mud, no indications that they had been in any wet vegetation. If the decedent had been running around through the grass on the other side of the fence, or if he had been splashing around through the mud on the road, his garments would have so indicated. There would have been unmistakable traces of soil and mud on the shoes, and the lower part of the trousers would have shown signs of having been soaked."

"Directing your attention to the apartment of the defendant," Mason said, "did you find underwear which was stained with mud?"

"We did."

"Did you make an attempt to find out whether that soil was the same as that in the vicinity of the Chatsworth cabin?"

"We did not."

"May I ask why?"

"We considered the garments a plant, just the same as the torn skirt which we found."

"It is always dangerous," Mason said, "to jump to conclusions, lieutenant. I suggest that the police endeavor to check the stained garments with the soil at the scene of the crime. I have no further questions."

"Are there any further questions?" Judge Bayton asked Carson.

"I have a further question of Lieutenant Tragg, in view of the situation which has developed."

"Very well, go ahead."

Carson turned to Lieutenant Tragg. "Did you mark for identification the shoes and trousers which the decedent was wearing?"

"I did."

"And do you have those garments with you?"

"They are available. It would take me a few moments to get them."

"Could you have them here within ten minutes?"

"I'm quite sure I could."

"May we ask the Court for a ten-minute recess," Carson asked, "in order to get these garments here?"

"Very well," Judge Bayton said. "We will take a ten-minute recess. However, it would certainly seem that the prosecution should have anticipated the necessity for introducing these garments. The Court will take this ten-minute recess, but that will be the last indulgence which will be given. If there are any other items of evidence which the prosecution wishes to introduce, be sure that they are here, Mr. Prosecutor."

Judge Bayton arose and walked into his chambers.

Mason turned to Arlene Ferris. "Look here, Arlene," he said. "I'm going to be brutally frank with you. The most expensive luxury that you can indulge in is that of lying to your lawyer."

She nodded.

"If you have lied to me," Mason went on, "you're in a mess and I don't think I can get you out. But in any event, if you have lied, I want to know it now."

"I've told you the absolute truth, Mr. Mason."

Mason shook his head. "If they produce those shoes and those trousers, and the shoes don't show mud stains, the bottom of the trouser legs don't show indications of having been wet, as would be the case where a person ran through wet brush, you're either going to prison for life or to the gas chamber."

TO BE CONTINUED

In dressing, the first thing a woman can wear out is her husband.

FRANK F. MCINNIS

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Stop at the sign of
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B.F. Goodrich Trailmakers walk sure-footed up steep, snow-clogged grades, start and stop you quicker on icy streets. No other winter tread is wider than Trailmaker's oversize tread. That's Smileage! And Trailmakers run so quietly you'll have to remind yourself to take them off next spring. That's Smileage, too. Trailmakers now cost no more than the tires that come on new cars. Get two Trailmakers for $2 down at your B.F.Goodrich Smileage dealer's. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. The B.F.Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

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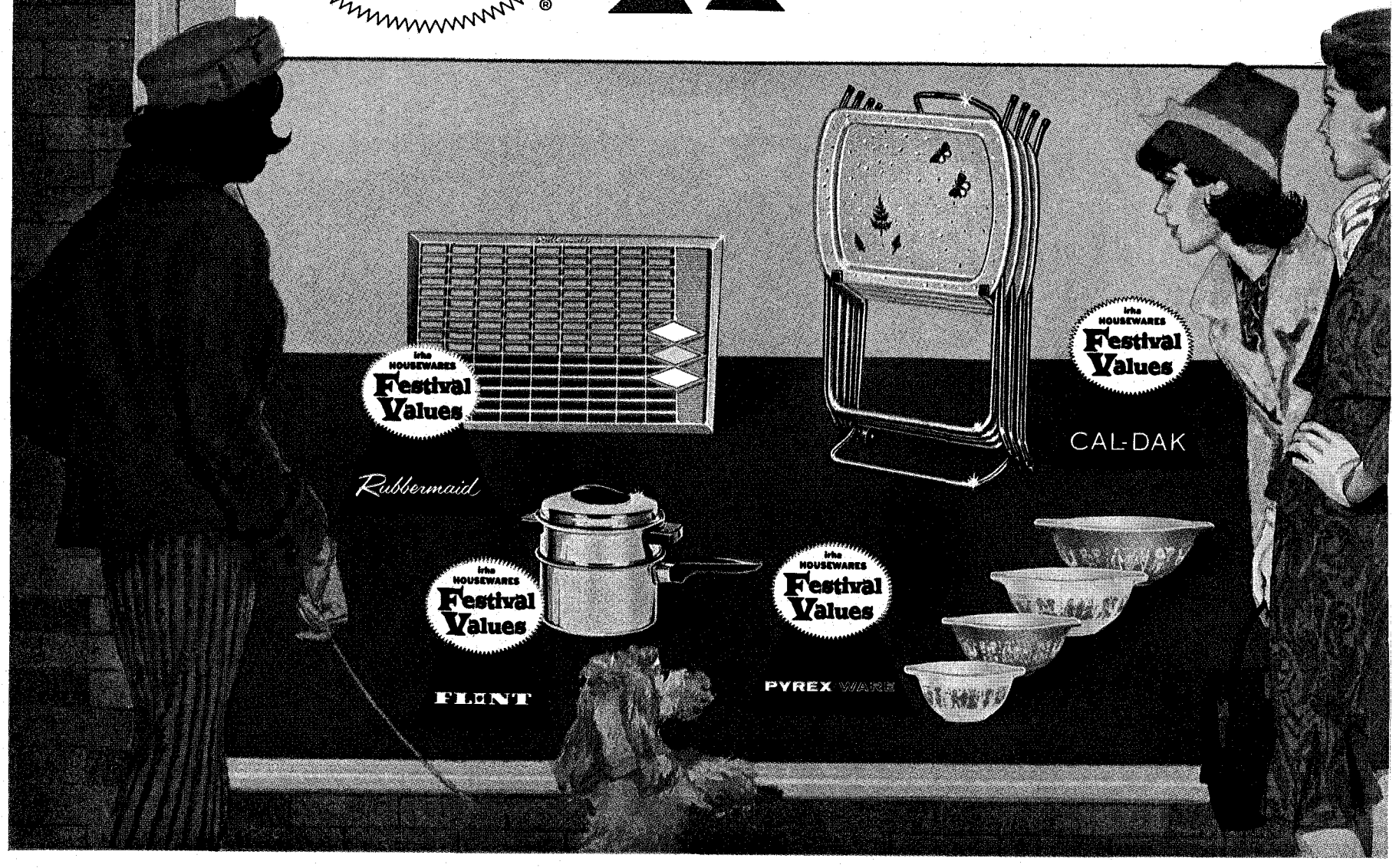

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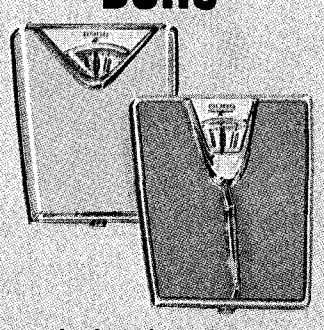

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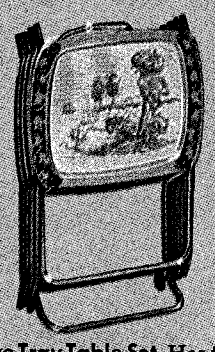

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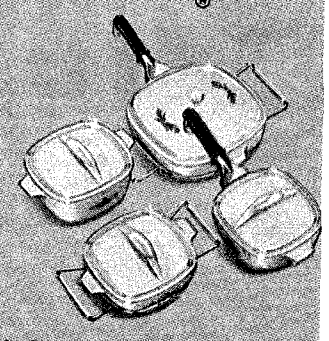

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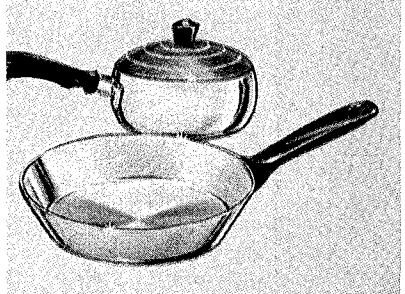

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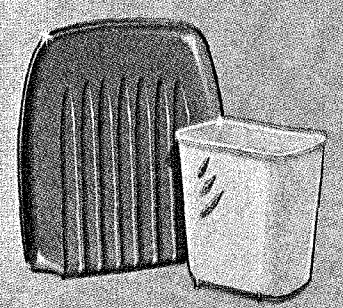

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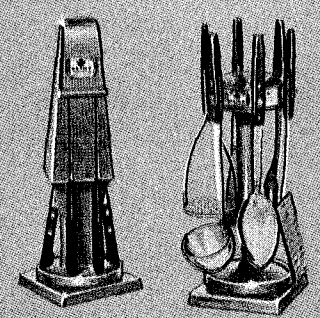

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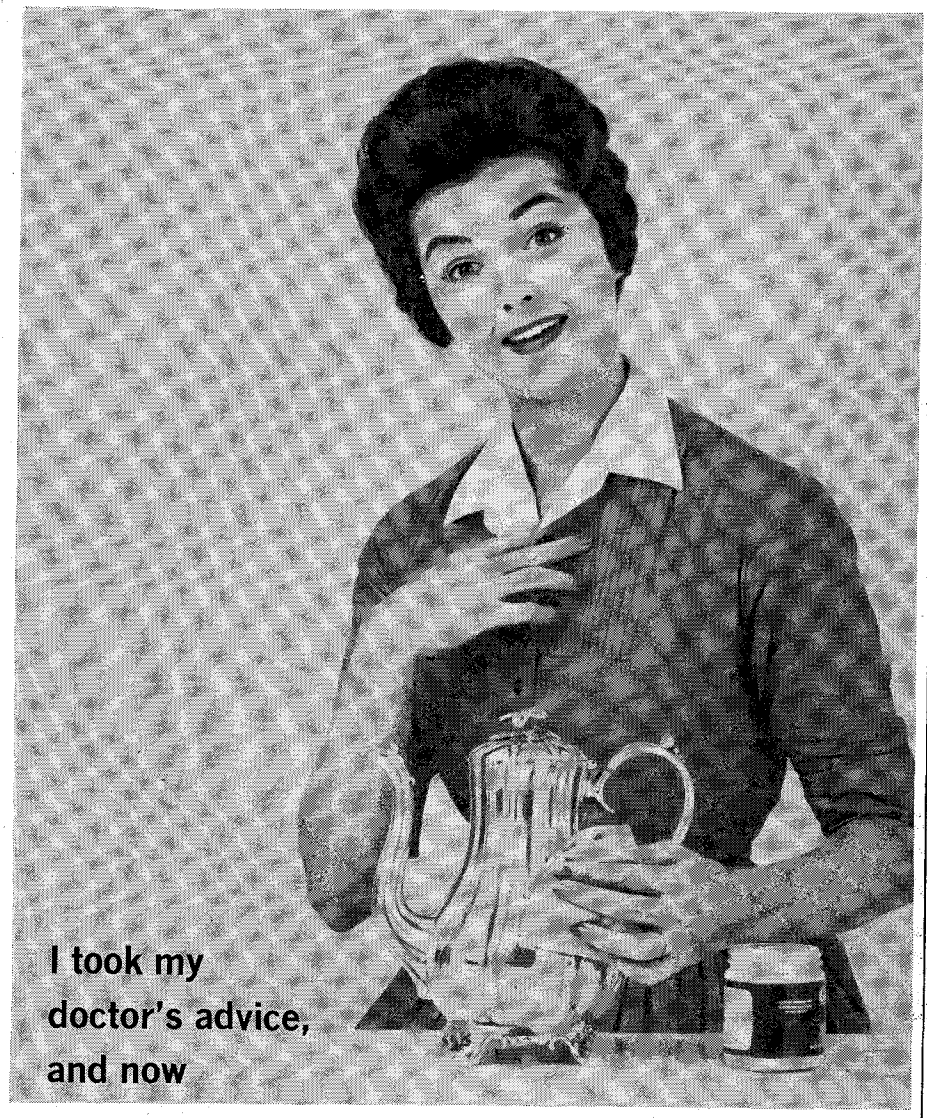

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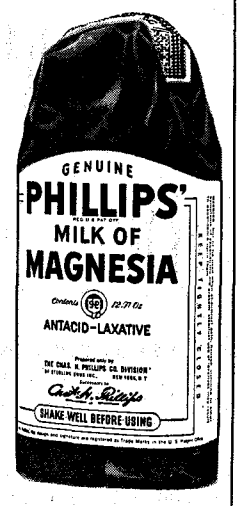

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PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

Engineers Don't Fight

(Continued from Page 29)

thinking. *He doesn't know replacement depots. Five will get you ten he's still here eating his heart out two months from now. Time to do your good turn for the day, Girl Scout Barnes.* Aloud, she said, "I'm Cindy Barnes. Come on, lieutenant, I'll buy you a cup of Java."

She led him away and sat him on a stool, ignoring the outraged looks Gert sent in her direction. As she drew coffee from the urn, she scowled thoughtfully. *And just why are you showing this character special attention, Barnes?* she wondered. *In violation of all of the rules, yet? It must be the mother instinct in you.* The coffee mug, she noted, was lost in Bunny's big paw as he took it.

"Thank you, ma'am," Bunny said in a polite voice.

"Stop calling me ma'am," Cindy said crossly, not finding a satisfactory answer to her own question. "Have you got a name?"

Bunny's ears got red. "Uh—it's Second Lieutenant Charles Preston Flagg Junior, ma'am."

Cindy rolled her eyes upward and shrugged helplessly. She should, she thought bitterly, just toss the overgrown child back into the street again. Still, there was something. . . . "You're an engineer, I take it," she said, eying the familiar insigne that he wore as she tried again. "That's nice."

"Our family has always served in the engineers," Bunny told her, his ears getting redder. "It's a tradition, sort of."

That was true enough. Bunny's grandfather had served as an engineer with Fighting Joe Wheeler's dismounted cavalry in Cuba. At Las Guásimas, it had been he who had volunteered to climb a tree on the top of a hill and spy out the Spanish positions. Grandpa Flagg maintained that it was jealousy on the part of the cavalry that led them to circulate the story later that the message he had wigwagged back from the treetop was: "I think that the enemy is firing on you." Such a message would have been superfluous, he claimed, since a half dozen of the sweating troopers had already gotten themselves knocked off by fire that had pinned them down for the past two hours.

Bunny's father, a vigorous and positive-speaking man, had commanded an engineer company in World War I and liked to recall the time when he and his men had bridged a stream under fire. The fact that it had turned out to be the wrong stream never bothered him. The decision as to where the bridge went was up to others, he insisted: the engineers built the darned thing—that was enough. It was axiomatic, in his opinion, that engineers stuck to their own line—which was to build bridges and repair roads and such—and didn't go helling off all over the lot getting mixed up in things none of their affair.

Cindy gave Bunny a more friendly look. "Tradition, eh?" she asked. "And naturally you want to get up to the front to fight."

"Engineers build bridges," Bunny told her, remembering what his old man had taught him. "They don't fight."

Cindy's eyes got dangerous. "The hell they don't!" she snapped. The last word she'd had from her father was that he and his battalion were getting ready to jump off through the Huertgen Forest. "Good night, lieutenant! It's time I got back to my job!"

The next night Bunny was back again, looking more lost than ever. Cindy let him hang around. It was the mother instinct, she explained to Gert, who snorted and looked skeptical. By the end of the week it was apparent that Bunny had had it. Bad. . . .

"Doggone it," Cindy said, as she and Gert got ready for bed, "he wouldn't be a bad guy if I could knock some of those fool ideas out of his head that he's picked up from his old man."

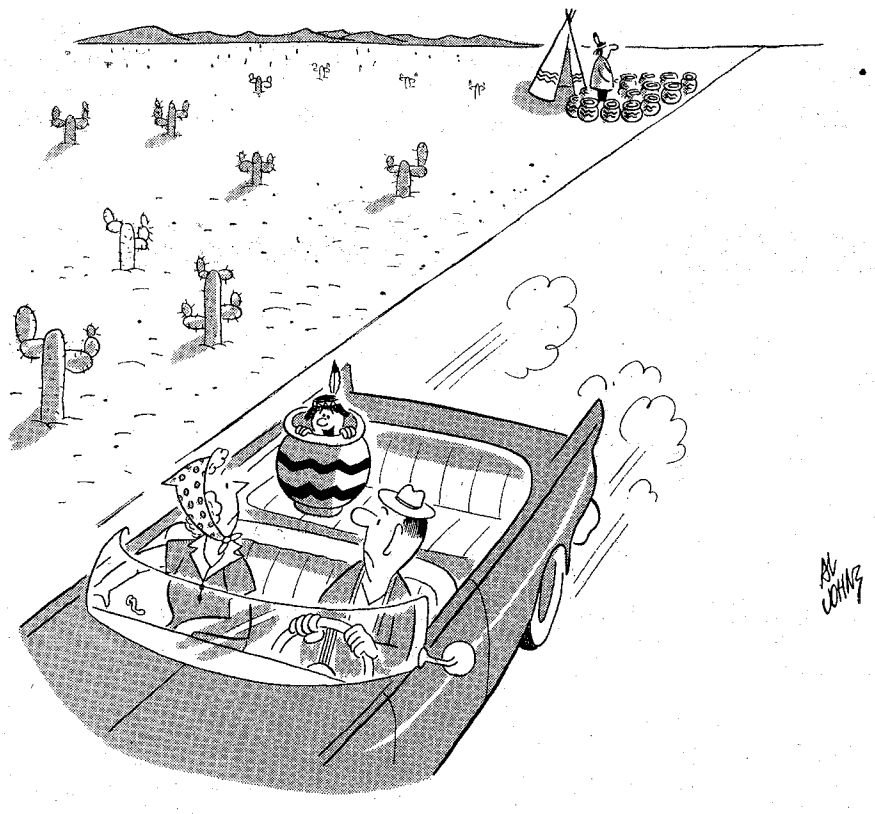
"Kind of like him, huh?" Gert asked, leering.

"Maybe," Cindy said.

"I hear tell *your* old man is a tough cookie," Gert mentioned, a shade too casually. "Real tough, huh?"

"Like rhinoceros hide," Cindy agreed. "Why?"

"If it was me," Gert said, "I'd send this Preston Flagg (*Continued on Page 126*)



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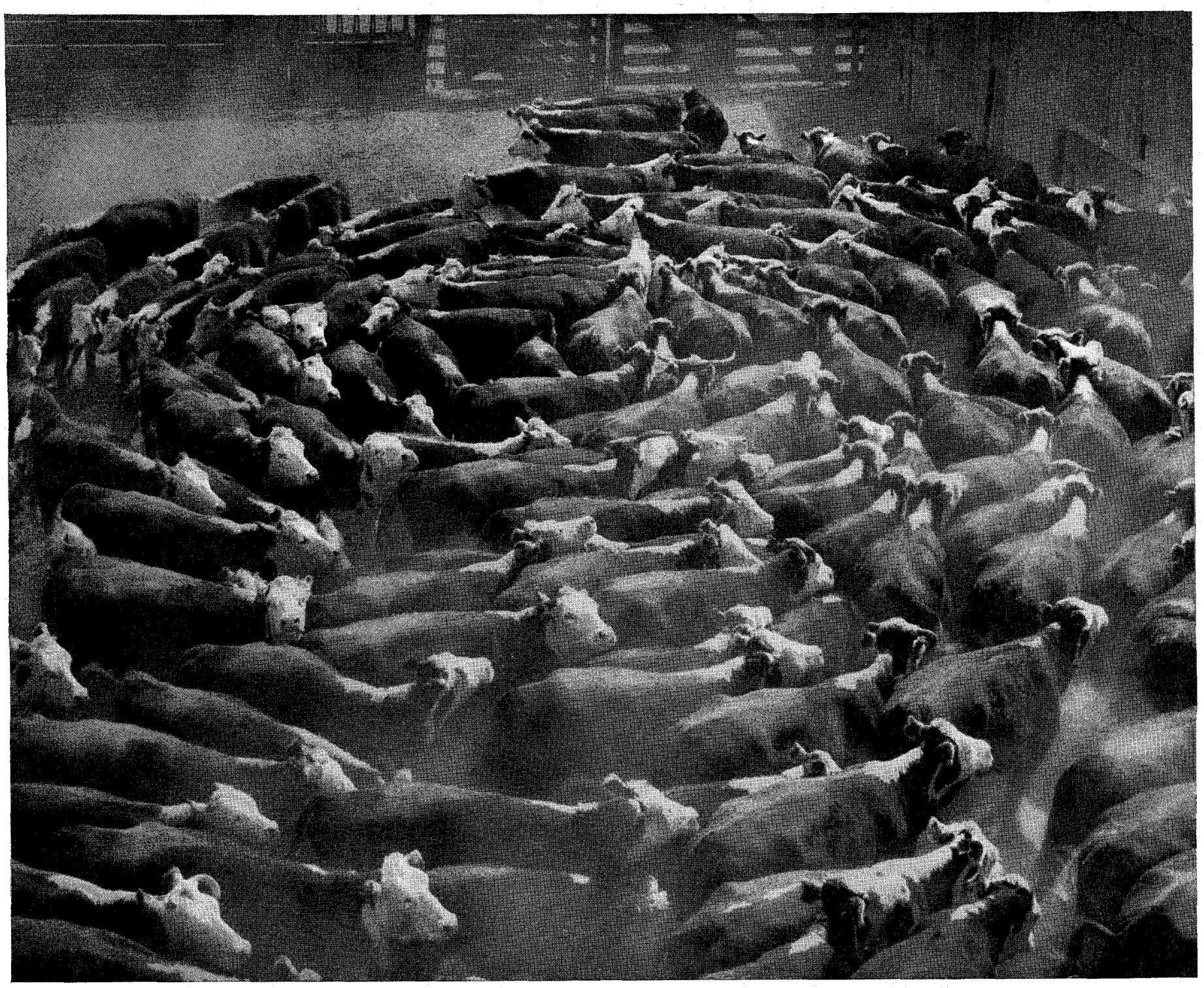

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(*Continued from Page 124*) Junior character up to join your old man's battalion. Chances are that the boy would get himself a liberal education in a hurry."

"And just how do I go about sending anybody anywhere in the Army?" Cindy wanted to know crossly. "Don't be silly!"

"I got a W.A.C. friend in Personnel at G.H.Q.," Gert said blandly. "You remember that Q.M. captain—the wolf-type one who used to give me a bad time a couple of months ago?"

"I remember," Cindy said, suddenly interested. "Come to think of it, I haven't seen him around lately."

"You'd need a spyglass," Gert said succinctly. "He's counting beans in some pesthole in India. See what I mean?"

Bunny came in to say good-by two evenings later, and Cindy felt a twinge of conscience as she saw the bright enthusiasm in his high, square face. *Dog-gone it, it's for his own good,* she told herself defensively. *He's got to grow up sometime.*

"I've got orders to report to the Umpteenth Combat Battalion at Odendorf," he explained with pride. "I'm just lucky, I guess, to get out of the pool so soon. Would you take a little walk with me, Cindy? Gert can handle things here. . . ."

They went out into a chill dusk where a drizzle of rain fell; presently they found a niche where they were sheltered a little from the wind. Bunny stopped and without warning pulled Cindy to him and kissed her soundly—she wouldn't have been more startled had a grenade gone off behind her. For a shy guy, she considered when she got her breath back, that was a pretty solid buss. It had sent enough shivers through her to make her wonder if, after all, she'd been very smart in springing Bunny from the replacement depot before his appointed time.

He released her and she stepped back, conscious that her heart was beating too fast and thinking that this was a lovely night in spite of the rain. It took her a moment to find her voice. "Well," she said then, mainly because she couldn't think of anything better to say, "I must say that you do *that* pretty competently, lieutenant. Is it supposed to mean something, perhaps?"

"I wanted you to remember me, Cindy," Bunny explained in a solemn voice. "Maybe I'm going up to the front tomorrow, but I'll be back someday. Will you wait for me?"

"You talk like a confounded regulation," Cindy said, but a certain tenderness had come into her voice. "All right, you big lug! When you come back, I'll still be here."

Bunny took her back to the canteen; at the door he gave her a stiff salute, wheeled and was gone into the drizzle, while Cindy looked thoughtfully after him. That night she penned a short note to her father, Old Iron Britches Barnes, at Odendorf, and gave it to an officer she knew who was going up to the division to which the Umpteenth Engineer Combat Battalion was presently attached. The note beat Bunny to Odendorf by a half day, inasmuch as Bunny was hitchhiking his way to the front, a mode of travel he was not familiar with.

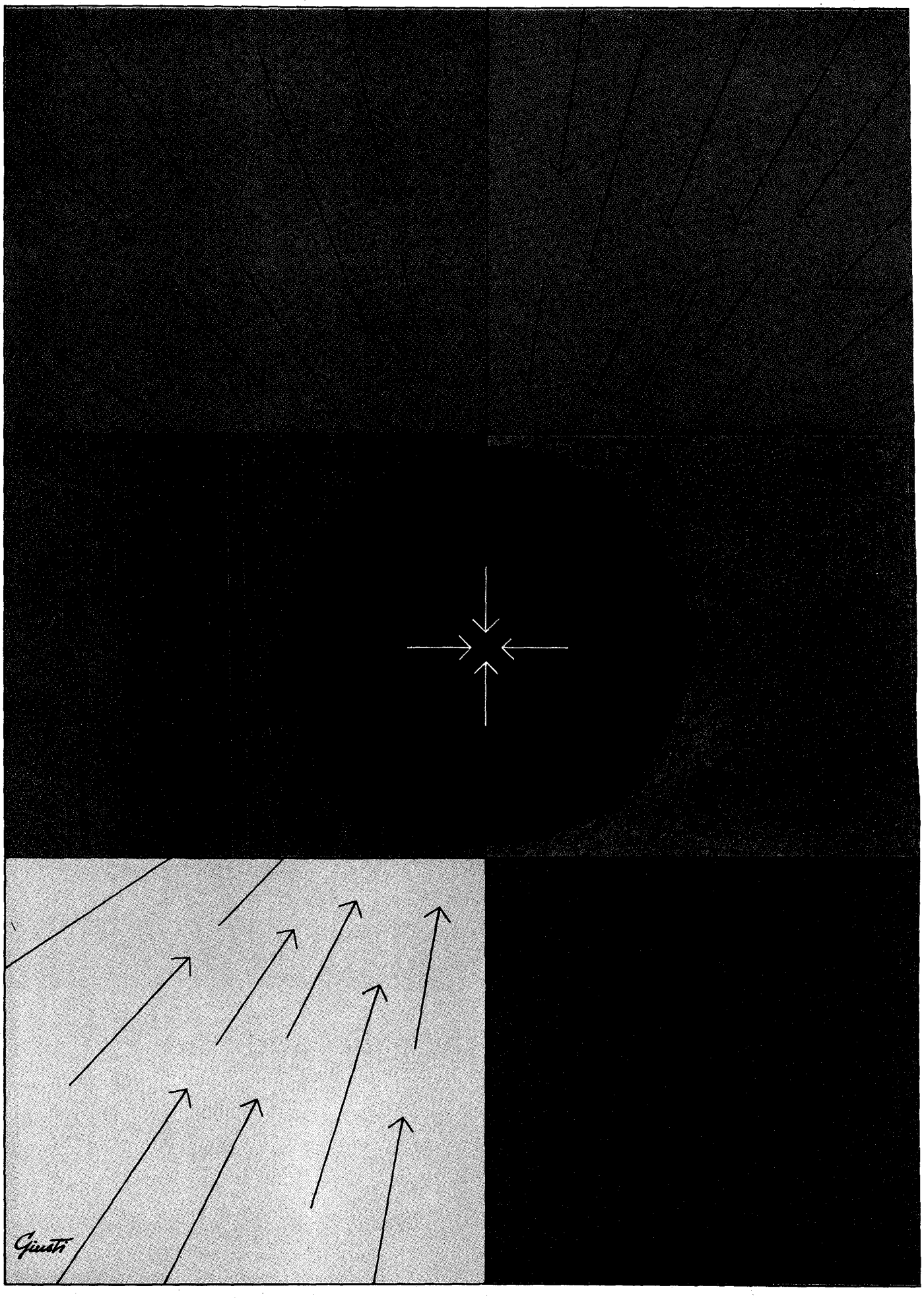
It was around 1500 when Lt. Col. Luther Barnes—Old Iron Britches—returned to the forward echelon of his command post in Odendorf. The jeep in which he rode was mud from stem to stern and newly nicked here and there. Jeep and riders had got caught by a flurry of German shell fire in the gorge of the Zweibrau Wehr earlier in the day; that shelling was still going on—a sullen growl to the east—as the gray day began to die.

Odendorf wasn't much; maybe a score of houses sulking like disconsolate ghosts on either side of the road which ran south. It was here that a breach had been made in the German West Wall—the Siegfried Line, in American terminology—and, four days ago, the infantry regiments of an American division had been slammed hard through the gap. Their mission was to fan out north and south—driving through the Huertgen Forest, a place dark and bloody as German legend—to exploit the break-through. Col. Luther Barnes' Umpteenth Engineer Battalion had been attached to the regiment hooking southward toward the Roer dams.

There'd been four days of fighting now—not a nice fight. Rain, sad as an old man's tears, had dripped steadily. Fog wrapped the hooded firs with clammy tendrils like the hands of ghosts let loose from their graves. And the German had fought back as only the German could—craftily and dangerous as a wounded leopard.

Four days of it and the infantry battalions that the Umpteenth was supporting were hung up on the far side of a river gorge with only a precipitous track, called the Zweibrau Trail, connecting them with the rest of the Army. Along that track, supplies—ammo, rations, gasoline—had to keep moving if the infantry was to continue to live. It was one of Luther Barnes' tasks to see that that slender lifeline across the Zweibrau was not severed.

The whole plan had stunk from the start, he reflected sourly now, as his jeep bumped over the execrable road to the schoolhouse which sheltered the forward C.P. The high brass had known that, but they'd taken the gamble. It



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wasn't their tails that got caught in the wringer if the gamble didn't pay off. They weren't doing the bleeding.

So far the Umpteenth had managed to keep the trail open, but it had been only by the grace of God and a hatful of luck, Barnes decided tiredly, as his sergeant driver braked the jeep to a stop by the schoolhouse door. The afternoon was getting colder, the colonel noted absently as he stepped down into the mud; tonight the rain would likely turn to snow. Well, he couldn't help that—he wasn't God.

"Get yourself some chow—if you can find any," he grunted to Sgt. Ed Halverson, his driver. "Catch some sleep if you can—we'll be heading back up to the river around nineteen hundred, Ed."

Sergeant Halverson said, "Yes, sir. I sure hope the colonel is goin' to catch a little rest too."

Old Iron Britches gave the sergeant a wolfish grin, which deepened the lines in his rock-chopped, stubbled face. "Rest," he growled. "What the hell's that? Bug off, you two!"

He turned through the schoolhouse door as Halverson backed the jeep. "Now, there's a rowdy old character for you," the sergeant said over his shoulder to the radio operator crouched in back. "A few more like him in this outfit an' we'd win this war by ourselves."

"I know what you mean," the radio operator agreed glumly. "Keeping up with that guy is like chasing a bull buffalo. It can be done, but you got to be rugged to do it. You suppose we can find hot chow anyplace in this condemned town, sarge?"

"Naw," Halverson said darkly. "The Army's got a law against hot chow. It's supposed to be a secret, but I got the word."

Inside the small schoolroom a gasoline lantern had already been lighted against the fading light of the rainy afternoon. The C.P. wasn't much. A couple of maps tacked to the wall. a rickety table with papers littering its top, sleeping gear piled in a corner. Maj. Hap Garvey, battalion S-3, was sitting in a chair liberated from one of Odendorf's deserted houses. Garvey got up and stood at a stiff attention—he was a self-conscious man with eyeglasses—as Luther Barnes clumped across the floor in muddy boots.

Barnes flapped a big hand. "Relax, damn it," he growled. "We're not about to pass in review. Any new word from Able yet?"

Able Company was with the infantry battalions beyond the Zweibrau Wehr; Barnes had sent it up there two days ago to clear mine fields and blow pillboxes and do other necessary chores. This morning, when Old Iron Britches had left the C.P. to go up to the river, there had been no communication with Abel for six hours. Capt. Joe Brake, commanding Able, was a tough officer who knew how to look out for himself; still, it would be nice to know that Able was doing all right.

"Yes, sir," the S-3 said in his precise voice. "We got through to Able Company about noon. They're in Abenschendt. The infantry's catching hell up there, Captain Brake said."

"Infantry's always catching hell," Barnes growled, dropping his helmet onto the floor as he sat down heavily in the armchair. "That's the reason they're infantry. Brake doing all right?"

"I don't know, sir," Garvey answered, worried wrinkles furrowing his forehead above his glasses. "He wants us to get five thousand pounds of TNT up to him on the ridge tonight."

"He say what for?" Luther Barnes wanted to know from the depths of the chair. "That's a hell of a lot of TNT."

"He said something about demolitions in a ravine to keep German tanks away from the river," Garvey answered vaguely. "I checked with the explosives dump. They've got five thousand pounds."

Barnes nodded tiredly. "O.K.," he said. "If Joe Brake says he needs powder, he's going to get it. The C.P. will displace across the river tonight, major. We'll pull out of here at nineteen hundred. Lopez will follow with Baker Company as soon as he can."

"I'll get out the orders," Garvey said.

"Never mind the orders," Barnes told him sourly. "Get Lopez here. I'll tell him myself. You see to getting the C.P. ready to go."

Garvey said, "Yes, sir," in his prim voice and started for the door, then stopped and came back, fumbling in a pocket. "Here's a letter that came down from division. For you, sir."

He put the envelope on top of the litter on the table. From Cindy, Luther saw. He pulled the corners of his mouth down, so that he looked faintly like a bad-tempered Viking, as he noted the disapproving expression that flitted across Garvey's face. Old Iron Britches didn't particularly care if his S-3 figured the

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letter had probably come from some hussy in Paris; it was just that the other's sanctimonious expression irked him.

"You got a sermon in mind, Hap?" he inquired dourly.

"Certainly not, sir," the major said, meaning he had.

"It's from my daughter, you four-eyed Mrs. Grundy!" Old Iron Britches yelled hoarsely. Tiredness lay in him like lead now. "I got a good notion to cram it down your gullet! Now git!"

The major got, and Luther Barnes sat for a moment, looking at the envelope while he thought of Cindy. Too bad that she hadn't been born a boy, because she was a chip off the old block. It would be pretty nice to have a son, he reflected, fighting alongside him in this war.

He left the envelope, still unopened, on the table while he crossed the room to squint at the larger of the two maps on the wall. The map was covered with an acetate overlay, and thereon had been drawn a jumble of cryptic symbols, each meaning something. The sum that they added up to was a picture that Luther Barnes didn't like.

The message center was in an adjoining room and here Sergeant Neednan sat with Corporal Benguet, a radio operator. They had looked at each other and grinned appreciatively as Colonel Barnes had chased his S-3 out into the rain.

"Sounds as though the ole Bull of the Woods is in rare form today," Neednan murmured to the radioman. "I bet that Major Garvey is still running. The major scares easy."

"So do I scare easy when Old Iron Britches yells at me," Corporal Benguet admitted. He started to enlarge on the theme; then grunted, "Hold it! Able's coming through again. . . . Sounds like trouble."

In the other room Luther Barnes ran thick fingers across the muddy stubble on his chin while he continued to scowl at the map. But he was seeing beyond that map now. He was looking at Jagerhaus, the ruined village that marked the spot where the Zweibrau Trail started down into the gorge on a winding route which crept over slick switchbacks, steep as the roof of a house, until it came finally to the river and the bridge. A bridge that thrice had been knocked out by German artillery, that each time had been rebuilt by Charley Company of the Umpteenth. But at a cost; at a cost. So far Charley had paid with eleven dead and twice that number wounded to keep the bridge in.

A crazy, cockeyed structure, that bridge now. An engineering monstrosity that would make a civilian weep. But it served. Across it crawled the weasels—tracked supply vehicles ugly as caterpillars, but carrying the sinews of war that the infantry had to have. Food and ammo. Blood plasma for the wounded when it could be managed ——

Sergeant Neednan, coming in from the other room, broke into the dark current of Luther Barnes' thoughts. "Captain Brake's on the radio, sir," Neednan said. "He wants to talk to the colonel bad. . . ."

The truck, on which Bunny Flagg had thumbed a ride out of Aachen, bumped along over a road ravaged by shellfire and eroded by the greedy tires of an army's transport. Bunny, mud-splashed and tired, nevertheless was feeling pleased with himself. At least he was getting up to the front where there was work to be done—engineer work if this chuckholed road was any indication of the general state of things.

It was almost dark now and guns growled sullenly through the drizzle to the east. Bunny paid scant heed to that. Artillery, he considered, was not his business. An engineer was an engineer; his father had told him that. An engineer confined himself to his appointed tasks and didn't go sky-hooting off.

The truck fell into a hole with a tooth-jarring shock, and the driver swore without rancor as he wrenched the vehicle back onto the track and switched on his headlights. Bunny frowned with a faint disapproval. According to the book, vehicles proceeded without lights when in a forward area. Bunny believed in the book.

"The Krauts can't see nothing in this fog," the driver announced cheerfully, reading Bunny's thoughts. "Anyhow, I just as soon be shot to death as break my neck in a chuckhole. Huh, lootenant?"

The driver was a friendly, talkative soul. Ever since he'd picked up Bunny in Aachen he'd kept up a running conversation that had embarrassed Bunny a little. Bunny didn't want to be rude to the guy, but the book—he'd learned it pretty thoroughly back at Fort Belvoir—laid down some hard-and-fast rules about the relations to be maintained between an officer and an enlisted man. Familiarity was to be discouraged, the book said.

Bunny compromised now with a mumbled, "I guess so," and let it go at that. The driver didn't want to drop the subject. "Come to think of it," he went on, "maybe I'd be better off takin' my chances with a bullet instead of goin' on taking chances with these roads. I been driving a truck so long that I bet my insides are so scrambled up they look like the spaghetti I used to get at a diner in Jersey City. You ever been to Jersey City, lootenant?"

"No," Bunny said.

"It's a dump," the driver volunteered reflectively, easing the truck past another crater. "You'd think them engineers would get off their dead duffs and fix this road up, wouldn't you?"

Bunny couldn't let that go by. "If this road hasn't been repaired, it's because the engineers have been doing more important jobs somewhere else," he said a little sharply. "Don't forget that!"

The driver turned to squint speculatively at Bunny now. "No offense," he said. "You an engineer, lootenant?"

"I am," Bunny told him stiffly.

"Oh, well," the driver observed philosophically, "it takes all kinds to make an army, I guess. Only, when you get where you're goin', tell 'em that Private Eddie Ostrowsky, from Jersey City, would sure as hell like it if they'd fix *this* road up before his insides get scrambled any more than they are already."

Luther Barnes handed the radiophone to Corporal Benguet and stomped heavily back into the other room, his face showing new tiredness. He'd just finished talking with Captain Brake, commanding Able Company up on the Abenschendt ridge across the river. Things were bad, Brake had said. Col. Dan Sharkey, the infantry commander, had ordered Able to be prepared to fight as infantry on two hours' notice beginning at midnight. The weight of the German counterattacks was increasing, and Colonel Sharkey was going to need every rifleman he could muster.

That meant he'd have to pull Charley Company off its job of maintaining the bridge and the trail, Luther Barnes thought as he went back to sink heavily into the armchair again; Charley would go on up to the ridge to take over Able's mission there. Baker Company, up to now held back here at Odendorf in reserve, would take over responsibility for the trail and the gorge. Then he'd have no reserve left. Not good. A man was in a bad way when his last reserve was gone.

Capt. Tomás Lopez, commanding Baker, came in out of the rain, a sawed-off sergeant trailing behind him. Lopez was a slender, whippy man with Spanish blood showing in the olive-tinted planes of his face. The sergeant with him wore a soggy overcoat, too big for him so that it flapped at his ankles like a charwoman's skirt; he'd tied a ragged shawl over his helmet and under his chin, and his eyes, liquid and mournful back of the stubble on his face, gave him the look of a disconsolate schnauzer. Lopez wiped the water from his cheeks. "You wanted to see me, colonel?" he asked.

Barnes nodded heavily and noted that Cindy's letter still lay unopened on the table. He'd forgotten it in his preoccupation with Joe Brake's call and the situation up front.

He growled, "Sit down, Tom," and let his stare slide on to rest on the stubby sergeant, who had propped himself against the wall. A faint affection came now into Luther Barnes' voice as he spoke to the noncom. "Who the hell do you think *you* are, Reno?" he wanted to know. "The poor little match girl? What's the idea of that shawl?"

The sergeant's sad expression didn't change. His name was Reno McNabb, and he and Old Iron Britches Barnes had soldiered together for a long time now. Across North Africa and into Italy and across Omaha Beach; at Fort Belvoir and on Oahu before that, back in the days when soldiering was a less arduous business because peace was still upon the world. Reno and Luther Barnes understood each other.

"My ears get cold," Reno explained reasonably. "I sure as hell hate to go around with cold ears, colonel."

Barnes snorted and turned his attention back to Lopez. "Able has been alerted to fight as infantry, and I got to move Charley up to the ridge, Tom," he said. "That means you'll have to take over the job on the trail and at the bridge. How soon can you move out?"

Lopez considered that. "Baker's pretty scattered around doing this and that," he said. "Also, the third platoon's back at the explosives dump. How long will it take you to assemble the third platoon and get it back up here, Reno?"

McNabb rubbed the stubble on his face. "Hour," he said. "Maybe hour and a half."

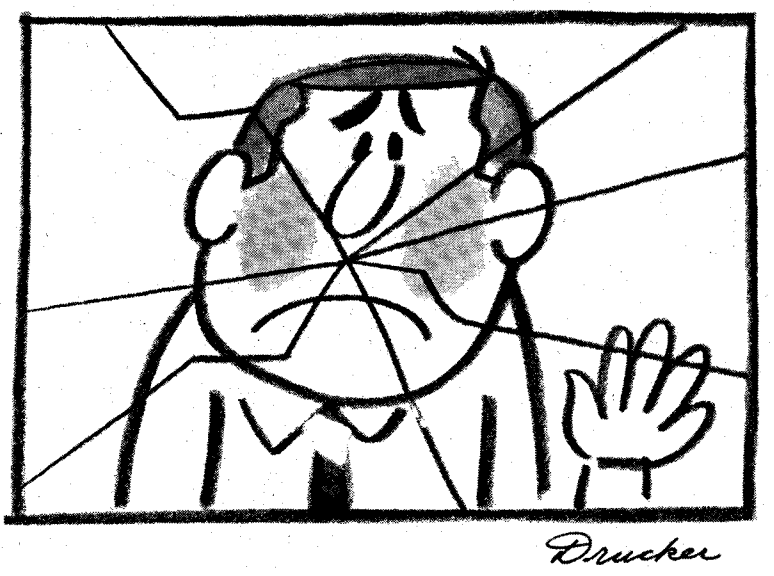
"Reno's got the third platoon," Lopez explained, turning back to Barnes. "I'm short of officers since Cox went sick."

"Reno'll do," the colonel grunted. "Move out without your third platoon, Tom. I want five thousand pounds of TNT up on the ridge by daylight tomorrow. The third platoon can follow along after you and bring the powder with them. It'll take time to load."

"O.K.," Captain Lopez said. "You hear, Reno?"

Reno said, "I hear," and relaxed against the wall again.

Barnes reached absently for Cindy's letter, tore it open with thick fingers while he scowled thoughtfully. "The CP's displacing forward up to the ridge tonight," he said. "We'll move out at nineteen hundred. You follow with Baker as soon after that as you can, Tom. Your job is to (*Continued on Page 131*)



The Perfect Squelch

Joe, a man of boundless confidence but small skill, breezed into the hardware store and asked for a large piece of window glass as if he had been repairing sash all his life.

Knowing Joe, the proprietor suggested that replacing a big windowpane was a pretty tricky job. "Maybe," he said, trying to be helpful, "you should have a glazier do it, Joe."

"Nonsense." Joe swept the suggestion aside. "Why should I pay for a simple job like this? Why hire a man when I can do it just as well myself—maybe better. That's the trouble with people today; they want everything done for them. Just give me the glass and some putty, and I'll take care of it."

An hour later, when the proprietor looked up and saw a red-faced Joe re-enter the store, he said gently, "Same size, Joe?"

Richard S. Borden

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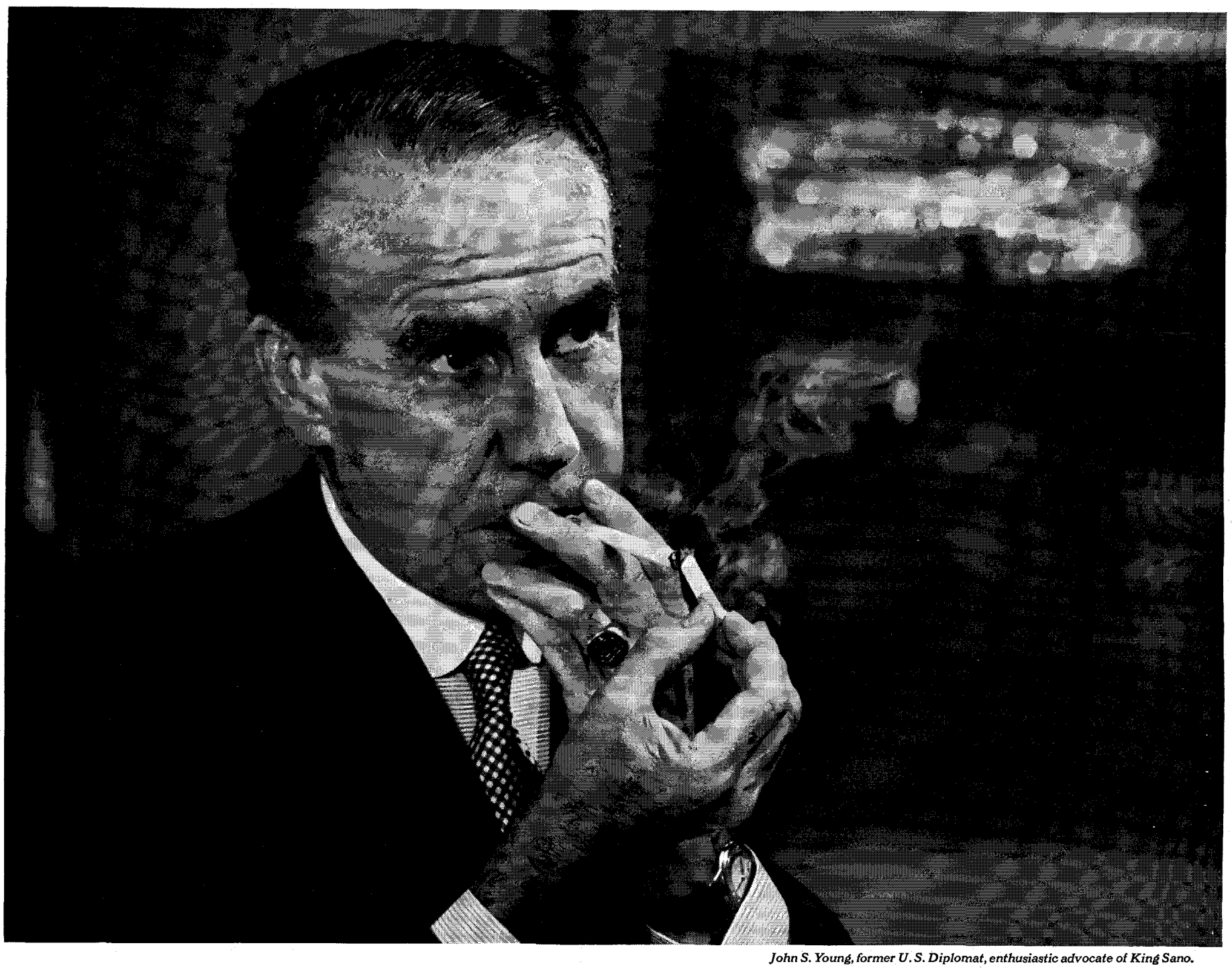

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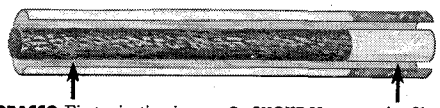

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(*Continued from Page 128*) see that the bridge over the Zweibrau Wehr stays in and that supplies keep coming over the trail. Got it?"

"I got it," Captain Lopez said.

Luther Barnes transferred his scowl to Reno McNabb; he had Cindy's letter open now and spread on the table beneath the light. "And *you* see that that confounded TNT gets up to the ridge by daylight, Reno," the colonel growled. "I'll be up there waiting for it."

"Sure," Reno mumbled. "It'll be there, colonel."

Barnes nodded and dropped his eyes to Cindy's letter. It was brief—Cindy wasn't the one to waste words.

Dear Dad:

I'm sending you a recruit—don't ask me how because my neck's stuck out too far as it is. His name is Charles Preston Flagg, Jr., second loot, and there could be gold there if you dig deep enough. Don't be too rough on him—he might be your son-in-law one of these days. Love and take care of yourself, darling. Cindy.

Luther Barnes held the letter at an arm's length and stared at it now as though he expected it to bite him. Captain Lopez got up to leave, but was stopped by the look on the colonel's face. It was a look composed of equal parts of outraged incredulity, deep shock and violent disapprobation as blood flooded into Old Iron Britches' face. "A son-in-law, she says," he mumbled. "Oh, my sainted aunt!"

"Bad news, sir?" Captain Lopez asked cautiously.

Barnes glared at him. "I haven't got enough trouble heaped on my gray hairs already!" he yelled. "Oh, no. Now my daughter has got to take a hand in running my war! She's sending me a second John named Flagg, and she has the gall to suggest that I handle this character with kid gloves because he may be an incipient son-in-law!"

"Yes, sir," Captain Lopez agreed vaguely, while Reno looked on with interested eyes. "A son-in-law, eh?"

Luther Barnes regarded the two of them with a truculent stare. "Either of you seen a second John called Charles Preston Flagg, Junior, running around loose?" he demanded.

Lopez shook his head. "Not me, sir. I can check ——"

He stopped because the colonel had dropped his eyes back to the letter, and now he was looking as though he was about to throw a fit. He had just discovered a postscript he'd missed before.

P.S. I may as well tell you. He's called Bunny, and he's got a fool notion that engineers don't fight. Love. Cindy.

"His nickname is Bunny," Luther Barnes said to Lopez and Reno in an incredulous voice. "He thinks engineers don't fight. If he shows up around here, Tom, you send him up to me on the ridge! I'll damned well show him whether engineers fight or not, by gad!"

"Sir," Captain Lopez suggested, "why don't I put him in charge of the TNT detail? Like I said, I'm short a lieutenant for the third platoon since Cox went sick."

"O.K.," Barnes growled. "Do it your own way—I've got plenty of other troubles of my own. Just one thing, though. Reno, you see that that powder gets up to Abenschendt by daylight, second John named Bunny or no second John named Bunny! You got it?"

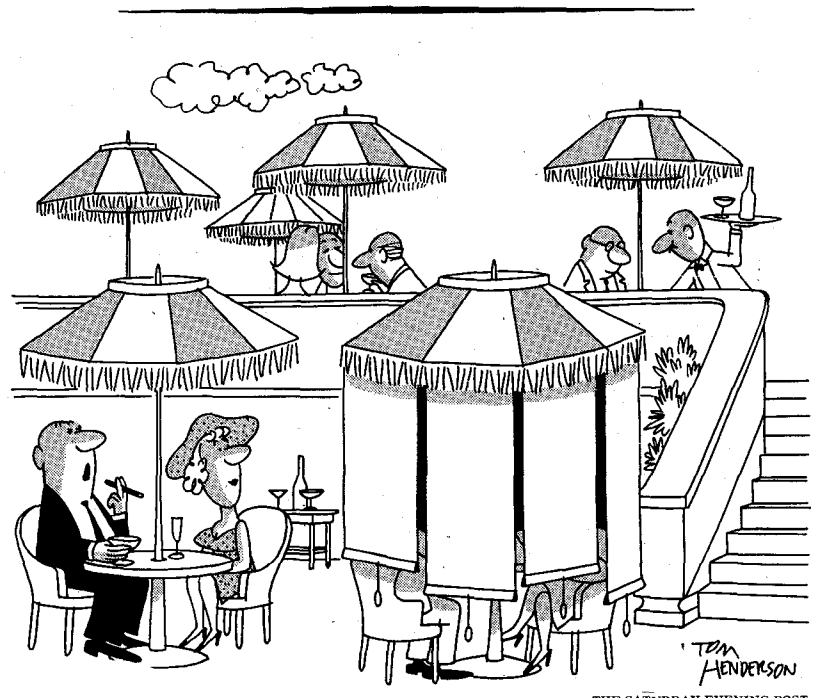
"Yes, sir," Reno said unhappily. "I got it."

It was a pretty kettle of fish now, Reno was thinking. Hauling five thousand pounds of TNT over a trail under shellfire—just one lucky hit and the whole shebang would go to kingdom come—was bad enough. Having to nursemaid a green second lieutenant—especially one named Bunny—at the same time was the final straw.

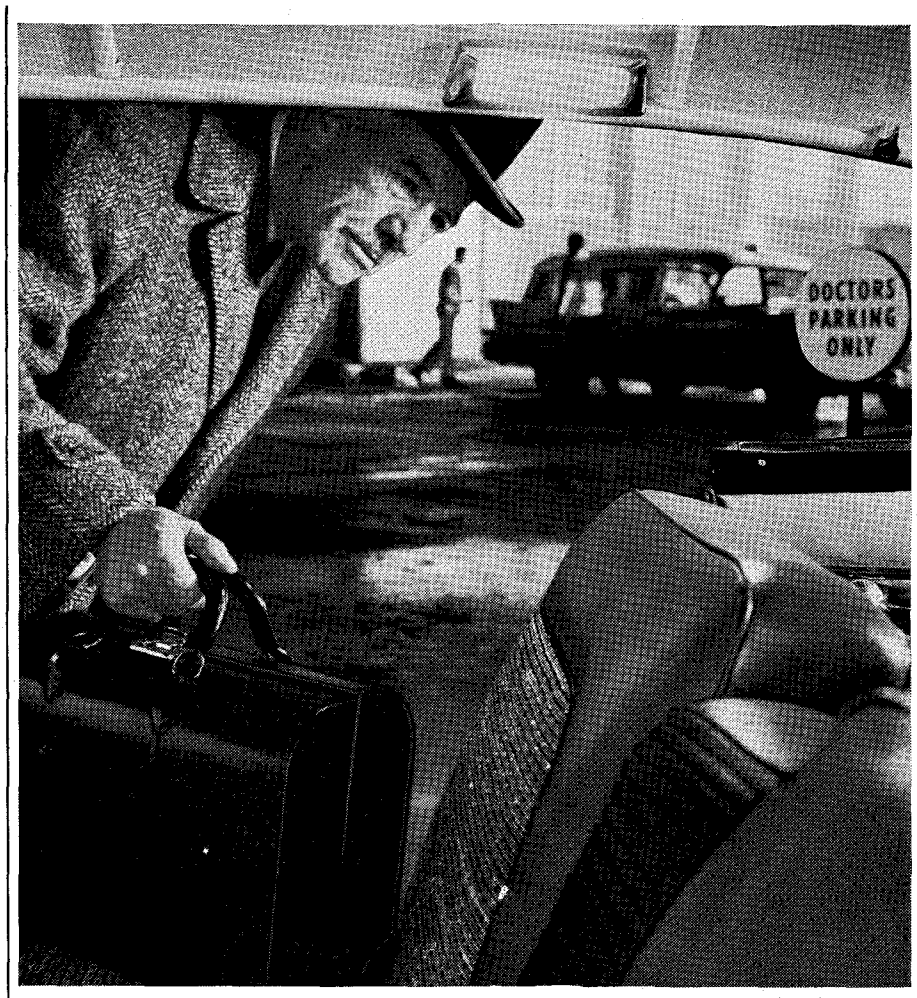
It was around 2000 when the truck on which Bunny was riding entered the outskirts of Odendorf. The night was dark and cold, made worse by an icy rain which would turn to sleet soon. German artillery fire, crumping down to the east, seemed nearer, and Bunny was becoming more aware of it now—not that it bothered him too much.

The driver braked to a stop and peered ahead at the few dark houses on either side of the road. "Odendorf, lootenant," he grunted to Bunny. "You can have it—I don't want it."

The place had a lonesome, deserted feel. The Umpteenth's CP had pulled out about an hour before; Baker Company, assembling on the Jägerhaus road farther on, wasn't in evidence. Bunny climbed down into the mud, hauling his roll after him with a big paw. For a moment he hesitated, wondering if he should shake hands with the driver. The guy had been pretty decent about giving him a lift—then Bunny remembered what the book had said and decided against it.



"Must be a private party."



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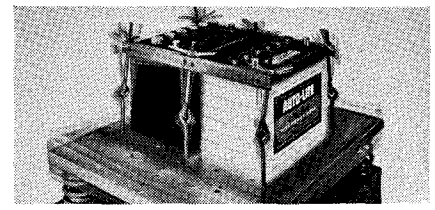

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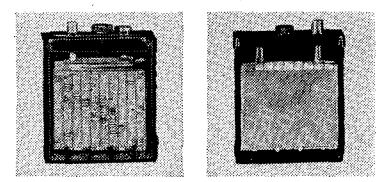

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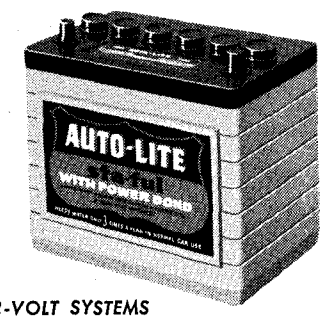

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"Thanks for the ride, soldier," he said a little more stiffly than he had intended. "Do you know where the command post of the Umpteenth Engineer Combat Battalion is located?"

"Nope," the driver said cheerfully. "Nobody ever tells me anything in this war. Well, so long, lootenant."

Gears clashed and the truck rumbled off into the rain. For a moment Bunny stared after it, feeling suddenly lonesome now that the loquacious driver was gone. Then he stuck out his chin and swung the roll to his shoulder. *This is it, boy! Carry on! Remember the Flagg tradition!* His face hardened with high resolve as he turned toward the houses looming dimly ahead through the night.

They seemed to be watching him with unfriendly eyes as he clumped along the cobbled street that ran between them, and, with an effort, Bunny fought down an impulse to hasten his gait. Off to the east, the shelling was stepping up its tempo, the explosions making a muffled drum roll against the backdrop of the rain. Bunny had just about decided that there'd been some mistake—that this either wasn't Odendorf or that the CP of the Umpteenth was located elsewhere—when he reached the end of the street and saw that a schoolhouse, set farther back from the road than the houses, showed a dim light.

He started in that direction, quick relief flooding through him, and almost ran over a small man who came out from between the last pair of buildings. The small man tripped and started to go down, but Bunny hooked a big hand in the front of the other's overcoat and held him up until he got his legs under him again.

"I'm sorry," Bunny said with polite apology. "I'm looking for the command post of the Umpteenth Engineer Combat Battalion. Have you any idea where I can find it?"

The small man was Reno McNabb, and he considered the question for a moment. This guy was a stranger to him—couldn't see his face—but, whoever he was, he sure was big, Reno thought. Built like a brick garage and with kind of a diffident way of talking as though he wasn't quite sure what the score was. He'd held up Reno with one hand, though, as you'd hold up a sack of canned beer and, when you came right down to it, who *did* know what the score was in this fouled-up situation? The latter thought reminded Reno of the five thousand pounds of TNT he would presently be shepherding toward the front through German shellfire, and his bad humor returned.

"Naw," he said, "I don't know where the CP is, bud. It took off into the wild blue yonder about an hour ago. Up to the other side of the Zweibrau Wehr. Why? You want it?"

"I am Second Lieutenant Charles Preston Flagg, Junior," Bunny said stiffly. "I have orders to report to the Umpteenth Engineer Combat Battalion for duty."

Oh-ho! Reno thought, suddenly wary. *This is that son-in-law bird that the Old Man was talking about, McNabb. I bet that you've made a big hit with him, already! Calling him bud, yet! Why can't you learn to keep your big mouth shut?*

Aloud, he said hastily, "Sir, I'll take the lootenant to Captain Lopez. The captain can tell the lootenant what to do."

He turned and led the way toward the lighted schoolhouse, where Captain Lopez had set up shop until Baker Company was ready to move out. Bunny tagged along at Reno's heels, noting with a vague disapproval the light that flooded into the night from the schoolhouse's open door. Back in training camp it had been S.O.P. of the sternest sort that light discipline would be enforced—it seemed as though the war over here was being run in a pretty slipshod fashion, Bunny reflected. Reno McNabb had reached the edge of the light now, and Bunny got his first look at the man. It was a shock.

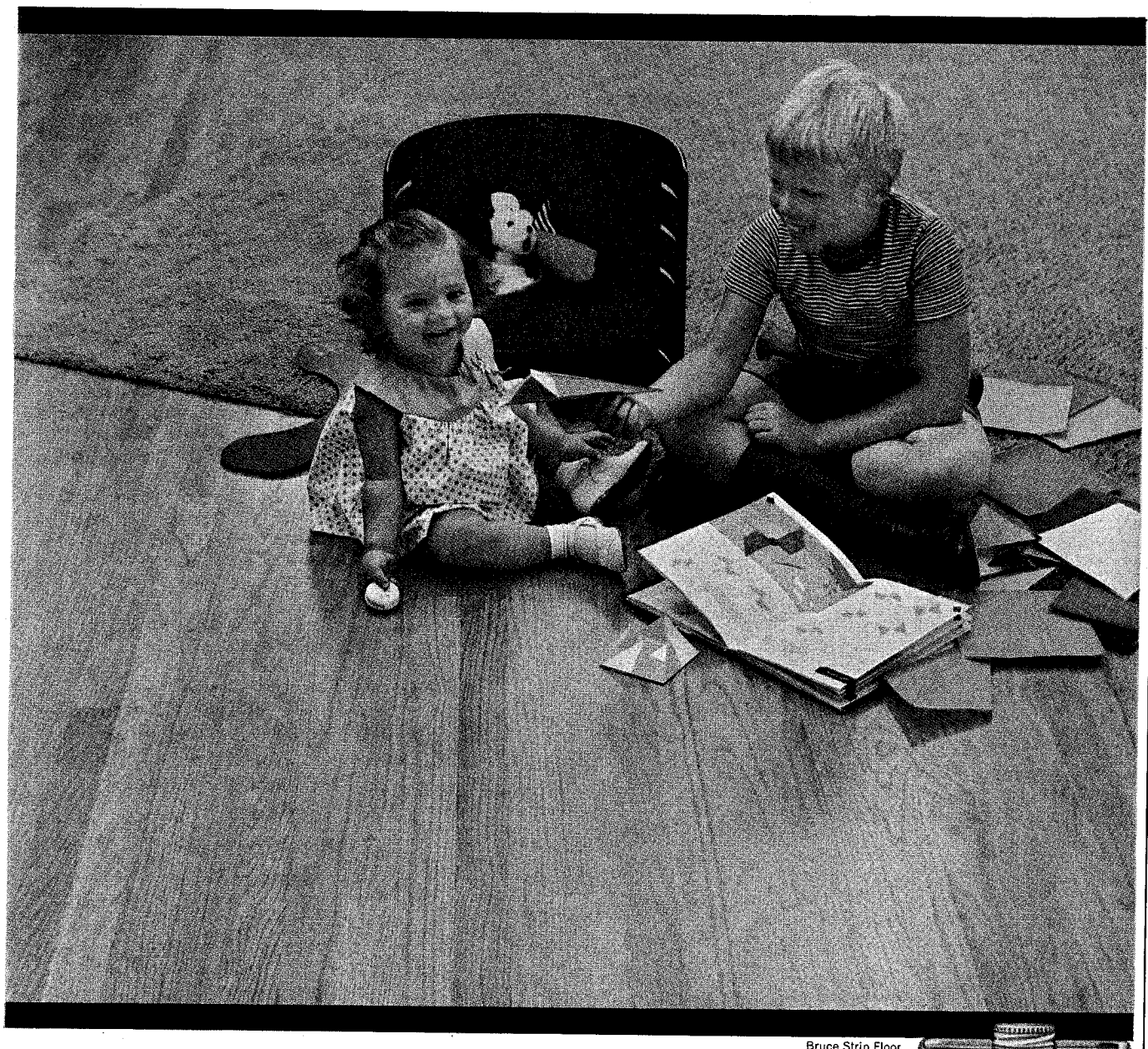
There was the oversized overcoat, its dragging skirts clotted with mud, and there was the ragged shawl tied beneath Reno's chin and framing the three-day crop of stubble on Reno's face. Bunny's opinion of the way this war was being run dropped another degree. The book said that a good soldier—and that certainly meant an engineer—shaved every day. Furthermore, the book certainly wouldn't countenance such departures from uniform regulations as shawls tied around one's head so that one looked like some peasant woman coming home from the fish market.

Reno stopped and jerked a thumb. "Captain's inside, lootenant," he said morosely.

For a moment Bunny paused, checking to see that his buttons were all buttoned and his helmet on straight. Then he marched stiffly through the doorway and into the room. Reno followed casually to take up his customary position, leaning against the wall.

Captain Lopez sat at the table, First Sgt. Willie Tucker standing beside him. The two of them looked up as Bunny marched forward precisely the correct number of paces and turned out precisely the correct kind of salute. His father had stressed the importance of reporting properly to a new command, and Bunny knew the ritual by heart.

"Sir," he said crisply, "Second Lieutenant Flagg reporting for duty as ordered. Can the captain tell me where I



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can locate the command post of the Umpteenth Engineer Combat Battalion?"

Captain Lopez blinked a little in the light of the gasoline lantern; he was beginning to miss the sleep he hadn't had during the last three nights, and his mind was a little fuzzy and slow to react. At first all that he saw was a second lieutenant who seemed to loom above him big as a house; not a bad-looking boy, with a square jaw and a pink complexion and serious eyes. Then the captain's mind got on the track again and he remembered that Colonel Barnes had mentioned a Lieutenant Flagg in violent terms earlier.

There'd been something about a son-in-law and a character named Bunny who had the idea that engineers didn't fight. This must be the one. Fellow might do all right, at that; the Lord knew he was big enough. Well, the third platoon needed a lieutenant.

"Um-m-m, yes," Lopez said, returning Bunny's salute with a tired wave of his hand as he got to his feet. "We—er—have been expecting you. I'm Captain Lopez, commanding Baker Company of the Umpteenth. Before Colonel Barnes left he issued instructions that you would be assigned to Baker. Glad to have you with us, lieutenant."

Bunny remained at a stiff attention. "Glad to be here, sir," he said formally. "When do I go to work?"

"As of now," Captain Lopez told him. "I'm assigning you to the third platoon, which is fresh out of lieutenants at the moment. You will take over at once. Any questions?"

Back by the wall, Reno McNabb straightened and rubbed a calloused palm across the bristles on his chin. The mournful look in his eyes deepened as he thought of that five thousand pounds of TNT that had to be on the Abenschendt ridge by daylight. No matter who commanded the third platoon of Baker Company, it was going to be Reno McNabb's tail if that powder wasn't there.

"Thank you, sir," Bunny was saying, his face shining pinkly. "I was hoping to get a chance at troop leading. My father always said it's the best job in the Army. I mean troop leading, sir."

Captain Lopez shook his head a little—as though he needed badly to clear away the cobwebs. Beside him, First Sgt. Willie Tucker had the startled look of a man who has just peeked into a paper bag expecting to find a doughnut there and who has found a frog instead. Captain Lopez cleared his throat noisily.

"Troop leading," he said, as though he had never heard the expression before. "Yes, I suppose you could call it that. Your mission tonight, lieutenant, is to transport five thousand pounds of TNT up to the Abenschendt ridge. Sergeant McNabb, your platoon sergeant, has already received all of the necessary instructions. You can get them from him."

"Yes, sir," Bunny said brightly. "Where can I find Platoon Sergeant McNabb, sir?"

"Behind you, leaning against the wall," Captain Lopez told him in a compassionate voice.

Bunny turned, and an expression of pure shock crossed his face as he got a really good look at Reno now; he swallowed hard as he turned to Captain Lopez again. If his top noncom—his platoon sergeant—looked like *that*, he was wondering unhappily, what the devil did the rest of the platoon look like? Pretty horrible, he suspected. With an effort Bunny remembered another thing his father had told him he must not fail to do when reporting to his new outfit.

"Sir," he said a little hoarsely to Captain Lopez, "when does the captain think that it would be convenient for me to call on the battalion commander?"

First Sgt. Willie Tucker's eyes bulged slightly and he made choking sounds as he crossed the room, motioning Reno McNabb outside with a jerk of his thumb. The two of them stood on the uncovered stoop where the rain was starting to turn to sleety snow.

To the southeast, in the direction of the Zweibrau gorge, the sound of German guns filled the night with a surly growl. For a moment the two stood listening—it was in that direction that Baker was going, both knew. Farther along the street there were other noises. The growl of starting truck engines and the profane voices of men, unhappy with the weather and the night and what lay ahead.

... ...

Spellbound

By Helen Harrington

Watch it, son! You say
you're better free
And want no ties to bind
you to a wife?
That One is boldly chasing
you, and she
Prompts you to run, now,
for your bachelor life!

But who is This One who,
with velvet eyes
And kitten purrs, consoles
you as you run?
She nothing asks of you?
She casts no ties
Of any kind, you think?
Watch it, son!

"The boy wants to pay a call on Old Iron Britches Barnes," Willie Tucker marveled then. "Can you tie it? He must think this here is Officers' Row back at Fort Belvoir."

"Me, I'd let him do it," Reno said gloomily. "It'd be a way to get him killed an' out of my hair. Trouble is, it seems this lootenant is buckin' to be the Old Man's son-in-law, Willie."

"No!" Sergeant Tucker said in a shocked voice. "You been drinking, Reno? Let me smell your breath!"

"Cindy wrote it to the Old Man in a letter," Reno answered in an unhappy voice. "Captain Lopez an' I was there when the Old Man read about it. The lootenant's nickname is Bunny."

"Well," Sergeant Tucker murmured piously, "it sure looks like whatever evil you done in the past has sure caught up with you now, Reno. Probably you'll get used to the boy in time—like a man gets used to a boil on the back of his neck, sort of."

"I got five thousand pounds of TNT to get up to the ridge tonight," Reno said glumly. "Maybe if I went to the captain I could get him to take Bunny with the company command group ——"

"Now, now," Willie Tucker reproved hastily. "The captain's a busy man, Reno. I wouldn't want you to bother him. You just go ahead and don't worry, and we won't either. If we hear a big boom somewhere behind us tonight, we'll know it's you and Bunny and the TNT."

"A wit," Reno said sourly. "A real funny man ——"

He was interrupted as Bunny's big frame filled the doorway. "Come on, Sergeant McNabb," Bunny said firmly. "We've got important work to do tonight."

"Yes, sir," Reno murmured weakly.

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Hunting the Invisible Killers

(Continued from Page 51)

rather not wait for a natural infection by a wild virus—for example, smallpox or rabies—because the first attack could permanently wreck our health or kill us.

So, forehandedly, science seeks to provide us with an artificial immunity. We endeavor to lock the barn before the horse is stolen with injections of vaccines containing laboratory-treated viruses that will produce antibodies but not the disease itself. That's the object. To achieve it, however, the virus hunter first must corner his virus. To make a vaccine, he must isolate, cultivate and control the organism that causes the disease. That has been the central problem from the beginning. Until techniques for cornering, mass-producing and taming each wild virus were perfected, the Virus Age did not come of age.

This did not mean that there was no progress at all. Intellectual man often shows himself to be a much better observer than explainer. Sometimes he notes the cure to a disease, or a way of avoiding it, before he knows its cause or the course it takes in attacking him.

This was the case with the first virus vaccine, against smallpox. In the 1790's, Dr. Edward Jenner, the country physician and surgeon of Berkeley, England, attached long-overdue medical significance to something known to milkmaids. Indeed, one milkmaid called his attention to the fact that infection with cowpox—a few ulcers on the hands acquired while milking cows—did her no harm but, in fact, rendered her safe from human smallpox thereafter.

> The trouble with life is that by the time you know your way around, you usually don't feel like going.
>
> CY N. PEACE

Jenner knew nothing of the smallpox virus or its attenuated, cowpox cousin, so closely related that it produces smallpox antibodies. "Virus" in his day was just a word meaning a contagious poison given off by a disease. Louis Pasteur's final proof of the germ theory was still three quarters of a century away. But England's father of vaccination saw that the cowpox matter, when passed from arm to arm, did what the milkmaids said it did. It was not merely a "vulgar cowpox legend," as his medical friends called it. Vaccinated children, he showed, did not take smallpox when exposed.

Jenner published this claim in 1798. Use of this first vaccine—from vaccinia, or cowpox—swept the civilized world with the same enthusiasm and speed and the same questions of safety and durability as did the Salk polio vaccine between 1953 and 1955. By 1800 Jenner was calling himself "vaccine clerk to the world," and was every bit as harassed as Dr. Jonas E. Salk, of Pittsburgh, 155 years later.

Pasteur put immunization on a somewhat more scientific basis when he introduced the second virus vaccine in 1885. This one was against rabies. The French genius and Paul Bunyan of microbiology did not know the cause of rabies, though he correctly suspected it to be a midget microbe beyond the range of his microscope. He got the virus out of the saliva of mad dogs and established it in the brains of rabbits, passing it from one to another as they died. He tamed the virus partly by attenuation, or weakening, from continued passage through the experimental host, and partly by exposure of the virus, as contained in the rabbits' excised spinal cords, to a combination of air and aging.

The making of vaccines against diseases caused by bacteria, meanwhile, moved ahead, thanks in great part to Dr. Robert Koch's discovery in Germany of the techniques of cultivating these larger one-celled forms of plant life in warm tubes of broth or plates of jelly. The Microbe Age, better known perhaps as the Golden Age of Medicine, now came into full bloom.

But the virus hunt bogged down, as far as further disease prevention was concerned, even after the Dutch botanist Martinus Beijerinck discovered a filtrable virus in 1898. Virologists found it difficult to find laboratory animals susceptible to man's virus infections. They sought in vain for a method of cultivating viruses in test tubes or dishes placed in an incubator at body heat, as Koch had done with his big microbes.

The virus hunters gradually realized, over a period of years, that their more specialized quarry would incubate and multiply only in the living cells of its chosen hosts. It would be tedious to explore here the score of important beginning steps taken in the first third of the twentieth century, first to culture living tissues outside of the body and then to cultivate viruses in the cells of these tissues.

The big source of frustration in the pioneer attempts to set up a laboratory system of virus culture was the fact that unwanted bacteria grew so easily. The larger microbes contaminated the cultures forming an overgrowth that hid what, if anything, the viruses were doing to the tissue cells. Contamination aside, it was impossible to prove the virus' presence in the culture without continually testing the cultures to see if they would still infect animals. Again, this dependence on animals diverted the hunt from viruses to susceptible hosts.

The first great breakthrough came twenty-eight years ago, not in tissue culturing per se but in the use of hatching eggs as the virus host. We employ the term "hatching eggs" in the sense farmers do, meaning fertile eggs, suitable for hatching, rather than eggs at the time the chicks hatch. In 1931 at Vanderbilt University, Dr. Ernest W. Goodpasture, Dr. Alice M. Woodruff and her husband, Dr. C. Eugene Woodruff, discovered a sterile technique for cultivating fowl-pox virus in incubating eggs.

Alice Woodruff—who was soon to become a mother and to withdraw from virus research—cut little windows in the eggs, infected the chick embryos inside with purified virus isolated by her husband. Then she closed the windows with a pane of glass and returned the eggs to the incubator. The virus planting was done at a point about midway in the three-week hatching period. After many failures, caused mainly by bacterial contamination, Mrs. Woodruff at last observed that the unborn chicks were developing fowl pox. Goodpasture and she were now able to prove that the virus multiplied in the chick embryos. (The Woodruffs now live in Northville, Michigan; Goodpasture, nearly seventy-three years old, one of the most distinguished of the virus hunters, has resided in recent years in Washington, D.C.)

As the result of this little-known but fertile moment (*Continued on Page 136*)

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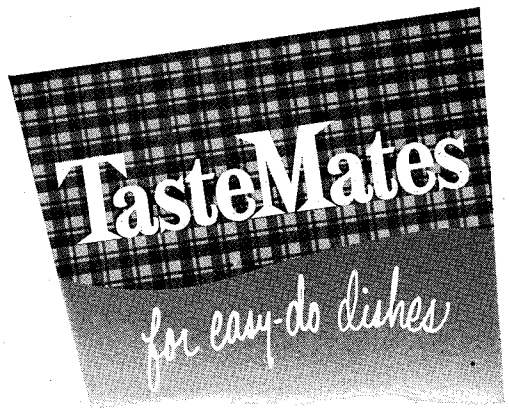

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1 Vienna Sausage Cocktail Kabob Tray—Slice Vienna Sausages ¼ inch thick and cut each slice in half. Also cut your favorite cheese into ¼ inch cubes. Arrange on cocktail pics with canned fruit cubes, alternating sausage, cheese and fruit. Top with cocktail cherry. Refrigerate 30 minutes.

2 Pea Soup Holland Style—Prepare 2 10½ ounce cans condensed pea soup. While simmering, add ½ cup fine-chopped celery, 1 tsp. minced onion, 3 thin-sliced skinless frankfurters, or ¾ cup diced cervelat or salami. Simmer 10 minutes. Serve with toast, garlic bread or warm rolls. (Serves 4).

3 Kosher Frankfurters Piquant—Melt 2 tbs. margarine or chicken fat over medium heat. Add 1 pound skinless Kosher frankfurters and 1 small chopped onion. Slow-fry until onion is tender. Mix ¼ cup wine vinegar, ¼ cup water and 1 tbs. table mustard. Add to frankfurters. Cover. Simmer 5 minutes. Remove frankfurters. Mix in ¾ cup beef bouillon (or strained borscht) thickened with flour, 2 tbs. ketchup and ½ cup pickle relish. Add frankfurters. Reheat. Serve with flaky boiled potatoes dusted with minced parsley or paprika. Or serve each frankfurter on a toasted halved frankfurter roll. Spoon sauce over. Garnish with sliced tomato on lettuce. (Serves 4).

4 Frankfurters and Beans DeLuxe—For smart service, spoon canned beans bubbling hot into individual casseroles; top each with a round of bread-and-butter pickle. Set each casserole on a dinner plate. At each side place a sizzling barbecued skinless frankfurter stuffed with cheddar cheese. Garnish with tomato wedges or radishes, and lettuce or romaine.

5 Hearty Frank 'n' Corn Casserole—Cook 1 sliced onion, 1 slivered green pepper and 6 frankfurters cut in 1 inch slices, in 3 tbs. salad oil for 5 minutes. Stir in 2 diced pimientos, 2 (12 ounce) cans whole kernel corn, drained, and 1 can undiluted cream of celery soup; season to taste. Turn into a greased casserole and bake in a moderate oven (350°) about 35 minutes, or until hot and bubbly. Garnish with pimiento and frankfurter. (Serves 8).

6 Smoked Link Sausages with Stuffed Eggs in Casseroles—Hard boil and peel 6 eggs and cut in half lengthwise. Remove yolks and put in mixing bowl with ¼ cup salad dressing, 1 tbs. vinegar, ½ tsp. dry mustard, ½ tsp. salt. Beat until smooth and creamy. Lightly brown 12 smoked links in a little fat. Cut 3 slices of white toast diagonally. Place each ½ slice in oval casserole with 2 halves of stuffed eggs. Spoon ⅓ cup cream sauce around and over the eggs and place 2 smoked links in each casserole. Heat at 250° for 15 minutes. (Serves 6).

7 Macaroni Salad—Combine 8 ounces cooked high protein macaroni, 1 qt. fine-shredded cabbage, 1 cup chopped green pepper, 2 thin-sliced scallions, 1 tbs. prepared horseradish, 2 tsps. vinegar, 1 cup dairy sour cream, 1½ tsps. salt, and ⅛ tsp. pepper. Mix thoroughly; chill. Heap in low bowl; surround with sliced Lebanon bologna and liver sausage and minced parsley. (Serves 4).

8 Spaghetti with Sausage—Melt 2 tbs. butter or margarine in a frying pan. Add ¾ cup skinless frankfurters, or diced sliced cervelat, salami, bologna, ham bologna, pepperoni. Stir in ⅓ cup minced scallions (optional). Slow-saute 3 minutes. Then add 2 cans tomato soup, 2 lumps sugar. Cook 2 7-ounce packages enriched spaghetti 12 minutes. Mix with 2 tbs. butter, 4 tbs. grated Parmesan cheese. Add sauce. (Serves 4).

9 Split Second Pizzas—Toast split English muffins under a broiler until light brown. Top with rounds of spicy salami, fresh tomato slices, (or spoon on canned tomatoes), a dash of oregano and a generous coating of grated Parmesan cheese. Return to the broiler for 5-10 minutes more, until heated through and cheese begins to melt. Serve with garlic dill pickles and cole slaw in sour cream dressing. (Allow ½ muffin for each portion).

10 Antipasto Americana—Arrange a platter of summer sausage and hard salami, thin-sliced on romaine lettuce. Garnish with radishes, olives, pickled peppers, celery and parsley. Cover with a dressing made of 6 tbs. olive oil, 3 tbs. red wine vinegar, 1 tbs. lemon juice, ½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce, 1 clove garlic crushed. Serve with hot garlic bread.

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(*Continued from Page 134*) of discovery, Goodpasture's laboratory and other virologists were able to grow upward of thirty different viruses in eggs. In fact, we owe about fifteen vaccines to the Goodpasture team's basic find.

The most successful of these has been the live-virus yellow-fever vaccine introduced in 1937 by Dr. Max Theiler of the Rockefeller Foundation Virus Laboratories in New York. Theiler first attenuated the virus in the course of hundreds of passages through tissue cultures of chick-embryo cells and then adopted the hatching egg as his virus "factory."

Other chick-type vaccines emerged, including some against horse encephalitis, influenza and rabies, all virus diseases. The egg also has been the source of vaccines against diseases caused by Rickettsia, a microbe that falls more or less between bacteria and viruses in size. These chick vaccines include typhus, Rocky Mountain spotted fever and Q fever.

For his discovery, resulting in the near conquest of yellow fever in Africa and South America, Theiler won the 1951 Nobel prize in medicine. Likewise, in 1954 another Nobel prize fell to the virus hunters' camp. The winners this time were Drs. John F. Enders, Thomas H. Weller and Frederick C. Robbins of Harvard Medical School. Doctor Robbins has since gone to Western Reserve University in Cleveland.

Enders and his two associates had perfected a method of growing and detecting the growth of polio viruses in test-tube tissue cultures in 1948. This led, some four years later, to Salk's development of a polio vaccine under the sponsorship of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. With subsequent expansion into other fields, this organization dropped the "for Infantile Paralysis" from its name.

The Salk vaccine is probably the most written-about, talked-about event in the history of preventive medicine, Jenner's smallpox vaccine possibly excepted. Yet somehow, in all the excitement, just how the polio vaccine breakthrough came about has been overlooked generally by the American public.

Although Salk himself pointed out, "Enders threw a long forward pass and I just happened to be there to catch it," it was Salk and not Enders—or the Enders team—*who became world famous*, as the best-known virus hunter of all time. It is understandable, of course, that we remember the man who scores the touchdown and not those who set up the play; but it is regrettable, too, that in the support of science we so often neglect those who discover new knowledge in favor of those who put it to use.

The great Harvard bacteriologist and teacher, Dr. Hans Zinsser, once sized up the problem accurately. Whereas all scientists simply build on the observations of their predecessors, Zinsser said, "the one who places the last stone and steps across to . . . accomplished discovery gets all the credit. Only the initiated know and honor those whose patient integrity and devotion to exact observation have made the last step possible."

What, then, is the real story here? Until the tissue-culture breakthrough, virus research in general and polio research in particular were still seriously roadblocked. Not all viruses take to hen's eggs. Polio, common cold and other viruses would not grow there or, if they did, would not readily reveal themselves to virologists.

As a matter of fact, authoritative opinion held that "polio virus will grow only in nerve tissue." It was a logical assumption, because the virus causes paralysis by attacking the spinal cord and bulb (base of the brain). At that time, ten years ago, it had been observed elsewhere in the body—in the nose, throat and intestines—only as a transient "bird of passage." The basic discovery of Drs. David Bodian at Johns Hopkins and Dorothy M. Horstmann at Yale that the virus also multiplies in the blood and there produces antibodies was still to come—in 1952.

Polio, like rabies earlier, appeared to be strictly a nerve virus. This posed difficulties, for any vaccine containing a virus grown on nerve cells can be dangerous. In a few cases, perhaps one in 1000, maybe less, the vaccinated person develops an allergic reaction to the foreign nerve protein in the vaccine and suffers a dangerous encephalitis, or inflammation of the brain.

For this reason, the Pasteur vaccine is not given to everybody as a universal preventive of rabies, but only as a prophylactic treatment to people who have been bitten by a rabid animal. One's risk of getting rabies from a mad dog's bite varies with the severity of the bite but, if rabies develops, the risk of dying is about 100 per cent. Therefore, the chance of a vaccine-induced encephalitis, statistically small, is worth taking.

But even so small a risk would not be worth taking in vaccination against polio, where the average child's chance of ever having paralytic polio from natural exposure would be less than having encephalitis from a nerve-cultured vaccine.

Polio virus did multiply in the brains or spinal cords of mice or monkeys, and in nerve-tissue cultures. Unless this neurotropism, or affinity for nerve cells, could be overcome, however, there was no real hope for a safe vaccine, such as we have today.

This was the problem that Enders, Weller and Robbins faced and solved—except that, owing to the offbeat way creative minds work, they really did not face the polio problem at all. Basil O'Connor, National Foundation president, later described the Salk vaccine as a "planned miracle." Perhaps it was that during the rush period of development, but nothing could be less planned or less hurried than the discovery that made the vaccine possible. This may come as a surprise to a great many people.

John Enders' whole life has an amazingly unplanned, unhurried air about it. A wealthy, Connecticut-born Yankee, grandson of the Aetna Life Insurance Company's onetime president, son of a former president of the Hartford National Bank, and brother of the present head of the bank, Doctor Enders—a Ph.D., not an M.D.—was a Navy flier during World War I and then progressed from Yale liberal arts to English literature and research in the Celtic and Teutonic languages at Harvard.

Through a Brookline boardinghouse acquaintance, an Australian physician, Enders met the great Zinsser and was attracted to bacteriology. It took him twenty-seven years to rise from the lowly faculty appointment of assistant to a full professorship. This is a slow rate of promotion even at Harvard, where the cerebral competition is razor sharp. One explanation seems to be that Enders did not need a raise.

Now sixty-two, Enders has become something of a legendary figure among his fellow virologists as a scientist's scientist. In person he is commonly spoken of as "Lincolnesque" or "Churchillian," though he is not as homely or intrinsically sad as Lincoln and not at all cocky or flamboyant like Churchill.

Enders has a large, oval face and square-set jaw, large, blunt nose, large ears, and a hairline that recedes to the crown of his head, where it makes its stand in a horseshoe of wispy, dark but fading hair. His gray eyes, often gazing over his spectacles, are habitually appraising, as if to ask, "Now what does this fellow have up his sleeve?" But there is a persistent twinkle in his eyes and a droll smile on his lips.

Mild, slow spoken, sometimes a little vague, he is quick to compliment a visitor on a sensible thought. Should the latter mention Enders' reputation as a man with a "green thumb" for growing viruses, his reply is quick and blunt, however. "A myth," he says.

Most Harvard Medical School people seem to think of Enders as humble and shy. It is true that he sees no point in trying to impress anyone, but what could be more impressive than that in this day of the "hard sell"? Beneath his patient amiability, one detects residual signs of the true Yankee's cussed independence. For example, when Chief Justice Earl Warren and virus scientists from all over the world were invited to a three-day, $50,000 meeting in the Starlight Roof room of the Waldorf in 1957 to celebrate Basil O'Connor's sixty-fifth birthday, virtually all came except John Enders. He couldn't make it.

Enders loves to sit in his laboratory, talk to the people who come to see him and to do as he pleases. What pleases him most is to think about the infinite variability of viruses.

The episode that concerns us here, since it raised the curtain on the modern era of virus culture, began immediately following World War II when Enders became head of the new Infectious Disease Research Laboratory at Children's Hospital, adjacent to the medical school. Now came one of those scientific acts of serendipity that we hear so much about. Horace Walpole coined the word to explain the characters in a fairy tale that he wrote. In their travels the three princes of Serendip were always coming across exciting things they hadn't set out to find, due to their keen powers of observation when chance favored them with something worth observing.

The fictional princes came alive in the persons of Enders, fifty-one at the time of the discovery, and the two physicians, Weller, then thirty-two, and Robbins, then thirty-one. Both of the young men were Harvard graduates and had been Army bacteriologists. They came to train under and work with Enders, who during the war had been mainly interested in developing a vaccine against mumps. Mumps had been something of a problem in World War I recruits, but not in World War II, as it turned out.

Enders had depended on infecting monkeys to maintain his mumps virus, and now wished to continue his efforts to cultivate the virus in tissue cultures. Robbins said he wanted to work on viruses—any virus except polio. Weller thought polio had been overemphasized too. As a matter of fact, Enders himself never had done any polio research.

In any event, their first advance came in mumps. In 1947 Weller—he was senior author on the subsequent polio report—and Enders found the way for the first time to cultivate mumps virus in a test tube containing living chick-embryo cells plus certain vital juices and mineral salts.

Their success with mumps virus depended on one factor of the utmost importance. As Enders explained, "We waited." By this he meant that they were able to keep the mumps-infected chick cells in continuous culture for a week or two, and finally for thirty to forty days.

Previously virologists had been in the habit of transplanting their viruses from one subculture to another every three or four days to escape an overgrowth of bacteria. But (*Continued on Page 138*)

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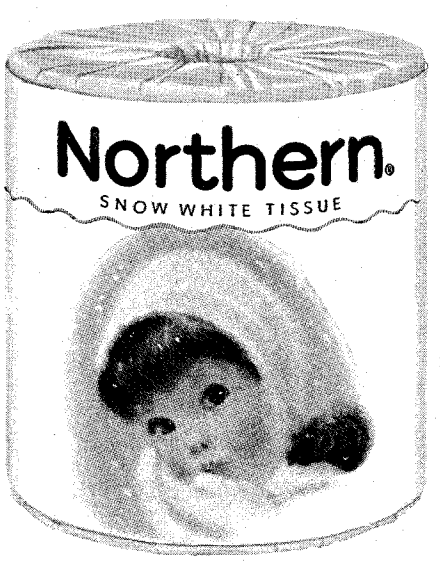

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(*Continued from Page 136*) having succeeded in maintaining a sterile technique in this instance, Weller and Enders simply changed the fluid medium and kept the same tissue growing. Their tests now showed that the mumps virus, though a slow grower, was flourishing in their little glass flasks.

A second factor was also of great importance in making continuous tissue culture a sure thing—and therefore in opening up the possibility of cornering, taming and mass-producing not only polio virus but all manner of wild viruses hitherto unknown. This was the introduction in tissue-culture work of the then new wonder drugs as a means of doing away with the bacterial contamination problem for good. Others had used penicillin to sterilize tissue cultures, and it now occurred to the Enders team to try both penicillin and streptomycin.

The two antibiotics were first employed in an experiment aimed at cultivating chicken-pox virus. For his tissue cultures, he chose bits of skin and muscle from human embryonic tissues—babies either stillborn or dying during premature birth at Boston Lying-In Hospital, across the street from the Harvard Medical School.

Weller set up a series of culture flasks containing these living human-tissue fragments, some chicken-pox virus, and enough penicillin and streptomycin to prevent contamination by bacteria. Some four years later he succeeded in growing the chicken-pox virus in quantity. But in the meantime, quite by chance, he had some culture flasks left over from the experiment. They contained the embryonic tissue and the antibiotics, but no chicken-pox virus. Rather than throw them away, Weller, on a March day in 1948, put some polio virus into these unused cultures.

The polio virus that Weller used was from a tube Enders had for some years been keeping in his freezer storage cabinet, a virus of the Lansing strain preserved in frozen mouse brain. In the late 1930's this virus had killed a youth of eighteen in Lansing, Michigan. What could be more natural, since the polio virus was at hand and the Enders laboratory was working under a National Foundation grant to Harvard for basic research on viruses—any viruses—than to dab a little of this Lansing—Type II—strain into some flasks containing human embryonic tissue? This Weller did.

It was of the utmost significance, of course, that tissues other than nerve cells were chosen for this polio experiment. This can be seen from a suggestion Enders now made to Doctor Robbins, who was pursuing still another virus problem, the cause of infant diarrhea. The culture tissue Robbins had selected was mouse intestine.

"I've been wondering about polio virus growing in the intestine," said Enders. "Why don't you try it?" Robbins did so, in the hope of proving, as it is now known, that polio is an intestinal virus. But logic did not at first prevail. As Robbins recalls, "Tom Weller inoculated his polio cultures of human muscle and skin first. I tried the polio virus in mouse intestine, and it was no go. But Tom's cultures worked the first time."

Weller had to wait, naturally. The polio virus multiplied in his cultures of non-nerve embryonic tissue in from eight to twenty days. But it took some hard work and ingenuity on the part of all three scientists to prove that this multiplication had occurred. They couldn't count the viruses visually. So their first procedure was to test the preparation on living mice, to see if the mice would come down with paralysis. They found that the culture-tissue fluid, which had contained only tiny amounts of virus at the start of cultivation, had so many virus particles at the end of the culture period that after they diluted it 1,000,000,000,000,000,000 (one quintillion) times it would still paralyze mice.

Presently the team was able to do away with the monkey tests by noting various effects on the host cells of the tissue culture itself. Enders coined the term "cytopathogenic effects" to describe these signs of cell destruction appearing as the viruses multiplied within the cells. These effects could be seen under the microscope. The researchers further noted that the multiplying viruses slowed down acid production, the usual sign of normal tissue growth.

Enders dampened his young men's joy of discovery by making them repeat their successful experiments over and over. They disposed of one question after another during the remainder of 1948. They showed that the polio virus would grow in almost any type of human tissue—including the intestine, Robbins was happy to find. Nerve cells were not essential. As a final demonstration, Weller cultivated polio virus in bits of mature human foreskin, showing embryonic cells were not essential either. Eventually others adopted monkey kidneys as the best vehicle for rapid production of the virus in large quantities.

Here at last was the complete method for cultivating man's viruses independently of living man, monkey or mouse. Dr. Sven Gard of Sweden aptly stated the significance of their discovery six years later when he presented Enders, Weller and Robbins to the king and queen of Sweden to receive the Nobel prize. Gard compared the importance of their achievement in virology to the importance of Robert Koch's culturing of bacteria to bacteriology. This new discovery, which Enders himself characterized as merely an improvement upon methods used by the prepenicillin virus culturists, brought us into what we might call the Second Golden Age of Medicine as far as infectious diseases are concerned—or, more simply, the Virus Age.

Now Salk, as he said, caught the pass and scored the touchdown with a killed-virus polio vaccine that, in five years of mass application, has stood up remarkably well. But it doesn't protect those who fail to get vaccinated. The Enders-Weller-Robbins discovery was also basic in the development of attenuated, live-virus polio vaccines by Dr. Hilary Koprowski of Philadelphia, Dr. Herald Cox of Lederle Laboratories and Dr. Albert B. Sabin of Cincinnati. These vaccines, taken by mouth rather than as injections, are now undergoing extensive testing in other countries; they show considerable promise, but as yet lack the rigid evaluation that the Salk vaccine has had.

The live-virus polio vaccines depended in part on the resurrection and application of a basic discovery made by Dr. Peyton Rous of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in 1916. Rous found that, by using the digestive enzyme, trypsin, he could break down fragments of tissue into individual living cells and culture these cells either in a flask or on a plate, in a layer one cell deep.

Rous, now eighty and still at the Rockefeller Institute, was a man somewhat before his time in other respects too. In 1910 he became the first to discover a true cancer virus, in chickens. He also anticipated Goodpasture's chick-embryo technique by growing his chicken tumors—Rous sarcoma—in hatching eggs. But the means for exploiting his discoveries were not then at hand, and the old microbe hunters paid his cancer virus scant heed.

Not so Dr. Renato Dulbecco of the California Institute of Technology. In 1952 Dulbecco wrapped Rous' and Enders' methods together and cultivated monkey-kidney cells in layers one cell deep. He then ingeniously devised a way of developing colonies of "thoroughbred" viruses all descending from a single virus that had infected a single cell. Koprowski and Sabin used this Dulbecco plating method to grow pure lines of polio virus, whence came their vaccines.

The discovery of an easy method of cultivating viruses also opened the way for a later group of young doctors working with Enders to grow the viruses of common measles in 1954 and then go on to their successful attenuation in 1957. Results of the first human tests, reported earlier this year, provide some cause for hoping that one shot of Enders' measles vaccine, universally administered to small children, might wipe out this disease and the misery that goes with it. Surely mothers of young children would count such a vaccine a blessing. The attenuated virus causes a mild fever and minor rash, but does not affect the child's energy or appetite; he can continue normal activities. Tests are continuing to determine whether the vaccine, which produces good antibodies, will actually protect against real measles.

In another direction, the Enders easy-does-it culture method presaged a new line of attack on cancer, under the leadership of Dr. Wilton R. Earle of the National Cancer Institute. Earle was the first, in 1943, to culture cancer cells, from a mouse, in a test tube. The possibilities were vastly accelerated in 1952 when a Johns Hopkins Medical School group cultivated cells taken from a cancer of the cervix removed from a Baltimore colored woman, Helen Lang. She died, but achieved a kind of immortality in the fact that HeLa cells, named for her, have become a standard culture medium throughout the world.

Helen Lang's cancer cells have absolutely stupendous capacity for growth in the test tube, multiplying as much as twenty times in a day. No virus has been detected in HeLa cells, but when viruses are put into test tubes with them, the viruses also multiply at great speed. Reflecting the advent of the tissue-culture era, a Bethesda firm, Microbiological Associates, Inc., went into the business and is now the chief supplier of the standard tissue cultures used by research and diagnostic laboratories everywhere. One of the firm's most popular lines is HeLa cells.

It has been possible to establish other types of human cancer cells in continuous culture as well. There is hope among cancer researchers that the study of these cells, particularly of their chemical structure and function, and their capacity to stimulate antibodies or other forms of resistance in animals and humans, will lead to an ultimate understanding of how cancer cells grow and what might prevent this growth.

One surprising observation, made by Earle and others, is that even normal cells, when cultivated continuously in a test tube, occasionally break into a runaway growth, with rapid proliferation of new cells. While not thought to be true cancer, they behave like HeLa cells nonetheless. The search has intensified for what it is in the human body that normally inhibits growth—living cells normally are rigidly disciplined. As a matter of fact, the body's power to stop growth is fully as strong, and certainly as important, as its capacity to grow. The question of why cancer starts growing and does not stop remains open. A virus could be involved; if so, it has remained beyond detection in humans thus far.

But the most tangible consequence of the Enders-Weller-Robbins impulse to dab a little polio virus in their cultures—Enders called it "fishing in troubled waters"—has been the hitherto unknown viruses that keep popping up. As we read the headlines, it would seem as if a plague of new diseases had descended on us during the last five years. These "new" viruses, many of them connected with the common cold and other respiratory infections, are the subject of the third article in this series. There are nearly 100 of these virus "strangers."

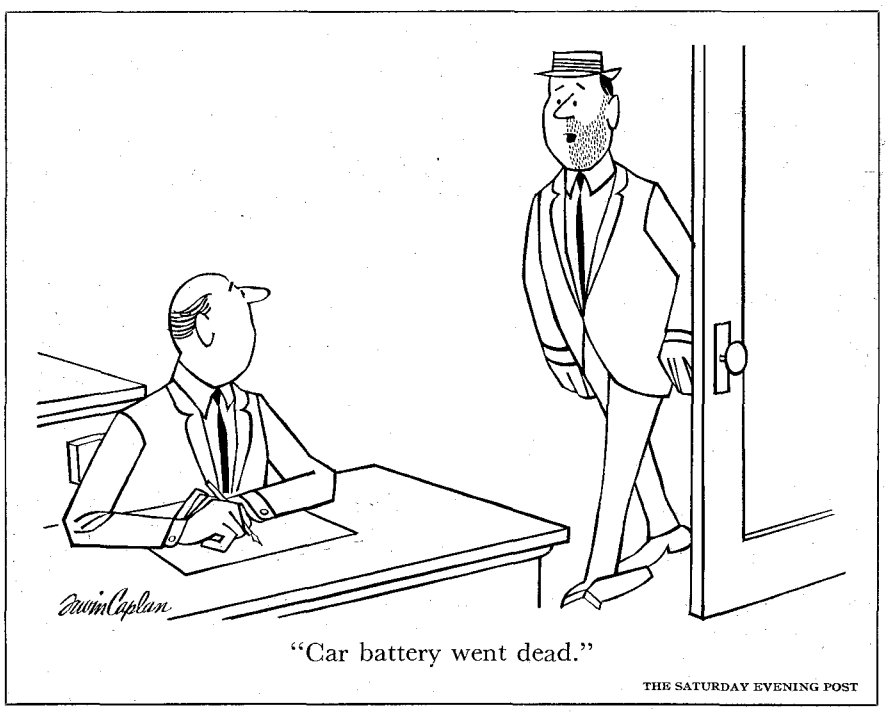
But the strangest thing, perhaps, is how this imposing array of new knowledge and hoped-for conquest of disease relates to that early spring day eleven years ago when Weller, Enders and Robbins shared an impulse to try something different. Enders himself sometimes seems abashed and even a little apologetic about the way it happened, and certainly astounded at the consequences.

Weller, who quickly rose to a full professorship at Harvard, and Robbins, who became a full professor at Western Reserve University, likewise have found it hard to believe the chain of events that led them to Nobel glory.

"It was all very simple," said Robbins.

"A fortuitous circumstance," remarked Weller.

"I guess we were foolish," reflected Enders.



"Car battery went dead."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In his concluding article next week, Mr. Williams tells how virologists are uncovering the secrets of infectious diseases, including the common cold. —THE EDITORS

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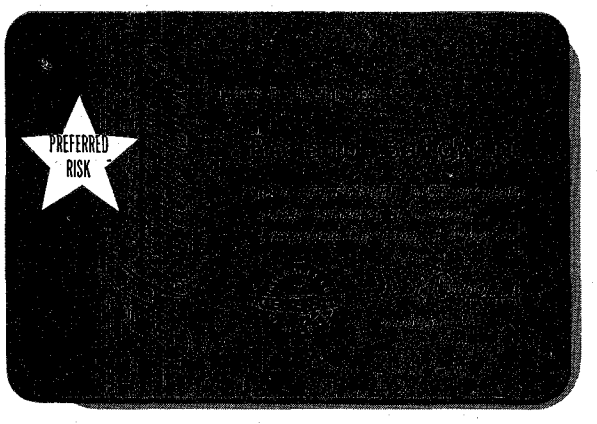

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The Big Three Join the Revolution

(Continued from Page 35)

faster and by the end of the year had doubled the previous year's volume.

An accompanying phenomenon in 1957 was the behavior of an independent American producer, American Motors Corporation. Suddenly AMC, which had been in acute pain, started chewing up larger and larger parts of what was known as the little-car market. Moreover, AMC was doing it not with a tiny car, but with a compact 108-inch wheelbase model of fairly roomy inside proportions. This car, the Rambler, saved gas but it did not offer much price reduction. Nevertheless, it sold.

Looking back over its shoulder the industry saw these portents, but at that time the current stir was not very serious. Chrysler, Ford and GM still did 94 per cent of the total business, including imports, which was a drop of less than two percentage points in four years. It was not until 1958 that these three slipped seriously—to less than 86 per cent. The decline was caused by rising imports, a doubling of American Motors production and a modest increase in Studebaker-Packard's total, influenced by introduction of still another small car.

The major American manufacturers have been widely criticized because presumably they did not recognize a trend and provide smaller cars for an increasingly obvious demand. The critics are in error. All of the major three made decisions to produce little cars in 1957, before the great inroads of small cars which occurred in 1958 and which have continued thus far this year. Thus they did indeed recognize and accept the new market quite early in the trend. They have since had little more than two years to disclose what they have done—make very important decisions, design completely new products, build production facilities for them, test them and get them on the market. This is fast work.

Now, what have they produced? With small variations among them they have produced six-passenger, four-door cars that are 1000 pounds lighter and a couple of feet shorter than any present Chevrolet, Ford or Plymouth. They have shortened wheelbases by a minimum of nine inches and in one case more than ten. They have designed new six-cylinder, ninety-horsepower motors and used axle ratios that will, they promise, gain any individual driver one third to one half more miles per gallon of gasoline. They have preserved head room, hip room and entrance room within inches of those of larger cars. They have achieved, in short, small cars with a minimum sacrifice of Detroit's standards of American comfort and convenience.

These are new cars. Interchangeability of parts with other big-three models is in each case negligible. The new specifications demanded acute solutions of space-performance standards, and the results are good. The cars have fine riding qualities, good getaway characteristics and they are as maneuverable as a smaller car is expected to be.

The Corvair has an American look, the Falcon and Valiant have an overseas flavor. Ford's Falcon could so easily pass as an import that no attempt was made to disguise it on country-wide road tests and, according to the test drivers, "The question we were asked most frequently was, 'What kind of foreign car is that?'"

The Falcon is a good illustration of the fact that the industry was early, rather than late, in anticipating today's trends. Its roots go back to 1949, as do those of the other two. At that time there had been a modest flurry of foreign makes coming into this market as a postwar aid in overcoming our war-born car shortage. The foreign cars were different. They were smaller; and while they became lost in the American industry's whirlwind boom in production and expansion of car size and power, the foreigners did hint that it was possible to make small cars that actually took people where they wanted to go and that someday this simple-transportation idea might catch on.

Today's introductions do not stem directly from those slight gleams of 1949, but the gleams had an effect on Detroit's ever-continuing experimentation. In Ford's case there was the additional fact, whether or not anyone ever consciously worked it out, that the 1949 Ford was a significant automobile. It was a first step, and a big one, in jumping the size, power and cost of low-priced American cars, an industry program that was eventually to leave a hole in the market underneath its bottom products. It was into this hole that imports, Ramblers and Larks were to pour, now followed by the big three who are in effect starting all over again in a new low-priced field.

The Falcon is perhaps more conventional and is slightly larger than the Valiant and Corvair. It has a well-appointed interior and a truly surprising amount of luggage space. It has reverted to single headlamps, which is common sense. "Modern headlamps are so good there is no purpose in wasting money on four of them for an economy car," said a proving-grounds engineer.

It is a refreshing sight to lift the hoods of the three new cars and see engines with actual space around them, as contrasted with the crowded underhood conditions of most of today's cars. Beyond this common denominator, however, the new cars split sharply in an acrimonious intercompany controversy over placement of the engine. The two camps are respectively the front-end and rear-end advocates. Corvair's engine is in the rear, a location that has always aroused the indignation of front-end partisans, and probably always will. Front-end advocates assert that an engine in the back of the car produces wrong weight distribution and exerts a spin-out force similar to that on the end ice skater in a crack-the-whip line.

The Corvair power plant is a light, "pancake" motor made largely of aluminum and aluminum alloys and with aluminum used liberally in housings and covers. This weight saving, together with tires and rims designed for weight balance and eleven pounds more air in the rear than in the front tires, results, according to Corvair people, in an entirely new conception in rear-engine cars.

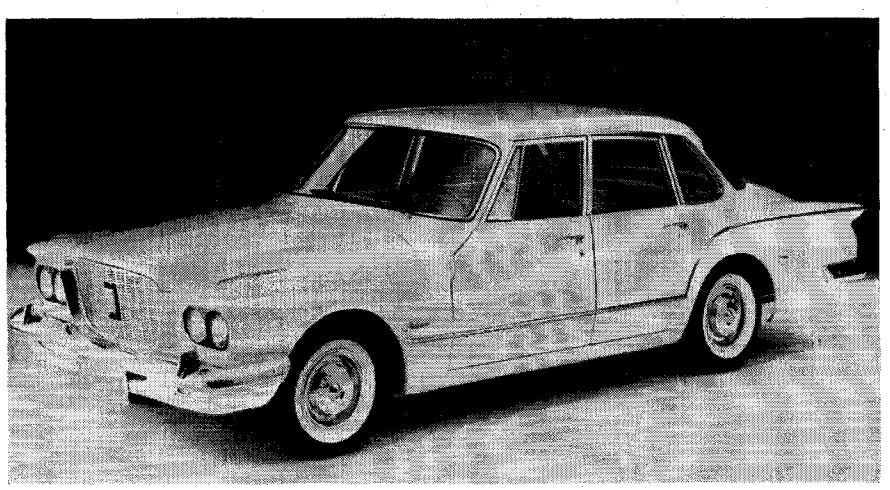
"Critics know nothing about this car," says E. N. Cole who, as Chevrolet general manager, is responsible for the Corvair. "We know what it has done in millions of miles of testing, and I have never been more enthusiastic about any product." Incidentally, this is exactly the way R. S. McNamara, the Falcon's daddy, and Tex Colbert and Bill Newberg, whose child is the Valiant, feel about their cars.

Since the Corvair is the center of a buzzing controversy, let's add a couple of additional opinions. This reporter drove it over a winding course, turned it in tight circles, backed, started, stopped and gunned—and would never have known where the engine was without looking. A young GM testing-grounds employee who has lived with the Corvair from its first on-wheels secret appearance volunteered another and terse opinion. "I've fallen in love with this little fellow," he said.

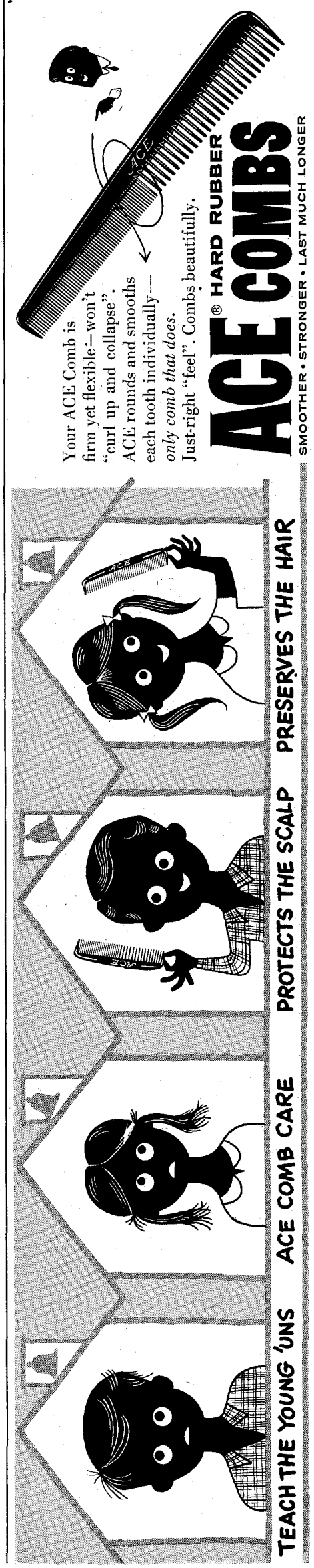
Corvair people point out that with each Corvair comes a free lifetime supply of antifreeze, which is another way of saying that the engine is air-cooled. And because air-cooled engines do not provide heat as readily as water-cooled engines do, Corvair offers a gasoline heater. The heater draws fuel from the main fuel tank located at the back of the front luggage compartment and in continuous operation will use about ten cents' worth of gas an hour. One gift of the rear-end power plant is almost complete absence of the normal propeller tunnel, thus providing extra leg room and lower over-all height. The Corvair is only 51.3 inches high. This is nearly six inches lower than a Volkswagen.

In securing some advantages, the Corvair has lost luggage space. The luggage deck in front will take a golf bag and clubs crosswise, as GM is quick to point out, but in order to approximate Falcon and Valiant space, Corvair has added a deep well in its back window shelf; and it is pointed out that an optional back seat will fold down, making a sort of business coupé out of the car and providing another bundle platform.

The Chrysler Valiant is the only one of the three with definite rear-fender fins, although they are mild. It has, like the Falcon, a surprising quantity of luggage space in a conventional rear deck and it, too, could easily be mistaken for an import. The Valiant shares with the others a unit form of construction—body and frame in one piece. This will permit American Motors, which has long had unit construction, to say, "We told you so." The Valiant's development was a bit more hush-hush than the other two and was marked by some happy accidents. For example, it is a low-slung car and, in order to obtain reasonable door dimensions, designer Virgil Exner had to borrow door-frame space from the car roof. In doing so he was forced to create a ridge over the doors. It then turned out that this ridge contributed to, rather than detracted from, the silhouette.



Chrysler's Valiant. This picture, published prematurely by a newsmagazine, nearly destroyed Chrysler's plans for secrecy prior to October introduction of the new car.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The Valiant also had good luck with its suspension. The present successful semi-torsion-bar suspension system used in other Chrysler products was applied to the Valiant and, says Exner, "We discovered that we got an even better ride in a car of these dimensions than in larger cars. There appears to be no engineering reason for it—it just happened."

The Valiant, which clings to four headlamps, as does the Corvair, is giving away one premium feature which only the Imperial of other Chrysler products possesses. A new generator hookup permits the car to charge the battery at idling speeds. But marketwise, perhaps the most important Valiant development is the fact that the line will include a station wagon, if not at introduction time, then soon after. Wagons for the other two new ones will come later, if at all.

It would be hard to believe that any one of these new arrivals will fail to sell. What is more likely—and of course this is only bystander opinion—is that the little rascals will wreak a lot of mischief in the country's automobile showrooms.

Big-three manufacturers have long since been flooded with mail from dealers. Its purport is "Who is going to sell the new cars, and if I don't get one what are you going to give me?" The rough basic answer is that Chevrolet dealers will sell the Corvair, Ford dealers the Falcon and Plymouth dealers the Valiant. All other dealers have been offered plentiful rumors which run clear up to the hard-to-believe rumor that Cadillac dealers will eventually get a little Cadillac to sell.

The only certain fact is that the American new-car market is not going to be the calmest area of commercial competition. Consider one change already known. Plymouth has always been a low-priced brand that is normally handled in combination with one or more other Chrysler lines. Now Plymouth is to be separated from its duals and paired with the Valiant. Former Dodge-Plymouth dealers, for example, will lose the Plymouth but in its place will sell another new car, the Dart, which is a sort of small Dodge and will be priced in competition with the Plymouth.

One puzzled onlooker has observed of the general scene, "Take the seventy foreign brands available here, take all the used cars on the market, add American Motors, Studebaker, plus the regular and new little lines of the big three and any customer anywhere by going up or down ten cents will open up a dozen additional buys that he can make." That was ridicule, but substitute a few dollars for the dime, and it comes very close to the truth.

Robert McNamara, Ford vice president, estimates that first-season sale of the new small cars, together with Ramblers, Larks and imports, will total 1,750,000 units. After making a reasonable allowance for the others, this would provide the new little ones with an average market of more than the 200,000 each, which the major three always have said they needed to make production of little cars worthwhile.

A question pops up instantly. At whose expense will these new ones, whose number will equal perhaps 5 to 6 per cent of the entire used-car market, be sold? In answer, the manufacturers, who are in a bitter hassle over their new introductions, are for once in agreement. First, they say, there will be a marked expansion in two-car families, who now number only about one in every seven or eight. Next, a number of foreign brands which cost as much as American products will probably withdraw from this market, if solely because they will now have to compete not only with similar cars but with national networks of parts and service covering every crossroads. Then, while it is not expected that there will be a great penetration of the market for $1500 foreign brands, the American entries will pick up at least some business in this area. Finally, standard American makes, and not necessarily only low-priced makes, will yield a few customers to the new ones.

Undoubtedly there is a little truth in every one of these prospects. It is equally true that most of those on the other side deny each specific assertion. Volkswagen, Renault and Fiat say, in effect, "They'll never touch us." George Romney of American Motors says, "We'll wind up this season with 6.5 per cent of the industry's total and next season we will go higher than that; and we have the products to do it." Studebaker is predicting a jump from 2.5 per cent this year to 4 per cent next year. If everyone is right, then 100 per cent of the market will have to be measured with a very stretchy rubber yardstick.

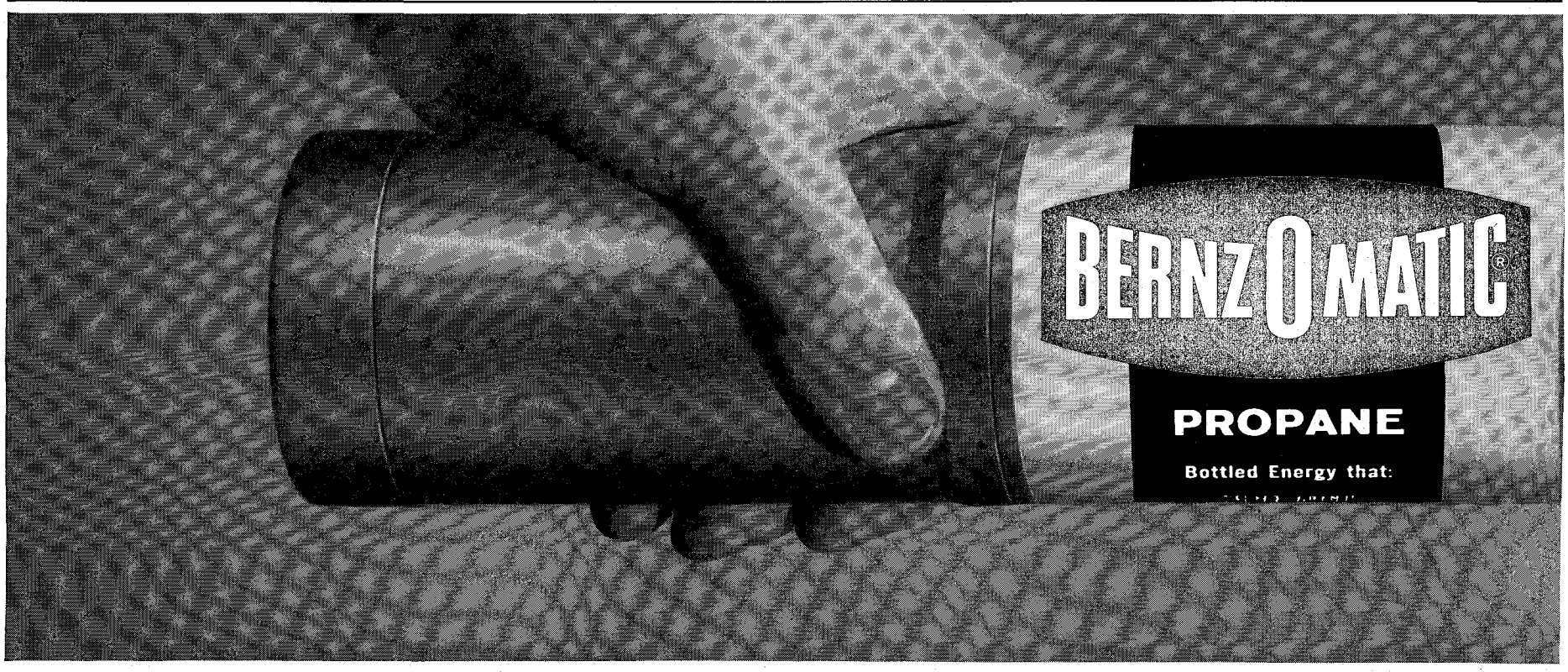
It may be worth while to consider what is already happening in the automobile market, although current movements are not crystal clear. On the whole, the 1959 model year just ended has been a good year for Detroit, a marked recovery from last year's bad experience. But the rate of improvement varied a great deal among individual models. Little cars in general exceeded the rate of industry improvement. So did a few high-priced and personal-type premium cars. Medium-priced lines as a class turned in the worst performance, although there were conflicts even within this general group. Pontiac, for example, jumped strongly, Buick continued to decline in percentage of the market.

It is by no means proved yet, but there certainly is the faint suggestion that a new price order is in the making. Perhaps the Valiant, Falcon, Corvair, Lark and Rambler are becoming tomorrow's low-priced lines, while Chevrolet, Ford and Plymouth become tomorrow's medium-priced cars; then former medium-priced cars will have to endure a very real and substantial squeeze.

In the intensive research which the American industry conducted prior to production of the new small cars, one request topped all others. A large number of prospective car buyers stated that their first desire was for a car that would use less gasoline per mile of travel. The first cost of a car that would produce this gas-saving result was claimed to be a secondary consideration. The researchers used trap questions to make sure that those who professed a degree of indifference to original cost were answering honestly and were not simply ashamed to admit that original outlay was of acute importance to them.

It is quite possible that these results of research investigations are accurate. But there is ample room for believing that a great many people had expected the new big-three cars to be $1500 or even $1200 automobiles. Those who did will be disappointed at prices near or above $2000. And in the last couple of seasons car buyers have demonstrated that they are capable of paying close attention to the first cost of a car. Substantial numbers of people replacing old cars with new ones have been trading down, selecting new cars in a lower price range than those traded in. This is a reversal of a trend of many years' standing.

The three new cars are, of course, built for the American market, but if they can be sold abroad in competition with foreign makes they may be the means of helping the American industry out of a deepening export hole. We have been rapidly losing our export market for American cars—imports have exceeded



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exports since 1957. The new cars overcome to some degree the troubles that have recently afflicted our exports. They are better fitted in price, size and economy of operation to the demands of many foreign markets. They could be of material aid in reviving export sales.

If nothing else, the new small cars will give the three major American manufacturers an additional item for their international sales. General Motors can now add the Corvair to its two international brands, the British Vauxhall and the German Opel. Ford will add the Falcon to its British Fords and its German Taunus. Chrysler will have the Valiant available to supplement the French Simca which it now regards as its international car, although Chrysler actually owns only 25 per cent of Simca.

Of the greatest importance, however, will be the reaction of American markets to the Corvair, Falcon and Valiant. The new cars will settle many questions, but they may not win an argument for either of two typical participants in a recent lunch-table debate over the merits of little and big cars. These two stated their cases bluntly.

A contractor said, "Anyone who buys a big car is crazy."

A lawyer answered, "Anyone who spends a full driving day in a little automobile is not only crazy, he's exhausted."

The new introductions are not really intended to support either side in this argument. What the American industry hopes is that the Corvair, Falcon and Valiant will please both.

Before the industry rolls out its 150,000,000th passenger car a year from now, we will know how close they have come to success. Meanwhile, on with the revolution.

The Day I Was Indispensable (Continued from Page 36)

fiercely superstitious. I had read that all ballplayers were.

But after the first game, while sitting in the synagogue during the evening service which began the Day of Atonement, it came to me—the source of my revelation didn't, I'm certain, concern me then, nor do I see why it should now—that this wasn't enough. It was divulged to me that, unless I listened to Graham McNamee's broadcast of the game next day—with the radio on my right side—the A's would lose.

My revelation, appropriately, did not require me to attend the game. Even with supernatural intervention such a thought never occurred to me. Mostly, I suppose, because not even my brothers ever went to World Series games. My brothers were twenty-five and twenty-six, and I looked up to them as men of the world—they sometimes frequented speak-easies and had both been to the first Dempsey-Tunney fight in Philadelphia in 1926.

My only desire—indeed, my firm obligation, since the team's fate was now clearly my personal responsibility—was to listen to the broadcast of the game. But, as I at once perceived, my strategy for getting out of synagogue and to our radio on the following day would involve some delicate maneuvers of both a practical and theological nature.

The previous year, on my thirteenth birthday, I had had my *bar mizvah*, the ceremony that made me a man in the Jewish community. But mom had insisted that I be allowed a year's grace before assuming the full responsibilities of manhood. ("He's such a skinny for his age.") However, it was agreed that on this Yom Kippur I would no longer be exempt by reason of boyhood or emaciation from observing the two most exacting rituals of that awesome day of judgment: fasting from sundown to sundown, and remaining in and around the synagogue during the entire service—which on that October 2, 1930, would mean from 8:30 A.M. until nightfall, including the early afternoon hours during which the game would be broadcast.

On Wednesday night, after returning home from the evening service, we all went to bed immediately. There was nothing else to do. We were forbidden by ritual to turn on any lights once the holy day started, and the lamp beside the baby grand piano in the living room, which had been turned on before we left for the synagogue, furnished the only illumination in all three floors of our house.

For once I welcomed the early bedtime. It gave me the quiet solitude I needed to resolve my problem. During the next hour or so, in bed in my third-floor room, I gave serious consideration to several possible solutions.

I thought, for example, of appealing directly to Connie Mack, who naturally would have strong concern for my predicament. Perhaps he would come to the synagogue next morning before he went to Shibe Park—it was, after all, nearby—and explain to mom that unless I was listening to the game his team would go to pieces. It occurred to me, however, that mom wouldn't know about or be impressed by Connie Mack. What's more, since mom on holidays spoke only Yiddish instead of her usual combination of Yiddish and English, I suspected that Connie Mack would experience considerable difficulty communicating with her. So I rejected this idea as unworkable.

As to pop, the only way to reach him was through a businesslike approach, preferably one that would allow him a fair but tax-free profit. I knew I could give him a sure thing—provided I was allowed to listen to the game. But pop was never, to my knowledge, a betting man. And most certainly not on Yom Kippur.

I had another inspiration. I leaped out of bed and, on my knees in front of the window, I prayed for an all-day rain. If tomorrow's game were postponed, I wouldn't be faced with my dilemma. For, on the following day, Friday, I could play hooky from Central High, where I was a sophomore, and stand outside a radio store downtown to listen to Graham McNamee. I would tell my home-room teacher I had been absent because we were a very religious family and we observed Yom Kippur for two days, not one. (I had heard there were some Jews who did that because they didn't trust the modern calendars.) I could get by with that excuse because my teacher wasn't Jewish.

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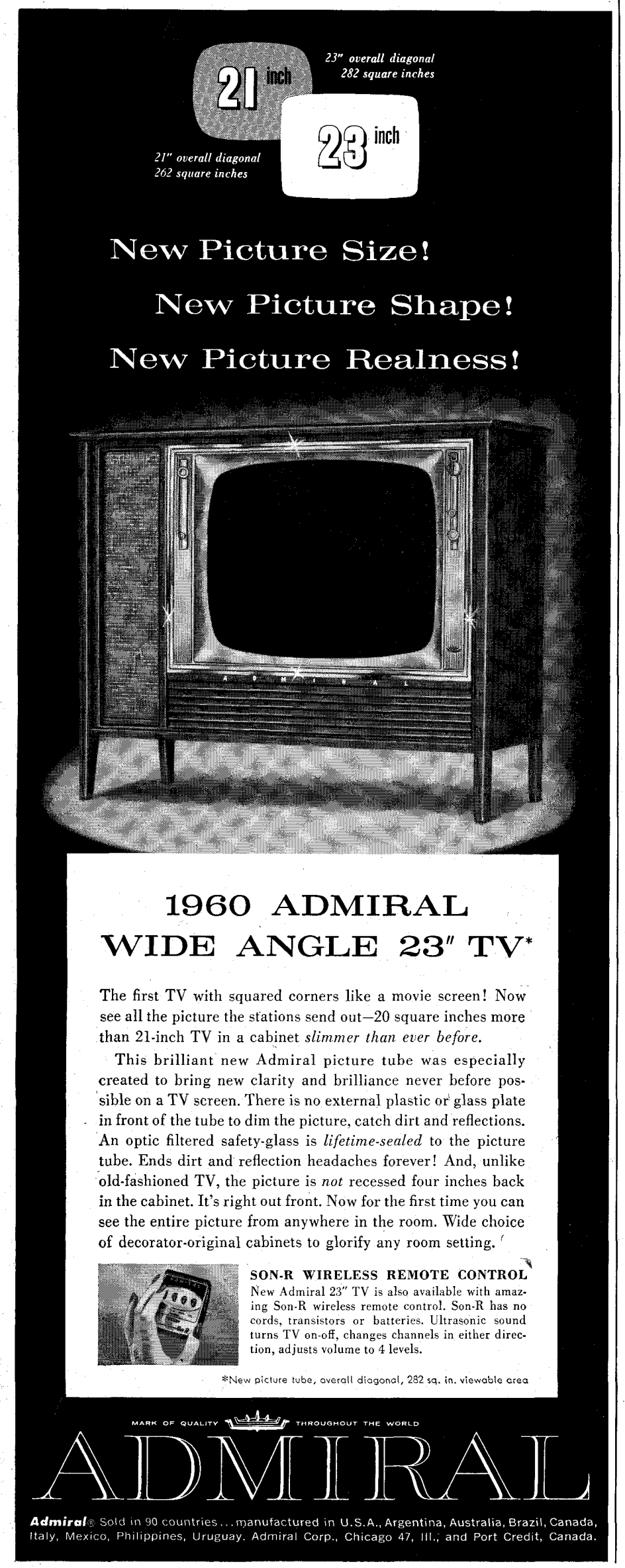
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But after I had concluded my prayer and got back in bed, I gazed at the bright moonlight streaming in my bedroom window—or was it the street light?—and began to feel uneasy. It was, after all, more than a little presumptuous of me with only one year of manhood to my credit to ask God to show me such favor. I'd better be prepared for sunshine.

Desperate random schemes skittered through my mind—a broken leg, a heart attack, temporary blindness, amnesia—but I rejected each in turn as too difficult to simulate or too painful to achieve. And then, at last, the solution came. All I had to do was capitalize on a family attitude which I hitherto pettishly resented.

To mom and pop as well as to my older brothers and my twenty-four-year-old sister, I was still "the baby," and would undoubtedly remain so until my own grandsons were *bar mizvahed.* ("We all should live so long.") They had for weeks been showing an exaggerated (I felt) anxiety about the possible effects of my first twenty-four-hour fast, and I knew they would be worriedly observing my every action the next day. I had long since determined to forestall any embarrassing fussing on their part by presenting a steadfast mien of somewhat militant stoicalness. But now I realized that if, shortly before game time, I complained of a headache and—if need be—dizziness, pop, or more likely mom, would insist that I go home to rest for an hour or so.

It was as simple as that. Yet, even as I was rejoicing over this eminently practical solution to my problem, a pang of theological doubt struck me. In my zeal to serve Al Simmons, Mickey Cochrane and Jimmy Foxx, was I not neglecting my full devotion to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob? But this momentary uncertainty soon yielded to a fourteen-year-old's pure and irrefutable logic: I could make up at the end of the day or next morning or any time all the prayers I had missed while I was home listening to the game. I was, in sum, merely arranging a postponement of my religious duties on the theory that if God could postpone games, why couldn't The Game postpone God?

Why not, indeed, I concluded. And so I fell asleep, serenely confident that when the game started the next day I would be seated in our living room with the radio on my right side, and I would stay there until the last man—a Cardinal, of course—was out.

And from the moment I woke up on Thursday morning everything seemed to be boding well for my plan. I heard pop down in the second-floor hall saying to my sister, "Let David sleep a few more seconds. He needs today all his strength, God be thanked." Instinctively I realized that what was needed to make my headache-to-be more credible was a prior display—the more ostentatious the better—of asceticism.

I bounced out of bed and loudly announced, "I've been up a long time already, pop."

After hurriedly dressing—I took no chances and did dress right side first—I arrived downstairs. Mom was standing in the archway leading to the kitchen. She waited until pop went outside with my brothers and sister, then she beckoned me into the kitchen. She removed a napkin covering a full glass of milk on the table and said, "Drink, my child. God doesn't expect. You're only a baby."

"No, mom," I said severely. "I'm going to fast." I took the glass of milk and put it back in the icebox. Mom watched me doing this, and then, as she hurried out to the mirror over the sideboard in the dining room to adjust her veil, she started to cry. Mom was a great crier on holidays.

And so, as our family walked together to the synagogue on that Yom-Kippur-Second-Game morning, I was in high spirits. I felt at one with the world, both the natural and the supernatural. But I hadn't reckoned with Mr. Daroff.

Mr. Harry Daroff was the perennial president of B'nai Jeshurun. Pop, who was a member of the board of directors, said that was because Mr. Daroff was the richest man in the congregation. Mom claimed it was because he was the most charitable. They agreed, however, that Mr. Daroff—they both always referred to him as *Mister* Daroff, not just Daroff—deserved to be president because he was so pious (a fact made all the more remarkable because he was both rich and charitable). But it was my feeling then, as it is now even more so, that Mr. Daroff was president year after year simply because he couldn't have been anything less.

Well into his sixties at the time—he lived to his mid-eighties—Mr. Daroff was the embodiment of stern dignity. He was of medium height, but, because he held his long neck so erect, he looked taller than he was. He dressed conservatively in dark gray or blue, but always wore a huge diamond stickpin. He had a head of thinning iron-gray hair which he constantly kept covered, according to Orthodox custom, either with a silk *yarmulka*—skull cap—or a black Homburg—the latter, as pop always pointed out with vicarious pleasure, bought at the exclusive John Wanamaker's Men's Shop. His bright jet eyes, small and deep-set, pierced out from under bushy, dark eyebrows. His face, grayish but leathery smooth—he never, even at the end of a full day in the synagogue, seemed to need a shave—was lean and bony and much sunken in the cheeks, as if fasting were his daily rite. And he had a booming voice. Before Mr. Daroff addressed himself to anyone, he cleared his throat mightily two or three times, making it sound like claps of thunder.

Another thing teachers don't get paid enough of is attention.
PAT KRAFT

"Forbidding" was not merely the word for, it was the essence of, Mr. Daroff. Whenever, as a child, I conjured a picture of God in my mind, the Almighty was Mr. Daroff. He was Mr. Daroff sitting sovereignlike in the synagogue, first row center; He was Mr. Daroff holding court any summer night in his open rolling chair in front of the Ritz on the boardwalk at Atlantic City; and He was Mr. Daroff majestically identifying himself on the phone with the measured proclamation, "I am Daroff!"

It was no wonder then that on this Yom Kippur in 1930 I was able to believe for several hours that Mr. Daroff had the power to control my fate and, hence, in light of my previous evening's revelation, the destiny of even Connie Mack.

When we got to synagogue at about 8:30 that morning, we—the four men in our family—had to go, as was our regular custom, to pay our respects to Mr. Daroff, who invariably, no matter how early we arrived, was there first. (In the ladies' section, located on the side of the rectangular auditorium, mom and my sister always greeted Mrs. Daroff similarly.) Pop led my brothers and me, oldest first, up to the front row to shake Mr. Daroff's hand and exchange with him the traditional "*Goot Yontif*"—Happy Holiday. On every previous occasion Mr. Daroff had always firmly grasped (*Continued on Page 146*)

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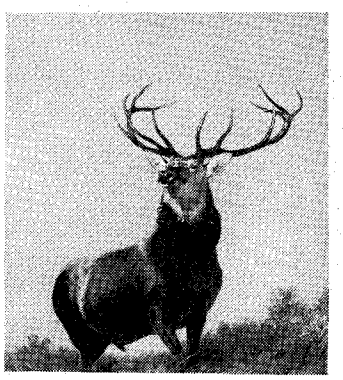

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(*Continued from Page 144*) my hand for one formal, hard pump; patted my cheek; and, after noisily clearing his throat, dismissed me with the somewhat deflating declaration, "Ah! *Der kleinah!*"—The small one. This time, however, following the handshake there was no pat on the cheek. Instead, Mr. Daroff placed his hand on my shoulder and cleared his throat so loudly that, it seemed to me, the entire congregation, including the reader, was stilled.

Addressing me directly, he announced, "Ah! Now you are a man!" With his hand still on my shoulder, he turned to pop, who was standing behind me, and said, "Yellin! I want this man should sit with me today!"

This, of course, was no request. It was a command. After straightening my tie and practically pushing me into the seat next to Mr. Daroff, pop, beaming, followed my brothers to their regular places in the second row directly behind Mr. Daroff and me, and the service continued.

For several seconds I sat there stunned, trying to adjust my thinking to this alarming turn of events. But almost immediately Mr. Daroff was thrusting his open prayer book in front of my face, pointing to the exact word the reader was singsonging, and running a finger along the line of Hebrew characters until I was able to find the proper place in my own prayer book.

I knew at that moment that my plan was ruined. For now, no matter how convincingly I displayed symptoms of pain, fatigue or malnutrition—and I was beginning to suspect such symptoms might well become all too genuine long before game time—I knew my parents would never summon me from Mr. Daroff's side to send me home to rest.

What happened during the next three dreadful hours comes to me now only in a series of disjointed flashes: Pop whispering from the row behind for me to sit up straight, everybody was watching. . . . Mom crying with pride at my honor, and alternately nodding at me across the synagogue and acknowledging respectful attentions from the ladies around her, including Mrs. Daroff. . . . The rabbi winking at me encouragingly. . . . Mr. Daroff's forefinger unceasingly and unerringly indicating the place in the prayer book. . . . My own despair, increasing with each passing minute.

At last, around 11:30, came *Yizkor*, a special service in which all the living recall all their departed ones. I, along with other, mostly younger worshipers with neither parents nor close relatives to mourn, was allowed to go out during this half-hour service. I left Mr. Daroff and the synagogue with the anguished conviction that only a miracle could now save the game for the A's. Once outside, I avoided my friends sitting on the shaded grass in the park across the street; their naïve optimism about the outcome of the Series was more than I could face.

It was while I was sitting alone on the front steps of the synagogue that my despair turned to defiance. Circumstances beyond my control were forcing me to make a choice I had wished to avoid. But there was still time for me to make the choice. And I did. I chose Connie Mack.

I considered walking away from the synagogue right then. I would go directly to a restaurant and eat a big lunch, and then I would go home and listen to the game, and I would never go back to the synagogue again. But discretion warned that if I failed to return to my conspicuous seat after *Yizkor* I would be missed immediately. It was still more than an hour until game time; this would give them—mom, pop, Mr. Daroff and all the others in league against me and the A's—ample time to devise some way of thwarting my mission. No, I'd go back in now. But when it was time for the game to start, without saying a word to anyone, I would get up from my seat in the front row beside Mr. Daroff and walk—run, if necessary—out of the synagogue forever.

The regular service had already been resumed when I reached my seat. As soon as I sat down I saw that Mr. Daroff—and he was making no attempt at covering up—had been crying.

I was aware that most everyone cried during *Yizkor;* it was expected and, for many, eagerly anticipated. The idea of the service was not only to mourn deaths in one's own immediate family but also to remember the passing as well as the misery of all Jews down through the ages. Yet somehow I had never seen Mr. Daroff cry before—possibly, as I think of it now, because I had always been sitting behind him, not directly beside him—and the sight of his tears was unexpected and unsettling. For some seconds he stared at me without seeming to notice my presence; he heaved a heavy, gasping sigh and, while exhaling, he tearfully exclaimed in diminuendo, "Oi, oi, oi, oi!" Then he regained his usual composure, snatched my prayer book, deftly flipped to the right page and thrust his forefinger at the word the cantor was singing.

But in those few lingering seconds I knew I would never again regard Mr. Daroff as awesomely Godlike. I recognized, not without regret, that no man is strong forever; that every man is a child, just as every child can one day suddenly become a man. I felt that this day, this very moment, marked the end of my childhood. This was my true *bar mizvah* day. And with that realization my short-lived rebellion collapsed; my defiance gave way to resignation—resignation to my heritage. I dismissed any idea I'd ever had of getting out of the synagogue to hear the game. Connie Mack would have to fend for himself.

As I sat there, numbly contemplating my future, I was certain that missing the game on the radio that day was only the beginning. In my newly assumed role of observer of the faith, I would, from now on, attend services on every holiday, major or minor, and every Saturday morning and every Friday night as well, even though the latter was my movie night. I would be prepared, whenever piety demanded, to defer my duties as lead-off man, second baseman and assistant captain of the Arrows Athletic Club.

I even considered the extremity of giving up my baseball career entirely, but compromised on the promise that any money I earned in later years playing for the A's—except on Saturdays and holidays—I would turn over to mom for the B'nai Jeshurun Sisterhood. In short, I would henceforth be a man, an adult in the religious community of Mr. Daroff and his tears. My life, like his, would be a bleak, joyless and fearful dedication.

But again I hadn't reckoned with Mr. Daroff.

It was nearly one o'clock—by my calculation infield practice was over at Shibe Park and *The Star Spangled Banner* was about to be played—when the rabbi finished his speech. In the midst of the prayers that followed, it came to me that it would be a symbol of my new consecration if, right now, just as George Earnshaw was probably pitching the first ball, I would offer up a prayer for Connie Mack and the A's. I did not pray for victory; I merely asked God to give Connie Mack and the A's strength to accept their inevitable defeat.

It was only minutes later that I realized that Mr. Daroff was nudging me with his elbow.

"Yellin!" Mr. Daroff was leaning against me and whispering behind his prayer book. "The ball game! It's starting already!"

I could only stare at him dumbly.

"So go home! Take a rest! Meanwhile, listen by the radio so when you come back I know right away did we win!"

I sat immobilized, unbelieving.

"Nu, Yellin, what's the holdup? Unless we win today, we'll lose for sure the Series, God forbid! So go, go already!" He was beginning to get impatient. "Why else does Daroff have you sit by him? Last night I got the idea! Daroff can't leave and listen to the game! The rabbi can't leave! The cantor can't leave! But the *kleinah* Yellin—he can leave!"

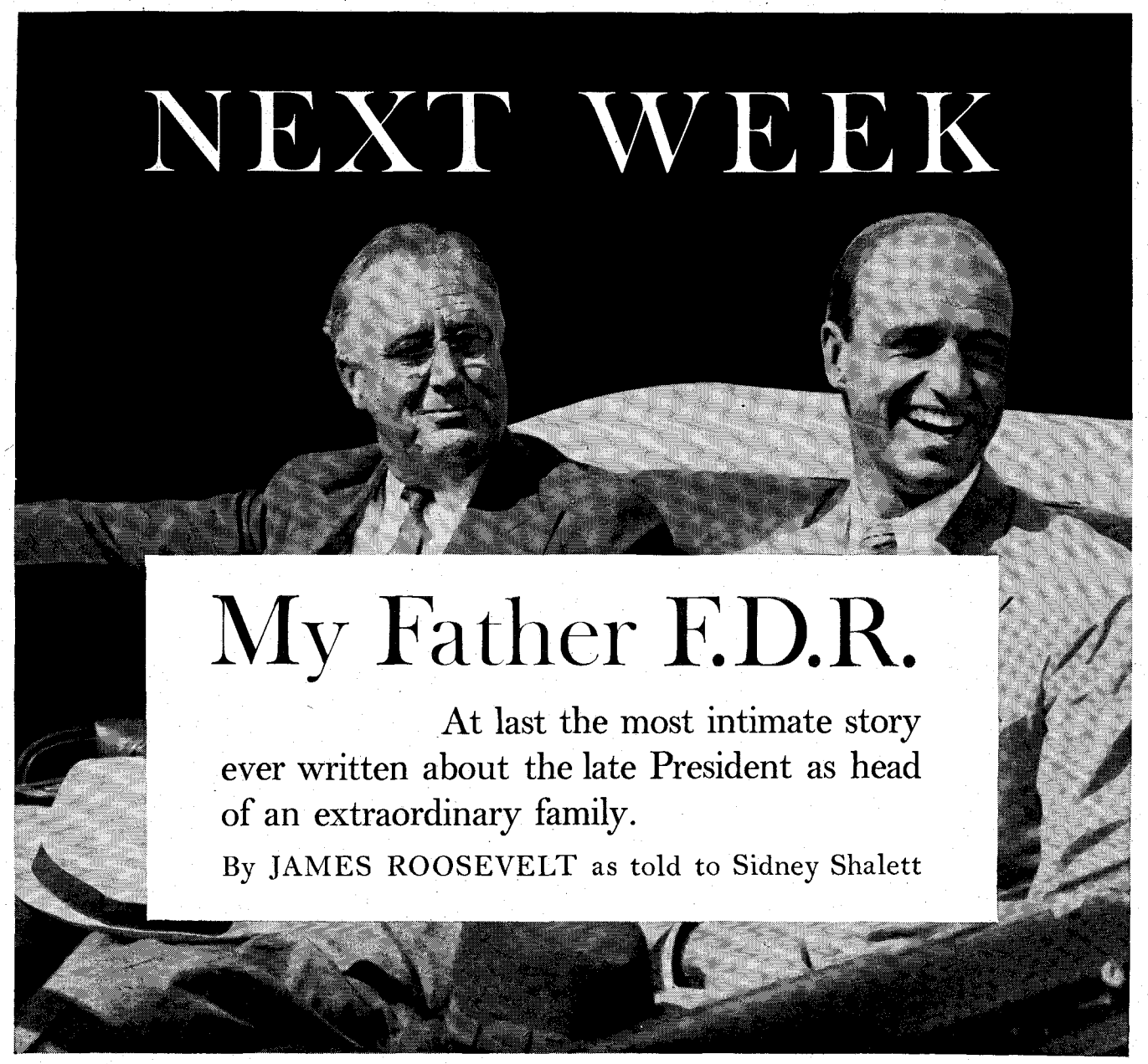
I still was unable to move except, involuntarily, to turn my head around slightly toward pop. He was dozing peacefully.

"Don't worry from your father!" the voice in my ear stated. "I am Daroff. I will fix!"

I don't remember my thoughts or feelings as I ran all the way home, or even those I had as I listened to Graham McNamee. But I do know that I did not have a headache. And I also know that when the A's won that day, 6–1, and went on to win their second consecutive World Series, four games to two, it came as no surprise to me.

How could we lose when on our side we had God, Connie Mack and Mr. Daroff!

THE END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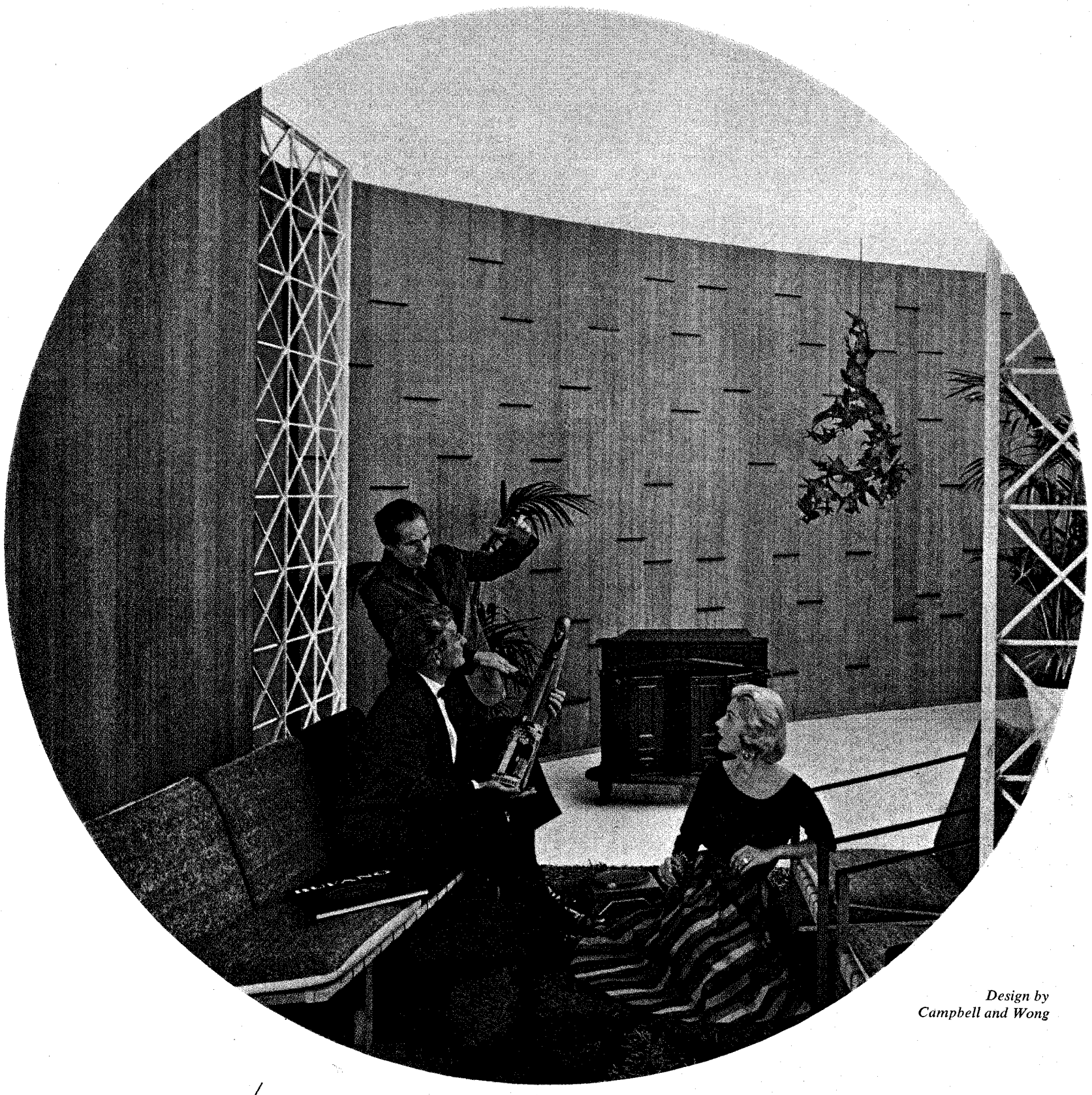

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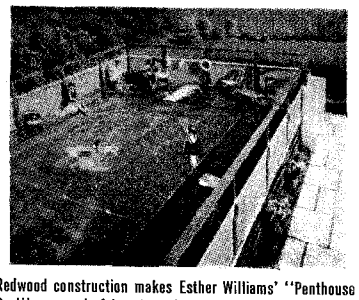

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Greatest Voyage Ever Made

(Continued from Page 43)

of vanishing islands, bits of exotic driftwood washed up in the Azores, even two dead men with flat faces and slant eyes whom Columbus had seen washed ashore in Galway and who he was sure must have been Chinese. His absolute certainty that he could sail from Spain to Japan or China within a month also explains why Columbus never wholly recognized his discoveries for what they were; they must be the Indies, and owing to his insistence, we still call the natives of America Indians, and the first islands that he discovered, the West Indies.

At the age of thirty-three, when Columbus dropped everything to promote his great idea, he was tall and well built, with high cheekbones and aquiline nose. His red hair had already turned white, but his complexion remained clear and ruddy. He had the air of authority proper to a master mariner, and the manners of a *hidalgo*, or gentleman. He was pleasant and affable in conversation unless provoked by ill-mannered stupidity, when he became irascible, and swore "By San Fernando!" or, "May God take you!" His tastes in eating, drinking, clothing and amusements were moderate, even sober. Intensely religious, as befitted a man who believed that God had chosen him to implement a divine plan, Columbus observed the daily offices of the Church, fasted regularly, attended mass frequently, passed long hours in meditation, began and closed his letters with the sign of the cross or a little prayer. He was "as sure he would discover what he did discover," said his early biographer, Las Casas, "as if he held it in a chamber under lock and key."

Like most men possessed of a great idea, Columbus was a terrible bore to many people. He could never keep off the subject of what he could do if the king would only give him a fleet. In the hour of success he was too fond of saying "What a fool you were!" to people who had opposed or ridiculed him, and so made them eager to pull him down. He was overgreedy for gold, titles and honors, a trait understandable in one who had known poverty in that age when the rich had everything and the poor nothing. The Spanish girl whom he took for a mistress after the death of his wife, and who bore him his son, Ferdinand, he never married. But there is no doubt that his faith was whole and sincere. The conviction that God had chosen him as an instrument for opening Asia to the light of Christianity was more potent a motive than glory and personal enrichment.

Every educated person in Columbus' day accepted the sphericity of the earth; the round globe was the basis of geography as taught in schools and universities. The story that Columbus alone thought the world was round, and that people opposed his voyage because they believed in a flat earth and that ships would fall off the edge if they sailed too far is pure myth. People like the Russians, who lived on broad plains, may have believed the earth to be flat, but no sailor could have done so, after observing the sails of ships whose hulls were invisible below the horizon. Nor could dwellers on mountainous coasts, like those of Genoa, Spain and Portugal, have believed in a flat earth, because they had only to climb a hill to see the horizon recede and islands appear that were invisible from sea level.

Columbus' trouble in getting people to support him was not the shape of the earth, but its size. By a series of miscalculations, making out the globe to be about one fourth smaller and the length of Eurasia about 50 per cent greater than they really are, he figured that a voyage of 2400 nautical miles from the Canary Islands would take him to Japan, and a voyage of 3550 miles to the coast of China. The actual airline distances are 10,600 and 11,766 miles respectively! The eggheads of 1490 did not know that, but they did know that Columbus' calculations were very, very wrong. He expected to find Japan about where Florida actually is, and the coast of China at about the mouth of the Mississippi, in relation to Spain. That is why he had to appeal to the intuition of a great lady—Queen Isabella—before he could win support.

The queen, though she could not make up her mind for years, had an inkling from the first that Columbus "had something." Isabella, too, was a redhead and very beautiful. They were of exactly the same age—forty. They reasoned much the same way, intuitively; and each was impressed by the other's dignity and sincerity. The experts, to be sure, insisted that his project was impractical, but the queen had seen a good deal of experts of one sort or another, and believed that most of them did not know what they were talking about. After all, nobody had sailed very far out into the ocean; Columbus' guess as to its width might be better than those of royal commissioners.

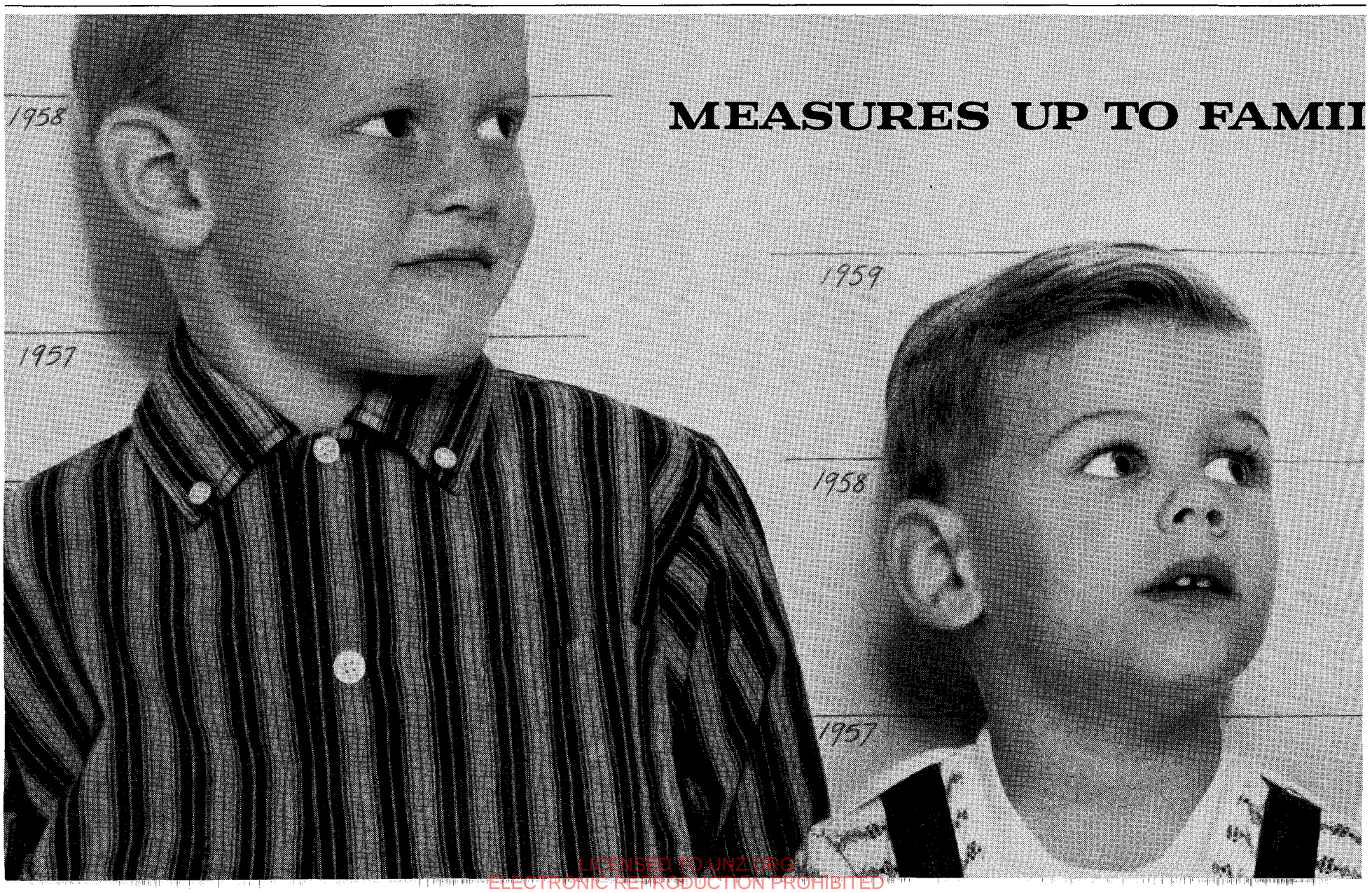
For five or six years, the queen kept Columbus dangling, as it were, with a tiny pension. It was in April, 1492, that he appeared before the sovereigns in the audience chamber of the Moorish palace at Granada, and was told that his proposals were accepted. By the end of May, 1492, everything was down in black and white. "Cristóbal Colón," as Cristoforo Colombo had Hispanicized his name, was to be governor general over any islands or mainlands he might discover, with the titles of Viceroy of the Indies and Admiral of the Ocean Sea; and these titles would be hereditary. He should have 10 per cent of all precious stones and metals mined or obtained by trade with the Orient. He was given a passport describing him as sailing with three caravels "towards the regions of India for certain reasons and purposes," together with letters of introduction conveying greetings from Ferdinand and Isabella,

... ...

Eat Every Crumb, Chum

By Loyd Rosenfield

Here, take the kind with
caviar,
I'll have a Neufchâtel—
Now taste the baby
meatballs that
My wife prepares so well,
While I pick up a herring-
type
(They seem in long supply).
Then over there's a pink
pâté
I'd like to have you try,
And then, old pal, let's
plow right through
These deviled-egg delights—
Or I'll be dining on hors
d'oeuvres
For six successive nights.



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with blank spaces where he could insert the proper name and title of any potentate he might encounter.

The scene now shifts to Palos. This little town in Andalusia was chosen as the port of departure because three prominent shipowning families, there—Pinzón, Niño and Quintero—were "sold" on Columbus and could be counted on to recruit men. The fitting out of the three vessels cost only about $15,000 in gold. Most of this was borrowed by the Crown from a fund that had been collected to support the police of Castile. The payroll, which amounted to about $1750 a month, was assumed by the Crown.

At Barcelona there may still be seen a reasonably accurate replica of the flagship, the *Santa Maria*. She was eighty to ninety feet long, rigged with a short foremast carrying a lower course and topsail, a tall mainmast carrying a big lower course and small topsail, and a mizzenmast on the high poop, carrying a lateen sail.

The two other vessels were caravels, easy to handle and good at windward work. *Niña* the smallest, became Columbus' favorite. Her burden was sixty tons, her length sixty-five to seventy feet. *Pinta*, fastest of the three, was slightly larger. Each caravel carried a square foresail, a square mainsail and a lateen mizzen, but no topsails.

These vessels were well built, rigged and properly equipped for a long voyage. Columbus himself described them in his sea journal as "well suited for such an enterprise." His only complaint, and that against *Santa Maria*, was her slow speed compared with the two lively caravels. But the really surprising thing about these vessels to a modern sailor is their speed. On the outward passage in 1492, the fleet averaged eight knots for five days' running, and on one day of the homeward passage *Niña* and *Pinta* covered nearly 200 nautical miles, hitting eleven knots in the gusts. Racing yachts can better that today, but few if any commercial sailing vessels of their size fifty years ago could have surpassed their speed. How did they do it? Mainly by the pull of their big square sails. *Santa Maria*, for instance, had a main yard as long as the ship, and a mainmast that extended ninety feet above her keel. Such a press of sail made her pitch and roll abominably, but it certainly did drive her when the wind served.

"You can stop staring at my coat. It's rabbit."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Thanks to the researches of the late Alice Gould, we have an almost complete roster of the officers and men of the three vessels. *Niña* carried twenty-two, *Pinta* twenty-six and *Santa Maria* thirty-nine. With few exceptions they were sailors of the Niebla, the region around Palos, recruited through the influence of the Pinzón, Niño and Quintero families, several members of whom shipped as officers. Three of these lads of Palos had recently rescued from jail a pal who had been condemned to death for killing a man in a tavern brawl. In accordance with an old law of Castile, all three, when caught, were also sentenced to death. All were pardoned on condition that they enlist with Columbus, which they promptly did, and they evidently made good, as Columbus took them on his later voyages.

Columbus' plan for the voyage was simple and practical. Having observed that the Portuguese navigators who went exploring west of the Azores never got anywhere, owing to the prevailing westerlies of the North Atlantic, he decided to drop down to the Canary Islands and sail thence due west before the northeast trade wind which could be counted on in the winter months, as he had observed on his African voyages. Japan, on the best map available to him, compiled according to his geographical ideas, lay due west of the Canaries, with the fabled Island of Antilia en route.

By Thursday, August 2, 1492, everything was ready for the great adventure. That night every man and boy of the fleet made his confession and communion at the Church of St. George, Palos. At a quarter to five the next morning, when the ebb tide began, the captain general—as Columbus ranked on this voyage—gave the signal to get under way. With limp sails the fleet drifted down the Rio Tinto, sailors at the long sweeps making steerageway. On the port hand they passed the convent of La Rábida as the friars were chanting the ancient hymn *Iam lucis orto sidere* with its haunting refrain *Et nunc et in perpetuum*, which we

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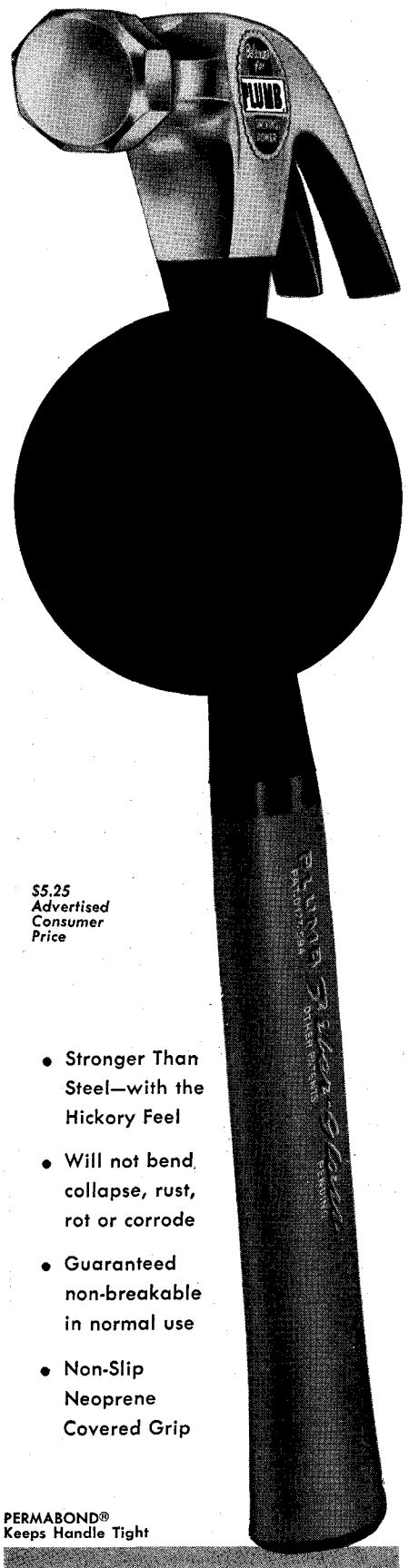

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render "Evermore and evermore." Significant prophecy! For this little fleet with less than a hundred men was setting forth on a conquest for the Cross that would outlast all worldly empires.

By eight A.M., two glasses in the forenoon watch—Columbus set his watches at three, seven and eleven o'clock—the ships were across the bar and a course was shaped for the Canaries. On the sixth day the Grand Canary could be seen above the southern horizon, but an accident to *Pinta's* rudder delayed the fleet, repairs had to be made at Las Palmas, and it was not until September second that they anchored in the roadstead of San Sebastián, Gomera, westernmost inhabited island of the Canaries. Doña Beatriz de Peraza, the young and beautiful widow of the captain of Gomera, was there to receive Columbus. According to a gossipy shipmate, he fell in love with her, but he was too intent on his great project even to tarry a few days for the full moon. He took on a last load of provisions, and on September sixth, weighed anchor for the last time in the Old World.

Due west was the course set by the captain general. That night they cleared the land, and by the afternoon of the ninth the high peak of Tenerife had sunk below the horizon and the three ships had an uncharted ocean to themselves.

The navigation of this voyage was very simple. Ogden Nash was about right when he wrote of Columbus:

Somebody show me the sunset and
somebody did and he set sail for it;
And he discovered America and they
put him in jail for it!

Of course, they had to hit something if they sailed due west, and for most of the way the fleet enjoyed perfect weather. It was an easy and delightful voyage, especially during the first ten days beyond sight of land. The wind blew fair and fresh on the starboard quarter, every sail bellied out and pulled its best, the fleet made 1163 nautical miles' westing. As they were near the northern limit of the trades, the sea was smooth, "as calm as the River of Seville," noted Columbus; and "the weather was like April in Andalusia."

There was nothing to do but freshen the nip of each rope in its block, trim the braces a yard or two, troll for dorado, and observe the dignified sea ritual of those days. Time was kept and watches changed by a sandglass hung from a beam, which emptied every half hour, when a ship's boy reversed it and the officer of the deck or a quartermaster made a stroke on a slate. Every change of the glass and every change of watch was marked by a boy singing a traditional ditty. Every evening the boatswain piped all hands on deck for evening prayers. Everyone said the Lord's prayer, Hail Mary and the Creed, and sang the hymn *Salve Regina.*

A week of dull sailing, 19–26 September, when the wind turned soft and variable, followed the first ten days. The men went in swimming, and the caravels were frequently rowed alongside the flagship so that the captains could consult, while the sailors shouted jokes and insults from ship to ship. In one of these conferences, toward sundown, Martin Alonzo Pinzón and Columbus were discussing a chart on which Antilia and other mythical islands were plotted, and Pinzón had just sent it back to the flagship on a line, when he rushed up on *Pinta's* poop and shouted, "Land! Land! I claim the reward!"

There was a general scramble up the rigging and almost everyone thought he saw land on the southwestern horizon. Course was altered accordingly and all night the lookouts were on the alert. But at dawn no land was visible. It had been a cloud. To mistake a cloud on the horizon for land is a very common phenomenon at sea. It deceives sailors even nowadays, when the entire globe is charted; in those days anything was possible.

Columbus was not disturbed by this false landfall, since he reckoned that the fleet was barely two thirds of the way to Japan. On September twentieth the easterly trade wind returned. September turned into October. "God be thanked," noted Columbus, "fair wind, smooth sea, fine weather." Flying fish land on board. A boy hits a booby bird with a stone from the ballast. Martin Alonzo sails alongside and shouts something about "West by south, Japan!" Columbus doesn't quite get it. He thinks that Pinzón is trying to convey that he believes they have missed Japan. Maybe so, says the captain general; nevertheless we shall continue west until we find land. But on October seventh, when multitudes of birds were seen flying in a southwesterly direction, he changed course to west-southwest, for he knew that the Portuguese had discovered islands by taking their direction from the birds. That was wise, for the fleet was actually crossing the birds' route from North America to the West Indies, and their fall migration had started.

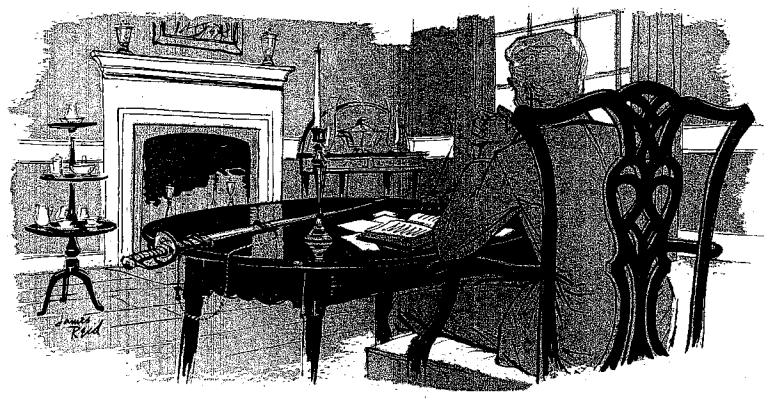
So far, this had been an unusually prosperous voyage. No squalls or gales, no gear lost, no leaks sprung, no men overboard, winds mostly fair. But it was a thrust into the unknown, uncharted ocean, where anything might happen, toward the fabulous Japan which no European had ever seen. The sailors were now becoming discontented and mutinous, fearful they would never return. These fellows had never been more than a week's sail from land. How can we ever get back, said they, if we sail on and on and on? This Genoese is crazy; we're not sailing to the Indies, but to slow death by starvation.

The ninth and tenth days of October, when the fleet was only two or three hundred miles from the Bahamas, were the most critical of the entire voyage. "Here the people could stand it no longer," noted Columbus in his Journal, "complained of the long voyage," but (says Las Casas) "the Admiral cheered them as best he could, holding out good hope of the profit they might gain, and, he added, it was useless to complain, since he had come to sea to go to the Indies, and so would continue until he found them, with the help of Our Lord."

That little speech was the most characteristic of Columbus ever recorded. It embodies all his stubbornness, sincerity and absolute faith in his mission. But things had gone too far for him to remedy matters by merely shouting, "Sail on! Sail on!" as Joaquin Miller has it, in that favorite old "piece" for school declamations. The two captains Pinzón, as eager to make the Indies as their captain general, were also having trouble with their crews. Evidence of what happened is conflicting, but I, for one, follow the early historian Oviedo, who spoke with many of the officers and sailors, and had far more evidence than has come down to us. He says that Columbus, by tactful and cheery words, "awakened the courage of the weakened minds of those who were about to resort to something shameful, . . . and they agreed to do what he commanded and sail on three days and no more." This pact was made on October tenth.

With only three days' grace, Columbus cracked on all the sail the ships could bear. The fleet averaged seven knots to sunset of the eleventh, when the wind increased and the sea rose. Signs of land were now abundant, and the seamen no longer complained. All night twittering birds flew overhead right on the fleet's course; by day, objects were seen that proved land to be near—a green branch with a little pink flower on it, a carved stick, a land plant. When the sun dipped under a clear horizon, every man on deck was watching for a silhouette of land against the sunset; but none was there.

On this last night, 11–12 October, as it turned out to be, of the outward passage—a night big with destiny for the human race—the ships sailed as they had never sailed before, rolling and pitching in a high following sea, logging up to nine knots. The captains are pacing the high poops of their vessels, calling down testily to the helmsmen to "keep her off, damn your (*Continued on Page 152*)



What's Going On Here?

An aging West Point graduate, living on his Virginia plantation after serving with distinction in one war, faces a hard choice. Virginia is about to secede from the Union. Shall he side with the state or the Union? His decision ultimately makes him the ranking general of his army, with a record of never losing a battle. Who was he, and where was he born? **Ardmore R. Addington**

(*Answer on page 153*)

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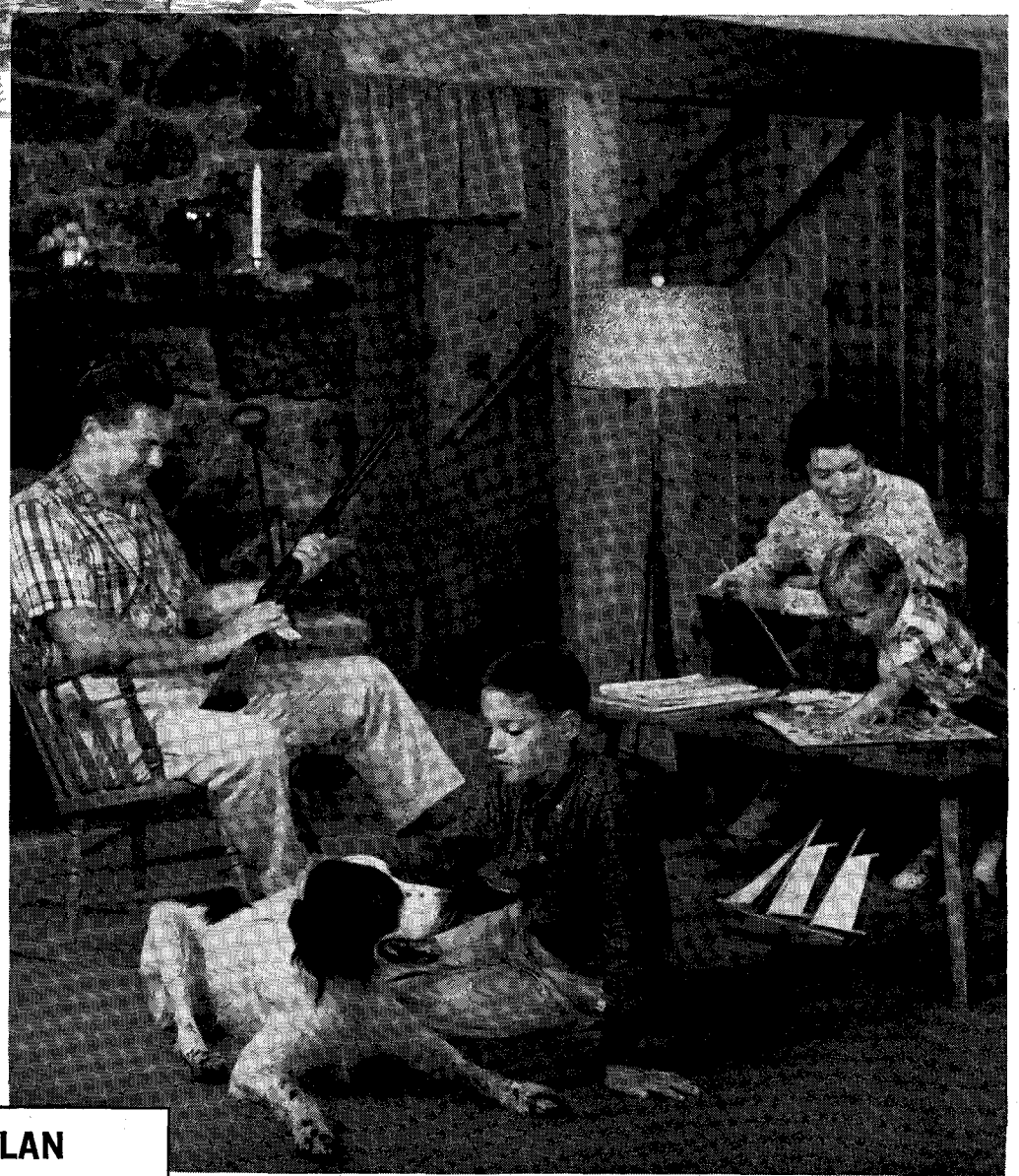

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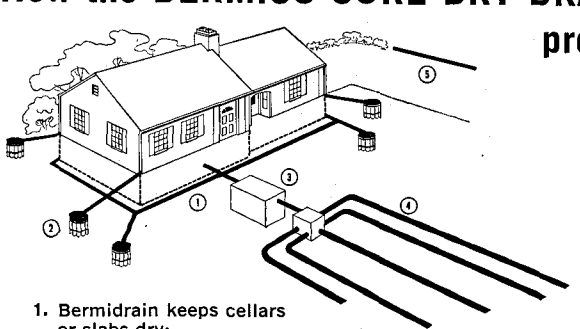

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(*Continued from Page 150*) eyes! Let her yaw like that again and she'll broach!" Old salts are grousing and grumbling as they strain their eyes; one can imagine their conversations:

"I told the captain—and I was an able seaman when he was a little ragamuffin in Genoa—d'ye see, if you carry sail like that, captain, you'll run her under—run her under—and all he says is, 'Domingo,' says he, 'God is protecting us!'"

"He did, did he? Well, I tell you no land is near. I don't smell none."

"You and your smeller! Here's a gold castellano says we sight land tonight."

"What do I care for your gold? We'll all be drowned if the Old Man don't take in that spritsail."

"Look at that comber r'aring up over the poop. Thank God we have a Palos man at the helm, not one of those damn Galicians."

"Look ahead, man, not astern!"

"What's the use? She's making such a roar in this sea you couldn't see breakers a cable's length ahead."

Under these circumstances, with everyone's nerves taut as the topsail sheets, there was almost certain to be a false alarm of land. At ten P.M., an hour before moonrise, it came. Pedro Yzquierdo, Rodrigo Sánchez and Columbus himself thought they saw a light "like a little wax candle rising and falling," but they didn't see it long, and no light was or could have been there, thirty-five to forty miles offshore on a rough night. It was "all in the skipper's eye." Almost every sailor watching eagerly for an uncertain landfall at night has seen imaginary lights; and often a few shipmates will see them, too, before the illusion disappears.

Now let us get a picture of this great moment in history. It is two A.M. October 12, 1492, in the midwatch. The moon is riding high over Orion on the port quarter, casting her light ahead. Over the western horizon hangs the great Square of Pegasus; higher and to the north, Cassiopeia's Chair; and on the starboard beam, the pole star with his Guards, the Little Dipper. A fresh gale of wind is blowing and the three vessels, *Pinta* in the lead, are rolling gunwales under, scooping up dollops of green water in the waist, and throwing spray masthead high. A brave sight they are, their straining sails all silver in the moonlight, as they cut down the last thin slice of that age-old barrier between the Old World and the New.

... ...

Thought in a Dentist's Waiting Room

I wish I were a child again!
So carefree, young—
When a lost tooth merely
means a space
To put the tongue.

D. E. Twiggs

... ...

The boy who turns the half-hour glass has just piped up:

"*Six is past and seven floweth,*
More shall flow if God willeth,"

when Rodrigo de Triana, on the lookout in *Pinta*, sees something like a white sand bar gleaming in the moonlight ahead, then another, and he sings out, "*Tierra! Tierra!*" Land! Land!

And this time, land it is. Captain Pinzón fires a gun to windward—the agreed signal for land—shortens sail so that the flagship can catch up, and when *Santa Maria* arrives within hailing distance, Columbus—who by this time can see the land himself—calls out: "Señor Martin Alonso, you have found land!" To which Pinzón, remembering his earlier false landfall, cries, "Sir, I hope I get my reward, after all!" and Columbus replies, "Sure thing, and five thousand maravedis for you as a bonus!"

What they saw were the white sand cliffs on the eastern coast of the Bahamian island which the Indians called Guanahaní, which Columbus named San Salvador, and the English renamed Watling's, and then San Salvador again.

As the land was only six miles distant and there were three or four hours to go before dawn, Columbus ordered his fleet to shorten sail and jog off-and-on until daylight. As soon as day broke they squared away past the Southwest Point of the island. There they found that the coast trended north, giving good protection from the wind and sea; so, with sails trimmed close on the starboard tack, they sailed slowly northward in the lee of the land, looking for an opening in the coral reef. After logging about four miles an opening appeared, north of what is now called Gardiner Reef. All three vessels then entered the bay now called Long, and came to anchor off a white sand beach. Not until the Christmas of 1956 was a monument erected there to mark the spot.

It was now the middle of the forenoon watch. Naked natives could be seen assembling on shore. The Spaniards were seething with excitement—the Indies at last! For nobody had the slightest doubt, having come so far—thirty-three days from the Canaries—that this was an outlying island of China or Japan. The officers of the caravels boarded the flagship to congratulate Columbus, hailed him as Admiral of the Ocean Sea and Viceroy of the Indies, begged his pardon for ever doubting him, and swore fealty and allegiance for the future.

Next, a landing party is organized. Each ship mans a boat, with the royal standard of Castile displayed in the stern, and on the jack staff the banner of the expedition—a green cross on a white field, with a crowned F for Ferdinand on the left arm and a Y for Ysabel on the right. The boats, each rowed by eight or ten sailors, carry ashore Columbus and the three captains, Rodrigo Sánchez, the royal comptroller, Luis de Torres, the interpreter, and Rodrigo de Escobedo, the flag secretary. While the six gay banners, their staffs planted in the sand, wave in the breeze, all hands fall on their knees and thank God for his "immeasurable mercy" at having brought them to this land. Columbus, rising, draws his sword, names the island San Salvador—the Holy Saviour—and, summoning all hands to witness, takes formal possession of it in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella, while scribe Rodrigo de Escobedo—provided with inkhorn and quill pen—writes down the record.

The Indians, as Columbus promptly insisted these natives were, must have been dumfounded. They had never seen such people as these "men from the sky," as they called them, nor any boat larger than a dugout canoe. But they were a trading people and seemed to know instinctively what sailors want after a long voyage, since they kept the young girls away from the beach. Columbus had brought with him an assortment of the trading truck that the Portuguese used on the Gold Coast—red caps, glass beads,

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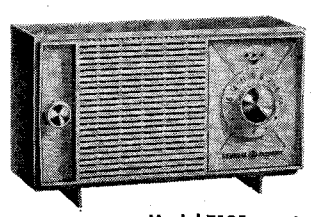

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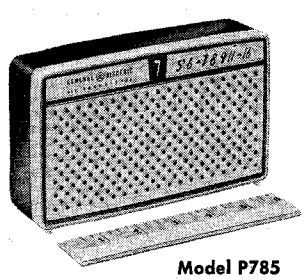

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hawks' bells, tambourine jingles, and the like. These proved to be just what the Indians wanted.

In turn, they had gold ornaments, parrots and skeins of cotton, which they gladly exchanged for any sort of trinket, even pieces of broken crockery and lace points, so that Columbus had to set up a price scale to prevent his sailors from robbing them. He reported that the natives were straight-limbed, well built and handsome; not black like the Africans, "but the color of the Canary Islanders." Their nudity, lack of private property and ignorance of money and of iron suggested to him that they were primitive communists, a holdover from the fabled Golden Age when the world was young and innocent. But their completely defenseless state, far from arousing his compassion, suggested that they could easily be enslaved; while their apparent absence of religion marked them as a fertile field for missionaries. The first desire, alas, prevailed over the second. Every sailor came home with the conviction that God created the Indians to work for Spaniards; and before a single missionary reached Guanahaní, that island, named after the Saviour of mankind, had been depopulated by Spanish slave raiders.

Not only the day we celebrate as Columbus Day, October twelfth, but the next two as well, were spent in exploring San Salvador. Columbus accurately described it as a flattish island, containing several lakes, with a big one in the center. His description of the island and its verdure may seem extravagant to any present observer, because the dense growth of tropical hardwood was cut off in the eighteenth century to make cotton plantations. These exhausted the soil, and hurricanes did the rest.

The three days spent in San Salvador, which Columbus imagined to be as near Japan as Okinawa is, were perhaps the most delightful and wonderful that any sailors have ever had, anywhere. There have been discoveries more spectacular than that of this island outpost to the American continent, but it was there on the twelfth of October, 1492, that the oceanic barrier which bound Europeans to near horizons and coastal voyages was broken at last, and Spain acquired the key to a new world. San Salvador, for the Spaniards, was a clean break with the past. The people were completely strange in appearance and spoke a tongue that no man could understand. Every tree, shrub and flower was new; the pottery, the ornaments, the houses and canoes were completely unlike anything that the most traveled sailors had seen in Africa; and as none of them had ever visited China or Japan it was easy to conclude that this island lay off the Asiatic mainland—but what part of the mainland, and where was Japan? These poor naked people, it is true, were nothing like the gorgeously clad Orientals described by Marco Polo, but hadn't one always suspected that Marco Polo was a big liar? Some such thoughts must have been passing through the minds of Columbus and the Pinzóns and Niños when they hopefully set sail from San Salvador for—as they hoped—Hangchow or Yeddo.

However that may be, the twelfth day of October, 1492, not only marks a new era in history; it was the day on which those lucky sailors of the Columbus fleet had the most unusual experience enjoyed by explorers in the modern world.

THE END

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 150)

Not Robert E. Lee, but Samuel Cooper, a native of Hackensack, New Jersey, and son of a Revolutionary War officer from Massachusetts. Cooper, like Jefferson Davis, attended West Point. Later he served in the Seminole Indian War, married a Virginian, and settled in Fairfax County, Virginia. When Davis became President of the Confederacy, he appointed his old friend Cooper as adjutant and inspector general. As such, Cooper outranked Lee and all others. He issued war orders and handled administration, but never directed a battle—and therefore never lost or won one. He surrendered his Confederate Army records intact in 1865. This has proved of genealogical use today, as it enables the National Archives to verify Confederate service if sent the individual's full name and unit.

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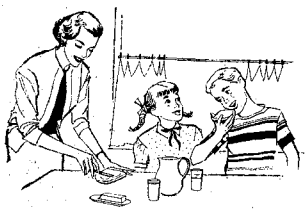

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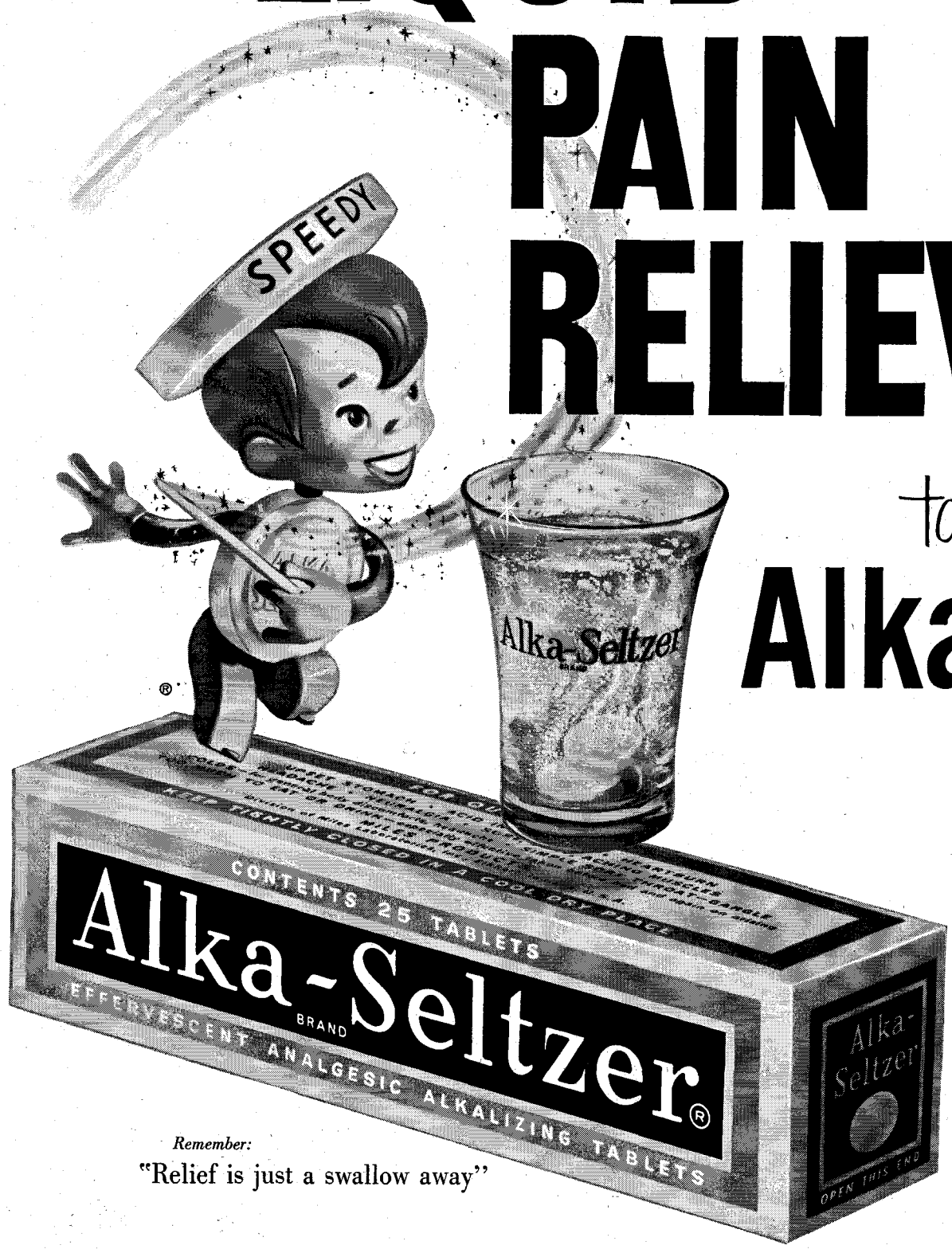

There are pills for headache and for upset stomach. But they must dissolve in the stomach. (*This is sometimes a slow process and delays relief.*) But ALKA-SELTZER in a glass of water is a pleasant, easy-to-take *liquid* which acts instantly to soothe your stomach and relieve your headache. ALKA-SELTZER makes you feel good all over.

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Rugged Riders of Pitchfork Ranch

(Continued from Page 39)

only noteworthy spots of color were Lee Abeyta's boots. Lee is a Navajo Indian from New Mexico, and his bootlegs were decorated with the turquoise-blue color which delights the Navajos.

Now the horses surged into the corral, their heads high. With lariat loop ready, each rider stepped inside the gate to rope the mount he wanted to start the day's rough work. These weren't ordinary cow ponies, but registered quarter horses. The Pitchfork raises and trains its own horseflesh to get exactly the kind it needs. Some of these horses had been grazed as colts in the pastures of the Croton Brakes, so they would become familiar with the rugged, brush-and-rattlesnake-infested terrain.

Handsome, twenty-three-year-old Billy Joe Martin, nicknamed "Prairie Dog" by his friends, was the first to get a saddle on a mount. He crawled on and topped out his pony—that is, choused him around to see whether or not there was any buck in the animal. It's a good idea to have a dependable horse under you when you're chasing steers through the Croton country. Prairie Dog's horse sunfished a little, and one of the other cowhands looked up from his saddling and shouted, "Whatcha doing? Throwin' a rodeo?" In a few moments all the rest of the crew were topping out their mounts, a noisy process during which the horses plunged and grunted, leather squeaked, and spurs played a lively tune. When the horses quieted down, Drennan rode among his men, making last-minute suggestions. As wagon boss, he was in charge of the cowhands and the range work and, at thirty, was the youngest man ever to hold this important job on the Pitchfork, still a traditional "hoss-back" ranching operation. Drennan started cowboying when he was fourteen and, except for a stretch of overseas military service during World War II, he seldom has been out of the saddle. Earlier in the day when I had asked him how he liked working every day, including Sunday, during roundups, he had pushed his big black hat back and said, "Love it. Never want to do anything else. Even when I'm staying home I buckle on my spurs as soon as I get into my boots in the morning."

And now Drennan touched his gray horse with those spurs, and the cowhands were off at a gallop down the slope toward the Croton country. Before they had gone more than a hundred yards, Don Webb's horse "swallowed his head," as they say, and cut loose with some pitching of the high-roller type. Don, an excellent rider who often has won prize money in rodeos, wasn't putting on an exhibition this morning. He jumped right off his horse and gentled him. No man with a lick of sense would try riding a bucker over the sharp and brushy landscape that lay ahead.

Manager Burns, who was showing me around the ranch, left his horse at the corral and got behind the wheel of his mesquite-scratched car. We drove as far as possible into the edge of the Croton Brakes, and then on foot we scrambled up a rocky peak from which we could watch the progress of the cattle drive. There we had an eagle's view of these badlands with their towering, rust-red bluffs, deeply carved canyons and steep hills—all covered with thorny mesquite and scrub cedar.

"Be careful where you put your feet," Burns warned me. "Might step on a rattlesnake. But if you see one, just cuss him a little and he'll run."

Deadly diamondback rattlers are fairly common on the ranch, even though they are destroyed whenever possible. Just a few weeks before, a Mexican ranch hand, Antolonia Luni, the first Pitchfork man to be bitten in many years, had the hard luck to be struck by rattlers twice in two weeks. When, after trips to the doctor and a series of antisnakebite shots, Antolonia recovered from the last bite, he packed to leave, saying, "No more Pitchfork. Too much rattlesnake."

While we waited for the action to begin below us, Burns told me some history of the Croton Brakes, so named in the dim past by cowboys who found that the bitter gypsum water found among these broken lands acted as a quick and strong purgative. The rugged area had been owned for sixty-five years by the neighboring Matador Ranch and long had been a haven for cattle which escaped the dragnet of roundups and went wild. When the Matador offered in 1947 to sell this troublesome stretch of country, the Pitchfork—made up largely of relatively level land—bought it, and Burns determined to comb out the untamed critters. He was proud of the Pitchfork's herd of 3300 Hereford cows, and he didn't want any of the maverick bulls hidden away in the Croton, animals of uncertain ancestry, to be mixing with them.

The clean-up campaign now has been under way for a dozen years. During each roundup the Pitchfork's men have hunted through the many dark recesses, such as Dark Canyon, Devil's Playground and Getaway Canyon. They have gone in with big, glassy-eyed leopard-spotted dogs that are trained to track down "brushy" cattle and hold them until men on horseback arrive. They have dragged out many wild cattle never touched by a branding iron, some of them grizzled, wary old critters which have kept out of sight for as long as fifteen years.

As we watched the riders off in the distance, fanning into a long, up-and-down-

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hill skirmish line, Burns told me of some past roundups and said, "We never know what will happen, especially in the Croton. The strangest accident you might see in a hundred years happened out there three years ago when a cowboy, Harry Henson, was chasing a wild cow along Little Croton Creek. The ground looked solid, but all at once the horse hit a seepy place and sank in, clear to his belly. Henson was slammed on the ground just ahead of the horse, which managed to free one front foot and lashed out with it, every lick hitting Henson in the back. We carried Henson out on a tarp and thought he was a goner. But he pulled through."

While we waited for the action to begin, Burns and I talked about the Pitchfork and its colorful history—the fact that since its beginning the huge spread, among the twelve largest in Texas, has depended on the sweat and know-how of cowpunchers and practical cattlemen to make it go. Some people have called it hidebound, even backward, but the quick answer to this is that during its seventy-seven years, some good and some bad, there never has been a mortgage on the Pitchfork. Nor has it had any oil wells to swell its profits—just grass and cattle.

The manager, a hefty, soft-spoken man in his sixties who signs himself "D. Burns," is a third-generation cattleman and the only Texas stockholder in the ranch, which now is largely owned by the descendants of its founder, Eugene F. Williams, of St. Louis. Before coming to the Pitchfork seventeen years ago, Burns ranched on his own, and he still is a working boss. He pointed out that despite its liking for tried-and-true traditions, the Pitchfork management has pioneered many modern methods—where they fitted in. The Pitchfork was one of the first ranches in the West to import purebred bulls to breed the tough old Longhorn off the range. Today it has its own registered purebred Herefords for the production of the high-quality bulls and heifers that go into the commercial, run-of-the-range herd. With 107 whirring windmills, the ranch has an unfailing supply of water. It conserves soil moisture and grass by terracing range land, and it reseeds bare spots to keep the all-important sod thick and productive. Burns has an office at the ranch headquarters—a layout nestled among towering elms in the Little Wichita River Valley, near the center of the 250-square-mile spread—but he spends much of his time covering his domain by car, or on his horse working cattle. He constantly is in touch by private telephone system or by car with the seven outlying permanent camps, where married cowhands live in neat homes with their families.

Now we saw the riders below us making a wide swath across some of the roughest range in Texas. They were picking up cattle now. Many of the critters, disturbed from their grazing, ran forward as the riders approached, but others "went on the peck" and tried to dash to freedom in the deep cuts and gulches by breaking through the line, only to be headed off by alert riders.

One steer, so big that it obviously had escaped a roundup or two since it was branded, managed to break through the line. Albert Ozborn—an older brother of Little Boy and nicknamed "Sucker Rod" because he is so skinny—took after the steer in a spectacular chase along the side of a hill, in and out of cedar brush, until he turned the escaper and forced him back into the herd, which was rapidly growing in numbers.

Now the herd was moving along the floor of a wide gulch with steep walls. "That's Getaway Canyon," Burns explained. The cowboys were shouting—at cattle, horses and one another. As the cattle neared the mouth of the canyon, Burns began talking to himself, "Look out. . . . Watch it, or you'll lose 'em." The cowhands far below slashed and waved with their ropes. The herd was in a mood to "spill"—that is, break and scatter—but the riders spurred ahead and formed a ring around the cattle.

The toughest part of this particular drive was now over, but not the day's work. The cattle were driven over a steep red wall of rocks and loose dirt and then across relatively open, mesquite-studded country down a fence line to the corrals. Two riders galloped in the lead. Outriders flanked the range sides, and three men brought up the tail end. Under a hovering cloud of red dust the cattle clattered down the slope, with excited little calves, tails straight up, dodging in and out of the herd. Riding close now, slapping saddles with chaps and lariats, whooping and yelling, the men pushed the herd into the corral—all, that is, except one big steer. Tossing his head, this beast made a high, whirling leap. Sucker Rod, a southpaw roper, snaked a loop over the freedom-minded steer before its feet hit the ground and, wrapping the rope around his saddle horn, dragged the animal in a holding pen set aside for the hide-outs. A second old steer which was plunging madly in the corral was roped and yanked into the holding pen. That was it. The men crawled off their lathered horses and made a beeline for a large can of water. They drank in big gulps from the can lid.

Drennan started a fire of dry mesquite in the center of the corral, and a dozen long-handled branding irons carrying the

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famous emblem of the Pitchfork were stuck in the blaze. When the irons were white-hot, the calves were thrown and branded over left front rib. While they were down the calves also were ear-marked, vaccinated and, in the case of males, castrated.

Drive after drive like this was made, and in the evening, as on roundups of old, the chuck wagon with its shady, fly-type tent at the rear was home—board, bed and companionship. Judging from the way the boys rushed our wagon, with its rattle of pans and its wonderful smells, it's still a much-appreciated institution on the Pitchfork. I soon realized that the cook, Chalma Reid, who wore his ten-gallon hat while he was kneading dough and cooking, played a big part in the success of roundups. He put his ranch-cooking experience, fifty years of it, in turning out chuck that sticks to a cowhand's ribs—steaks, roasts, fried spuds, red beans, stewed apples, cream gravy bubbling in a large black skillet, horseshoe-sized sour-dough biscuits, coffee strong enough to float a silver dollar, and an unusual luxury—iced tea with plenty of ice in it, a drink much favored by thirsty riders. We heaped our metal plates, and going back for seconds was simply good manners. Some of the boys returned for thirds, but I noticed there wasn't a fat cowboy in the outfit. In fact, you'll see few working cowhands anywhere carrying extra weight.

In the evening around the chuck wagon there wasn't any nasal ballad singing—not on the Pitchfork, at least. But there was a lot of "raw-hiding," as kidding talk is called, and occasionally some storytelling. The talk sometimes drifted to The Pitchfork Kid, now dead for forty years, who had been immortalized on West Texas spreads as one of the great cowboys of all times. In fact, the riding and roping of every man who has been with the Pitchfork very long is likely to be compared to that of the Kid. As the story goes, the Kid came to the Pitchfork more or less by accident. One cold night back in 1884, Dan Gardner, the original manager of the ranch—he put it together for the Williams interests and managed it for forty-six years—was in the railroad station in Kansas City, Missouri, and while having his knee-length boots shined, struck up a conversation with a ragged shoeshine boy about twelve years old. Gardner learned that the lad was a homeless, nameless orphan who longed to be a cowboy. So the rancher took the boy home to the ranch with him.

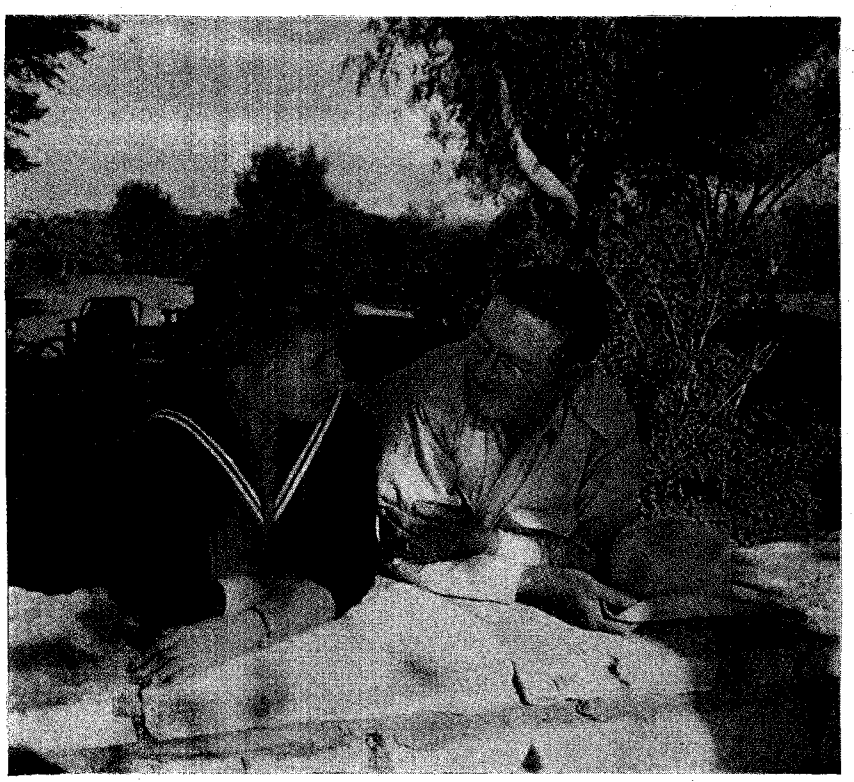
By the time he was grown, sporting a heavy black mustache but no name except "Pitchfork Kid," Gardner's protégé was almost unequaled as an all-round cowhand—as a rider and roper who could recognize a brand almost as far as he could see a cow. He was all cowboy—no gun slinger. He probably was the only man in the West called "Kid" who had no notches on his gun.

Thus it went around the chuck wagon. Along about twilight there might be a short poker game, with about half the boys puffing cigarettes hand-rolled with "makings" from sacks with yellow puckering strings.

Back at the bunkhouse at ranch headquarters the unmarried cowboys had left their late-model cars—as loudly colored as a rodeo broncbuster's shirt. Out here they could only talk about Saturday night in town and conquests of calico—not mentioned by name—in nearby Dickens and Spur.

And in the morning there was another cattle drive to be made. Day after day the boys rode the Croton country until, at last, all of its forbidding terrain was covered. Several horses went lame. One man was kicked while trimming his horse's hoof and was out of the saddle for two days. But due mainly to their own skill and the sure-footedness of their horses, the crew came through the roundup without any serious mishaps. Manager Burns breathed a deep sigh of relief.

Among the 1800 or so cattle rounded up were some sixty "brushy"—that is, wild—ones, including twenty unbranded bulls that had been living a free and easy life not in accord with Burns' idea of good ranching. Billy George Drennan and his riders were proud of their job, feeling sure that, after the efforts of generations of cowboys, at last no wild cattle were left in Croton Brakes. But I couldn't help regretting a little that an era had ended. Couldn't it be possible that a wise old maverick or two might still be hidden out in the deep canyon where the coyotes wail at night? THE END



"We never know what will happen on roundup," says Pitchfork ranch manager D. Burns. He is shown here with his wife, Mamie, in the ranch-house garden.

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Off-Duty Affair (Continued from Page 32)

the name of good sense, why?" he demanded.

She flushed, but she did not attempt to evade his eyes. "It's my day off. She's been here all this while—I just thought I was doing her a kindness."

He kept his look on her a moment longer, then said in a baffled tone, "Yes. Sure." He turned back to Gladys. "I'm off duty as of half an hour ago"—he lifted his briefcase—"and I've got this paper work to wrap up. You won't mind if I just get on Carol's case first thing in the morning?"

"That's as much as I expected. And if you're driving, why don't you take Katy home? She's missed her bus."

Katy said protestingly, "Please don't bother."

"Glad to," he said perfunctorily. "Soon as I finish up."

He got the paper work cleaned up and called City Police. Carol Willard was still missing. Katy Kilbourne wasn't in the outer office. He got his car out of the parking lot, made the turn onto Elm, and saw Katy standing at the shadeless bus stop. He pulled in to the curb. "Get in," he said.

She smiled, almost embarrassedly, at him. "Don't bother," she said. "I'll catch the next ——"

"It's too hot to argue," he said flatly. He reached across and opened the door for her.

"I don't like to trouble you," she said, getting in.

"Forget it." He pulled out into traffic. "How'd you happen to lose the Willard kid?"

"Why, we were at the carnival—I thought she was enjoying it. When I looked around she wasn't there. I almost went frantic trying to find her."

He shook his head. "How long have you been in Juvenile?" he asked.

"Three weeks—almost four."

"A word of advice. Don't get involved. Don't get personally involved in your cases."

She said rather remotely, "You mean I should just forget the whole thing?"

"No. Do your job. Do the best job you can. Just don't get emotionally involved."

"I don't see how you can do that," she said finally.

"You'll learn," he said. "Where did you say you lived?"

He dropped her off at one of the newer apartment houses, and bucked traffic back to his own lodgings.

He showered and went out to eat and returned to his apartment. The room was stifling, even with the window open and the hall door ajar. He read his homework, two chapters of a thick book on criminal investigations. He had an almost photographic eye for such things; what he read was permanently committed to memory. He didn't have Carol Willard's file folder, but he could recall the contents almost verbatim. What he recalled kept nagging at him. Finally, not quite irritably, he went down and got his car. It wasn't any cooler on the streets, but movement stirred the air in a counterfeit breeze. He drove, not aimlessly but slowly, and twice stopped and asked questions of certain people, and each time gained a kernel of information. He finally eased the car to the curb on a back street and cut his lights and motor.

This block was all apartment houses huddled shoulder to shoulder; in the next block were a corner grocery, a tavern, a small garage closed for the night and more apartments. Dan eased himself down in the seat, waiting patiently.

The little grocery store closed its doors and turned out its lights. A man came out of the tavern and walked away. A woman came along Dan's side of the street, her heels making small, positive sounds on the concrete sidewalk. She hesitated, half-turned toward the apartment doorway which Dan had been watching, and then turned away and stopped, half-sheltered in another doorway. Dan sighed, started the car, pulled ahead and stopped. The woman shrank back, her face pale in the darkness.

Dan opened the car door, let the interior light show his face. "It's O.K., Miss Kilbourne," he said. "Dan Jenkins."

Her tense figure subtly relaxed, and she took a hesitant step forward. "Oh, Mr. Jenkins."

"Sure. Get in."

"Oh, but I ——"

"Get in the car."

Not quite protestingly she got in. He closed his door solidly. "What brings you to this neighborhood?"

"I—I'm looking for Carol."

"So is the police department."

"But they still haven't found her."

He said dryly, "*Touché*, as we say in the French. But it's still a cop's job, Miss Kilbourne. And if you're going to play cop, you don't stake out a door by standing in it."

She flushed and looked away. Then she said stiffly, "I thought policemen didn't like to be called cops."

He grinned faintly. "Cops call cops cops. They just don't feel they have to take it off every knucklehead they run in."

"And cops can get involved, but other people shouldn't."

He said, "I'm not a Juvenile Department caseworker. I'm a cop, assigned to the department as liaison man between Juvenile and City Police, and this is a cop's job."

"And you don't like it."

"Not particularly."

"Because you—get involved?"

He sighed resignedly. "All right," he said. "It isn't my business to tell you how to do your job. I'll take you home."

"You're giving up then? Quitting?"

"You mean on Carol? No. I've a couple of leads. I'll take you home and see what turns up."

She said quickly, "Please, let me help. Let me go along, at least."

He said reluctantly, "Miss Kilbourne, it's ——"

"I feel responsible, Mr. Jenkins! Please."

He said crisply, "All right. But the easy leads are all used up. From here on in we get down and shovel muck and see what turns up. And we'll start with that joint right there."

Surprise was obvious in her voice. "The tavern? Surely you don't expect to find her there?"

"No. Her father, maybe."

"But he abandoned her, didn't he? Who would she ——"

"Yes, more or less, after her mother took off. At least he left her with her aunt, until she ran away. But who was the greatest person in your life when you were ten?"

She said protestingly, "It isn't the same at all. My father was a really fine ——"

He grinned wryly. "And if he gave you a kind word and a smile once a day, you wouldn't have given a hoot if his name was Bluebeard, would you? I'll lay any odds you like; Carol is seeking her father—and it makes no difference at all to her that he is a periodic drunk and as irresponsible as the wind. If we find him, we'll find her. And we start looking in that joint down the street. Coming or staying?"

There was a moment's silence. Then she said in a subdued voice, "I'm coming."

They shoveled muck—and turned up nothing. By midnight he knew a little about Katy Kilbourne: Both her parents had been teachers, and she had a brother who was much older than she and was an engineer working in the Southwest; she had a bachelor's degree from a small college, which he did not because he had been drafted in his junior year and had gone on the police force afterward; she had owned or been owned by a part-shepherd dog named Mr. Nussbaum when she was a small girl; he never had owned a dog or been owned by one, nor had anyone on his block up to the time they moved from the old neighborhood, and by then he had been in high school and too old for a dog. Both had been pretty good at sand-lot baseball in the long ago and faraway; she had been a good tennis player, and he had been a fast and aggressive basketball forward. Her mother was still teaching; his parents were dead; she had never been married; he had.

His alert cop's ear was struck by the sudden silence, tentatively filled by a quiet, "Oh?" Then she said, "I didn't know," and he was sure of the question then.

He said quietly, not quite gruffly, "She's dead."

"Ah," she said softly. "I'm sorry."

"Yes," he said neutrally, and then there was silence again.

They checked out the tenth bar, and the dozenth, and, as they walked to the car, she said, "You truly detest drunks, don't you?"

"I married one," he said evenly. He got in the car and slammed the door. They rode in silence until he came to a call box and phoned the desk.

"Dan Jenkins," he said. "Anything on Carol Willard yet?"

There was a pause. "No Carol Willard. Car Nine brought in a Joey Willard about half an hour ago. Common drunk."

"What's on the card?"

"Joseph James Willard. Thirty. Blond and blue. One-sixty. No tattoos. Scar right eyebrow. No car. Born local. Last address Room six, fourteen twenty-seven Burke. Common drunk. Booked seven times previous. That any help?"

"Could be. Anybody check that Burke address?"

"Car Ten will soon as they clear."

"Tell 'em never mind. I'll do it."

"Check."

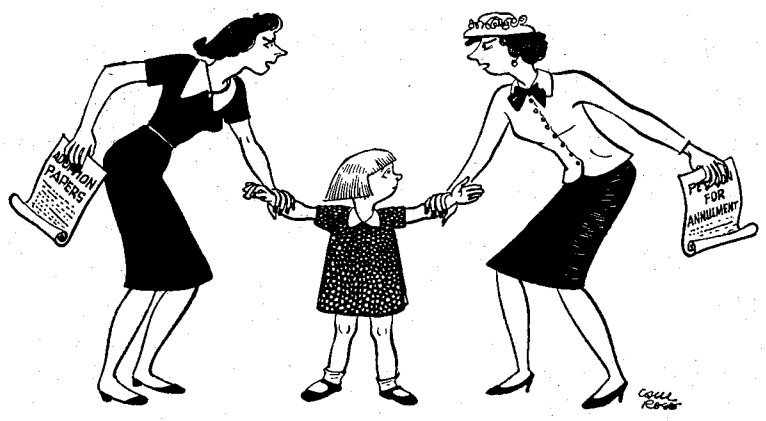
The grumpy landlady didn't bother to follow them up. She said sleepily, "Yeh, Joey Willard rents it. Jus' don't wake the whole place takin' him out," and went back to bed.

The door wasn't locked. It was a small room—and mean. There was a bed, a chair, a dresser and a small closet. In the chair a small girl was curled in the complete sleeping relaxation that only children and kittens can achieve, a draggled fan of blond hair across the arm of the chair. Dan looked inquiringly at Katy Kilbourne, who swallowed and nodded.

Dan touched her shoulder. "Carol." She moved her cheek against his hand. More loudly he said, "Carol!"

Katy Kilbourne said protestingly, "Don't wake her. Let her sleep. I can carry her."

"Just get the door," said Dan. He stooped and (*Continued on Page 160*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

A divorce and broken home forced Rebecca to give up her daughter. The child was adopted by a more settled family. Within a few years, however, that family split and the child again became the victim of a broken home. So Rebecca sued to get her back.

"My only reason for giving up my daughter was to place her in a better home," the mother argued. "Now she is in a worse one. Therefore I want her adoption annulled."

"You cut yourself off forever from your child," replied the foster mother, who wished to keep the girl. "Legally, what happens to her becomes no more your business than that of any other stranger in town. Otherwise adopting parents would be forever plagued by busybody natural mothers."

If you were the judge, would you side with the foster mother or the real one?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The real mother won. The court reasoned that while she had waived her legal right to the child, she still had an interest in her daughter as a member of the community. As the home into which the daughter was adopted had broken up, the court continued, the child should be returned to her real mother.

Based upon a 1949 Arkansas decision.

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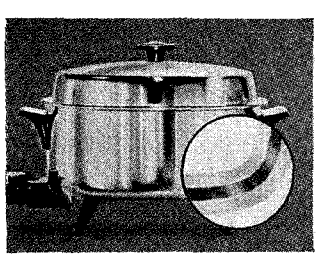

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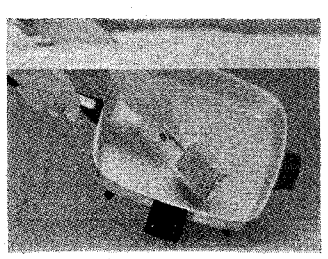

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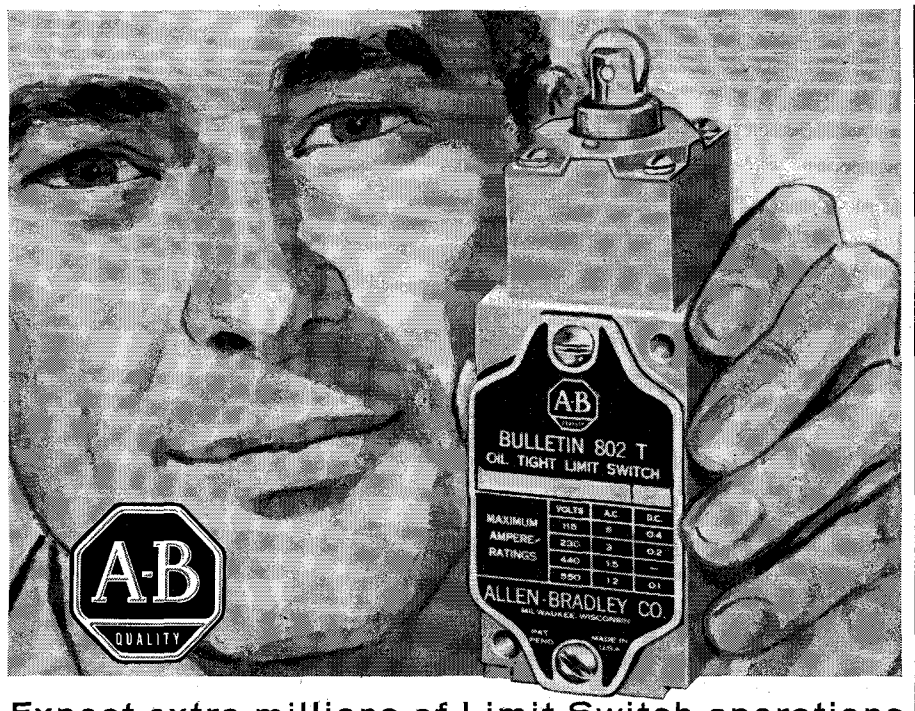

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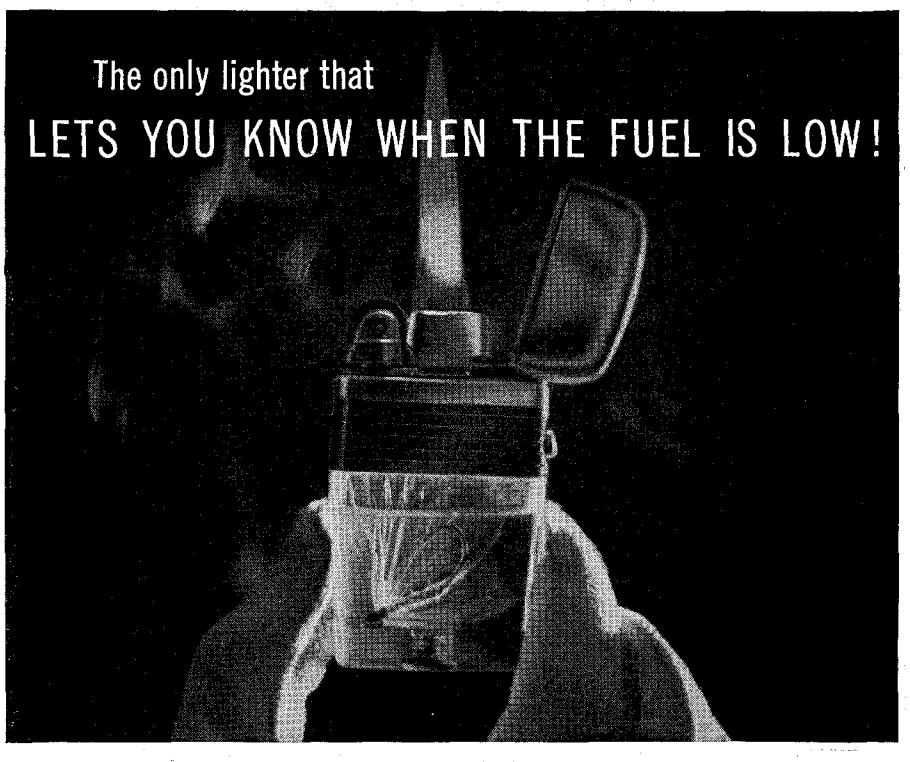

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(*Continued from Page 158*) managed to gather her up in his arms. She was surprisingly heavy and, as he stood up with her, quite suddenly she was all lank and gangling and elbow. She did not rouse, really. She squirmed to a more comfortable position. One thin arm went around his neck, and she murmured, sleepily, happily, not opening her eyes, "Daddy."

She wasn't really a pretty child, save for the beauty which is intrinsic in any child, but there was a warmth, a smilingness on her thin, plain little face that went beyond any prettiness or lack of it. For just a moment his head tipped forward so that his cheek touched her forehead, and then he wheeled abruptly and stalked through the doorway, saying gruffly, "Get the door, will you, please?"

In the car it seemed simpler for Katy Kilbourne to drive than to make the awkward transfer of the sleeping child. After a bit he said, "Should have turned right, there."

"I'm not taking her to the hall," said Katy Kilbourne. "I'm taking her home with me."

"Look," he said, keeping it quiet, "take my word for it. Don't get involved any deeper in this. You're asking for trouble for yourself, and you're no help to anyone else concerned."

"I'll take the chance."

"Look," he said, "these things happen. They're like a bad smashup. All you can do is clean up the mess and clear the road for traffic. You can't make the junk back into an automobile. You can't put the people back to ——" The memory hit him then like a cold blade deep in his flesh.

He listened to a moment's silence and then her quiet, "But you do try to help, don't you? You try?"

"Yes," he said evenly, "I suppose you try."

Katy Kilbourne unlocked her door and led the way to the bedroom. He leaned down, and Carol's thin arms tightened on him in a sort of instinctive reflex, and then slowly she relaxed, and he eased her gently down on the bed and stood back. He watched a moment as Katy bent over the child, stroking disarranged blond hair back from the sleeping face. He wheeled and went out.

The sitting room was attractive in a simple, mannerly way. There were a few soft-tinted water colors in narrow frames. There was a chest and a desk-table, both of dark, rubbed wood with brass drawer pulls. There were lamps, big enough to be useful, with brass or ceramic bases; a couch and a comfortable-looking chair.

He located the telephone and canceled the pickup order at City Police. He called Gladys at her private number and told her briefly about finding Carol. He had awakened her, but there was no sleepiness in her salty tone. "Where are you now, Danny?"

He told her.

"An' what are you doin' in a lady's apartment this time o' night?" Her voice was a resonant boom, and probably loud enough to be heard in the bedroom. He felt a flush creeping up behind his ears. "Just leaving," he said.

"Don't be a darn fool. She's a nice kid."

"Sure. Well, g'night, Auntie Gladys." He hung up on her outraged snort.

Katy Kilbourne came out, carefully folding Carol's skimpy dress. She turned her smile on him. "Thank you," she said. "You've been very kind."

He grinned briefly, and shrugged deprecatingly. "Just part of the job, ma'am," he said in a not-very-good imitation of a TV cop. "I expect I'd better be getting along. Oh, Auntie Gladys said the hearing will be first thing tomorrow probably. Have the ki—Carol there on time."

Her smile faded. "Of course," she said. She looked at him carefully. "You're not quite as hard-boiled as you'd like people to think, are you?"

Not quite off balance he growled, half-mockingly, half-earnestly, "Rough as a cob, ma'am. Well, g'night."

"You must be tired," she said. "Will you have a cup of coffee?"

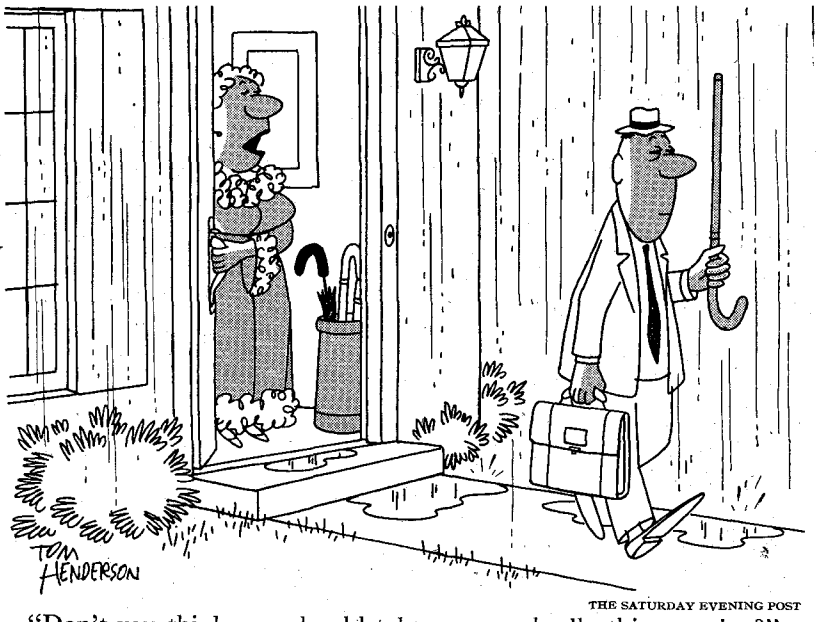
Almost he refused. Then he could feel the drag of the long day behind him, and the thought of hot coffee was enticing. He turned back. "If it's not too much trouble."

The chair was as comfortable as it looked. Rather sternly he repressed a sigh as he leaned back into the soft upholstery. After a while he heard the cheerful beginning burble of a percolator, and when she brought it in, two cups and the small percolator and cream and sugar all on a tray, it was as good a moment as he'd had all day. Beyond which, it was good coffee.

He said so. She thanked him. He said tritely, "You have a nice place here."

"Thank you. It seems awfully small after the old big house. Where do you live?"

"A rented room," he said. "Not as nice as this." And suddenly, ridiculously, he was uncomfortable in her presence. She seemed softer, less angular, having removed the rather severe jacket of her trim, tailored suit. Her blouse and skirt



"Don't you think you should take your umbrella this morning?"

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were certainly no less decorous, but he was for some reason completely aware of her as a woman and, for no reason that he could pin down, it nagged at him.

She leaned forward and picked up the little percolator. "More coffee?" she asked.

"Thanks, no," he said abruptly, not wanting to, not meaning to. "Really have to be getting on." He saw the stillness come on her face, the quick, almost searching look in her eyes. Then she stood up with him, expressing a polite hostessy regret at his leaving so soon, and he thanked her again for the coffee and made an escape, and swore rather confusedly and wonderingly at himself as he drove away.

He picked up Joey Willard at City Hall next morning, after Joey had been given ten days, suspended. In the car Joey said shakily, "You got a cigarette?"

Dan gave him one and punched the dash lighter. Joey got the smoke going, the tip bent rakishly. With a shave, a week of decent meals, a press and a shine, Joey would have been pretty presentable, even good-looking. Just now he wasn't, and the big black remorse bird was perched on his shoulder screaming in his ear.

"Where we goin'?"

"Juvenile Hall."

"What for?"

"Did you know Carol ran away from your sister's again?"

"No. When?"

"Last night. We found her in your room. The city boys had you in the tank already."

"Well, why'd she go there?"

"Now there's a good question," said Dan evenly.

The hearing did not last long, once the rather ponderous machinery got underway. It was the decision of the court that Carol Melissa Willard, a minor, be made a ward of the court, and that she be placed in a suitable foster home pending review of her case in sixty days.

Dan walked back to his office, hearing the quick, decided strike of Katy Kilbourne's heels behind him, but not looking around until he had stowed away the folders he was carrying. Then she said evenly, "Is that the way it's done—wrap it up, close the file on it?"

He said half irritably, "The judge decided it, I didn't. What else could he do?"

She slowly shook her head. "You just don't care, do you?"

He said tightly, "I tried to tell you—don't get involved in these things."

"But he's her father!"

"He's a drunk."

"And you hate drunks."

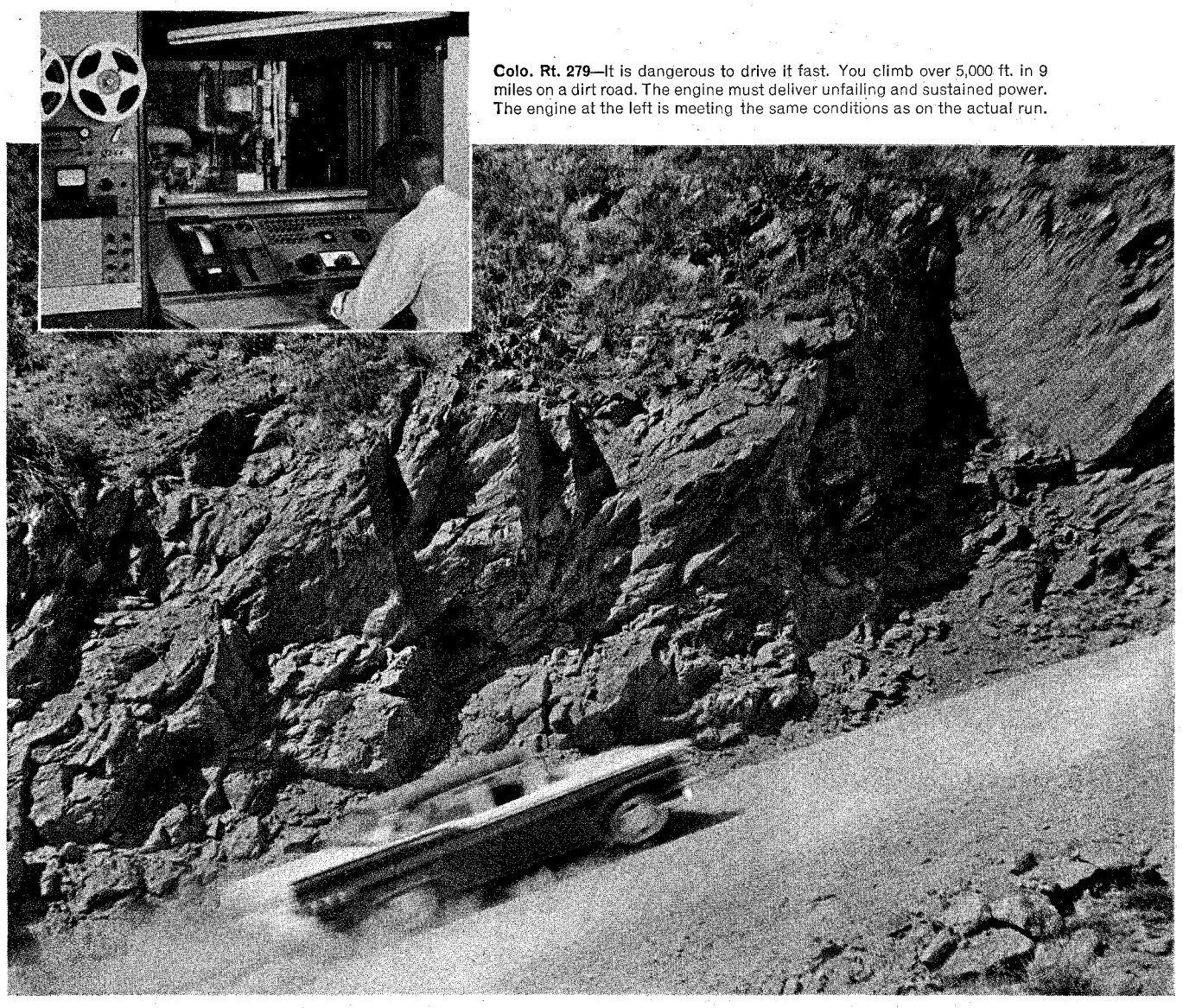
"No, I just don't put any faith in them." He wheeled away from her, then turned back, cutting a hand through the air, chopping off what she was about to say. "I'll tell you about one who was a mother, too, if you want to listen. It took me a year to understand she was a drunk and two more years before I got it through my thick head that she didn't want to get over being a drunk. You see, I believed her when she promised me things. But she got one of those fine, noble, drunken impulses when she found where I'd hidden the car keys, and she decided the little girl needed more fresh air.

"I was in uniform then, working traffic downtown, when I got the call to back up the ambulance. I got there as they were wrapping our little daughter's body in a blanket and stowing it in the meat wagon. Francine died a few hours later, still trying to make it all sound plausible. That was something else she had in common with our friend Joey Willard—when she wanted, she could charm a bird out of a bush; she could charm you the way a kitten does, playing in your lap. So don't tell me he's her father. If he was, he'd climb out of that bottle and take care of her!"

He heard the sound, and looked up to see Joey Willard standing in the doorway with an expression at once sick and frightened and piteous, and then Joey made another choked sound and wheeled away and slammed the door behind him. Dan heard Katy catch her breath, and he looked back at her and could not read the expression in her eyes, nor was he certain he wanted to. In a soft and quiet tone she said, "And that has been your solution to everything since, hasn't it? Don't get involved in it. Just don't get involved with anything or anyone."

He said bleakly, with an odd, unreasonable sense of loss, "Have it that way, if you like," looking steadily back at her, and then she turned from him and walked out of the room.

He stood and stared at the closed door a long while, as if there might be something of great importance there, and then he decided there wasn't, really; it was just a door, no different from a lot of other closed doors in his life, and he walked to the window and looked down at the walkway below, at the odd-shaped, foreshortened people who walked by below, hurriedly or slowly, every one of them a secret story, an enigma—honest man or thief. He saw Joey Willard come out, shoulders slumped, aimless. He saw the woman come up behind him and speak to him, saw Joey turn toward her; and then Joey and the woman, who was Katy Kilbourne, moved away together,



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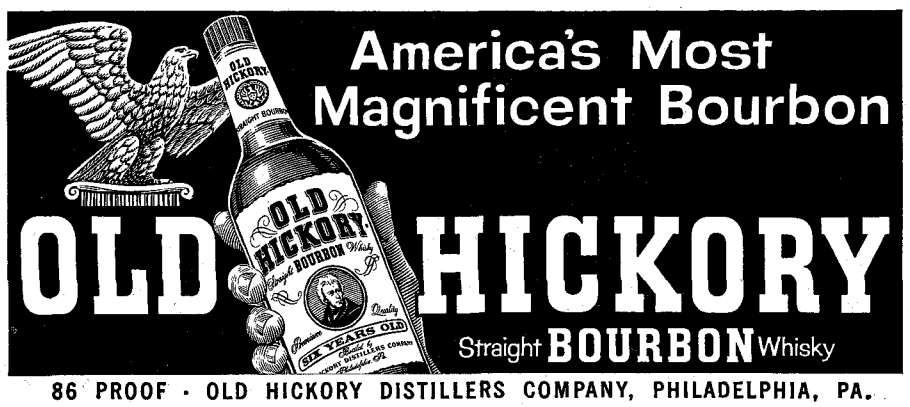

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out of sight, around the corner, and he vented one harsh, wordless sound and wheeled away.

He saw Katy Kilbourne only in passing in weeks following, or at staff meetings where the presence of others wrapped an insulation about them both. He kept on the move, outside mostly, doing his paper work late in the evenings or on Katy's days off. He kept moving and busy. He bucked still another formal request through channels to be returned to active duty in Criminal Investigations.

He came in from his day's outside rounds, dropped hat and briefcase on his desk, and flipped through the notes and messages on the blotter. On a square of office paper, folded once, in precise, rather angular script, the message was:

We don't see each other during working hours any more, it seems, and I do want to apologize for bad manners. Will you have dinner with me at my apartment, eight o'clock? KATY KILBOURNE.

He read it through twice, not quite believing, with a strange leaping sensation inside him, and then he reached for the phone. Her voice was cool and composed and familiar. He said, trying to keep the leaping sensation out of his voice, "I'll accept your invitation if you'll accept my humble apologies."

His accurate ear thought it heard warmth coming in her voice—or maybe it only wanted to hear that. "Please don't, Dan. Can you come—will you?"

"I'll be there. What can I bring?"

"Nothing. Just come." He was surer of the warmth this time, and the silly leaping sensation began again in his chest.

"I'll be there," he promised again.

He saw her heightened color when she opened the door to him. Rather gruffly he informed himself that anyone would be a trifle flushed, cooking a meal on an evening like this, but he warmed himself at her glow, not really believing it. She was wearing a soft summer frock and a rather frivolous hostess apron, and there was a most feminine softness about her. He wished he'd had the good sense to bring flowers instead of the little box of candy in his hand.

She gave him her hand. "Dan," she said, and there was real warmth in her voice—warmth and something approaching uncertainty, not quite embarrassment. "Come in, come in."

He went into the pleasant little sitting room. Then something fell from its high place in his heart, in a long, sickening plunge.

Joey Willard sat on the couch, in his shirt sleeves, his jacket across the arm of the couch, Joey sitting just a trifle too carelessly at his ease to be quite easy.

Joey looked good. He looked very good indeed. He was neatly combed and carefully shaved. His tie was neatly knotted and his white shirt was immaculate. His creases were sharp and his shine glistened. He got up and came to shake hands. His grip was firm—and nervous.

Dan let go of his hand and stood, neutrally. "How are you, Joey?"

The remnants of Joey's smile faded. "Good," he said tautly. "I'm working. Haven't had a drink since I saw you last. How's Carol?"

"She's fine," said Dan.

"I wanted to see her," said Joey. "They wouldn't let me."

"No," said Dan expressionlessly. "They wouldn't."

Joey looked at him steadily. "You don't give a man much, do you?"

"Just what he earns," said Dan stonily.

"Yeah," said Joey finally. He turned away and picked up his jacket, quickly shrugged into it. He talked past Dan, as if he weren't there. "Katy," he said, "I can only say, God bless you for trying." Then he wheeled away, and the hall door closed behind him with careful finality.

Dan looked at Katy's pale, stricken face. He thought dimly, *Another dream gone sour; another door closed.*

She said in a low, carefully controlled voice, "He was so proud of himself."

He said, "Sure. And six weeks or six months from now he'll be so proud he'll stop off to have a drink on it."

She slowly nodded her head. "Yes, that's possible. But he has made a start. From nothing, he made a start. Can you hate him for that?"

He absorbed it slowly, painfully, and then he gave her his short, rueful grin. "Sorry," he said, "I guess I'm just a sore loser." Then he turned away from her sudden look of wonderment, stalked into the hall and sent a call in a carrying voice, "Joey!"

He caught his man at the foot of the stairs, caught him and turned him and held him, with a hand on his arm. "Joey," he said, "you've made it six weeks. Are you going to stay sober?"

Joey said earnestly, "Man, I've got to stay sober!" He jerked his head aside, at the stairs, "You don't know what she's done for me. She fed me. She got a doctor to give me vitamin shots and capsules, and she saw to it I ate like the doc said. She bought me a shirt; she had my suit

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Improper Name

"Rush-hour traffic"
Seems hardly the term
For cars that proceed
At the pace of the worm.

Bob Herz

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

cleaned. She sent me down to the barber for the works, and then she told me, 'Joey, go get that job,' and I did. It's peanuts, counter cards, knickknacks, but I'm selling—I'm making commissions. No, I'm not about to slip now, mister, not with Carol's case coming up for review in two weeks. Not now, nor any more. You help or you hinder, and I don't give a damn, because I'll find somebody to believe me, and I'll get Carol back. Not that you give a damn."

Dan looked at him deeply, probingly; and slowly, reluctantly, a feeling of the man's sincerity came through. Abruptly he said, "All right, you come to the hearing. You come sober and flying right, and I'll do what I can. You fall again, and I think maybe I'll kill you. A clinging drunk can take a woman down with him, and you're not drowning Katy along with yourself."

Joey stared at him round-eyed, and then he cried, "Wait, man! Oh, no. No. Katy's not for me. If she'd have me, I'd tear the door down carrying her out of here, but she wouldn't have me, not in this world. No, it wasn't for me she was dressed up and waiting tonight. If you think that, man, you're in worse shape than I am."

Dan stared at him, unbelieving, not quite daring to believe. And then he was almost convinced, and he turned away from the man and looked up the stairs. And then he turned farther and went back up, step by step, and each step came easier, quicker, and he climbed in great, eager, reaching strides, two steps and three at a time, because suddenly there wasn't enough time or enough words to say all he had to say. Even the lifetime ahead wasn't going to be enough.

THE END

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TV's Make-Believe Lawyer

(Continued from Page 27)

stuff with my secretary, Bill Swan—all the phone calls, all the mail that's important; dictate a number of letters." After that his time is his own; and because he likes seeing people, talking to friends, it's a rare day that finds him in bed before midnight.

"When Ray gets through a day," says Ray Collins, the show's Police Lieutenant Tragg, "he's dead; he is really pooped—but he likes to have two or three friends in for a little chatter, couple of drinks."

"What social life I have," Burr concedes, "has to be done on my time, for what few hours I can get away. I have to have the kind of friends—particularly women friends—that are very understanding. I could never be married now. And, of course, it's ridiculous. No one should work this hard."

Burr has, as a matter of fact, been married three times; and each marriage ended grievously. His first wife, Annette Sutherland, an English girl he married just before World War II, was lost on the same plane as Leslie Howard when the Germans shot it down off Portugal in June of 1943. Her death left Burr with an infant son, Michael Evan, whom the boy's grandparents reared in England until Ray brought him to America after the war. "I had a lot of plans for him," Burr says. The boy died of leukemia in 1953.

His second marriage, to an American girl named Isabella Ward in 1947, ended in divorce. And his third wife, Laura Andrina Morga, died of cancer in 1955, shortly before they were to leave for the Bahamas on a delayed honeymoon.

To some people Ray's private tragedies help explain the fervor with which he has thrown himself into the *Perry Mason* show; but Burr is no man to brood over past misfortunes, and the chances are that he accepts the punishing pace because nothing less will keep the show at the high level of quality on which he insists. He is a perfectionist—but, unlike many perfectionists, Bill Talman notes, "Ray is extraordinarily easy to get along with on the set. His perfectionism concerns mostly his demands on himself. He's willing to throw out five hours of memorization and learn a new scene at the last minute if this helps the show."

Yet it is the amount of memorizing the part calls for, more than anything else, that makes Burr's role so arduous. He appears in something like 90 per cent of every show; and in the average of twelve pages of script which must be got through each day, the greater part of the dialogue is generally his. Moreover, as Bill Russell, one of the show's several directors, says, "Usually in dialogue, the person's line before yours has a hook—a connection that brings forth your line," but in the courtroom scenes at least, this is rarely true. Worse still, as Bill Talman explains, "Every story has something like fifteen or sixteen characters in it, and they've all got names—two names—which are different from last week's, but not necessarily different enough. You also have street names, place names, company names; and you have room numbers, telephone numbers, street addresses, times of day, dates of the month; and all of this stuff is always intermingled with a lot of medical or technical jargon."

Understandably tension on the set sometimes builds up to a fairly nerve-twitching pressure, but, "Whenever things get a little tense, Ray always comes up with the right kind of practical joke," says Gail Patrick Jackson, the former actress who is now executive producer of Paisano Productions, which puts the show together. "Paisano brings the product," Gail says; "CBS brings the money"—specifically, $78,000 for production costs each week, plus $90,000 worth of air time.

Barbara Hale is generally the target for Burr's off-screen gags. "She's a remarkably fine object for jokes of all kinds," Bill Talman explains. "In the first place, she never fails to bite; in the second place, she screams louder and jumps higher than anybody else in town."

In addition, she encourages at least a certain class of gag by her habit of using Mason's table in the courtroom for homework chores between takes. "She has her income tax, her Christmas list, the birthday cards," Burr says. "She pays her bills—makes out the checks. So every time they say, 'Ready for a take,' she shoves all this stuff in the drawer of the table."

This drawer offers a challenge which Burr is no man to ignore. On one occasion, for instance, he and Barbara got involved in a cigarette feud. He had stolen her cigarettes on location one day, distributing them among the rest of the company, and nobody would give Barbara one. For days thereafter she harped on Ray's meanness; so he bought a whole carton for her—only he cut every cigarette into small pieces, which he then distributed to every conceivable nook and cranny of her dressing room, even putting some in the toe of a stocking she had washed out and hung up to dry.

A few mornings later, when he came to work, he found the stocking with the cigarette bits tied (*Continued on Page 165*)

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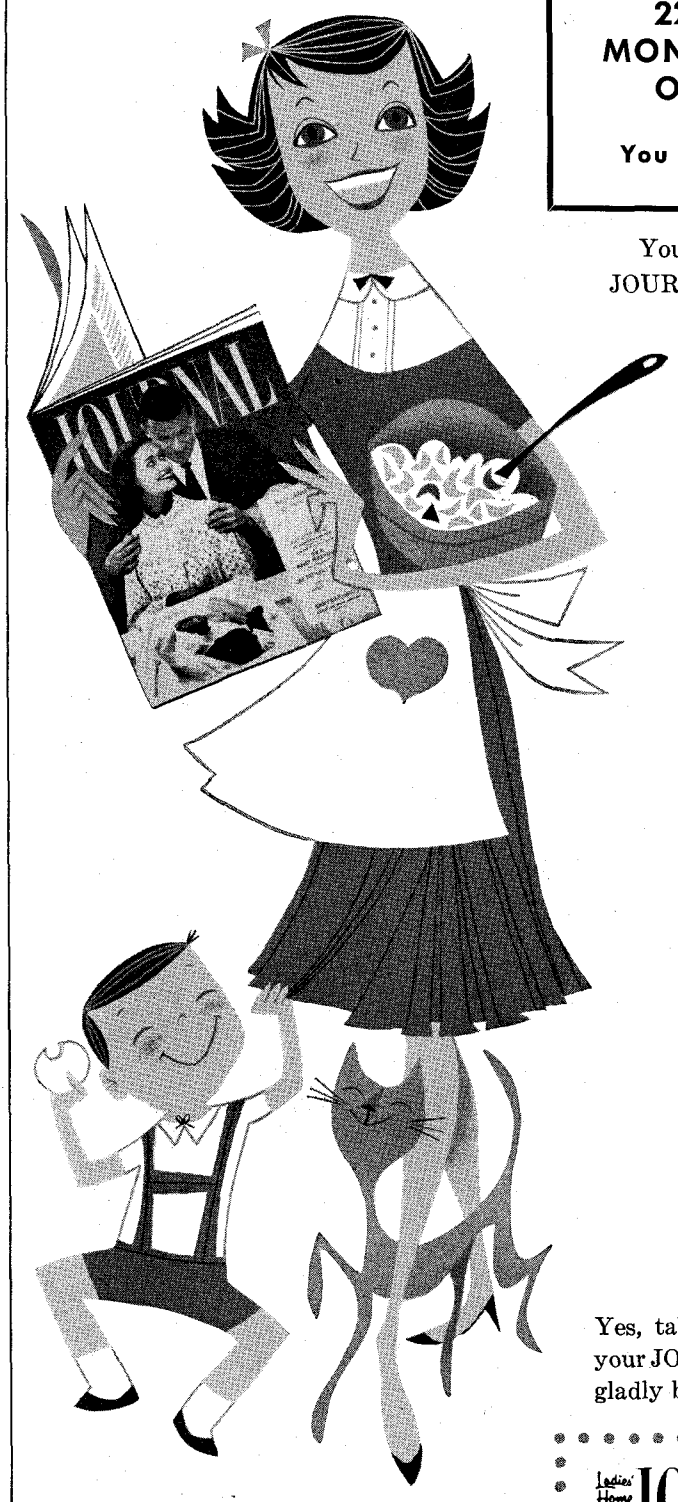

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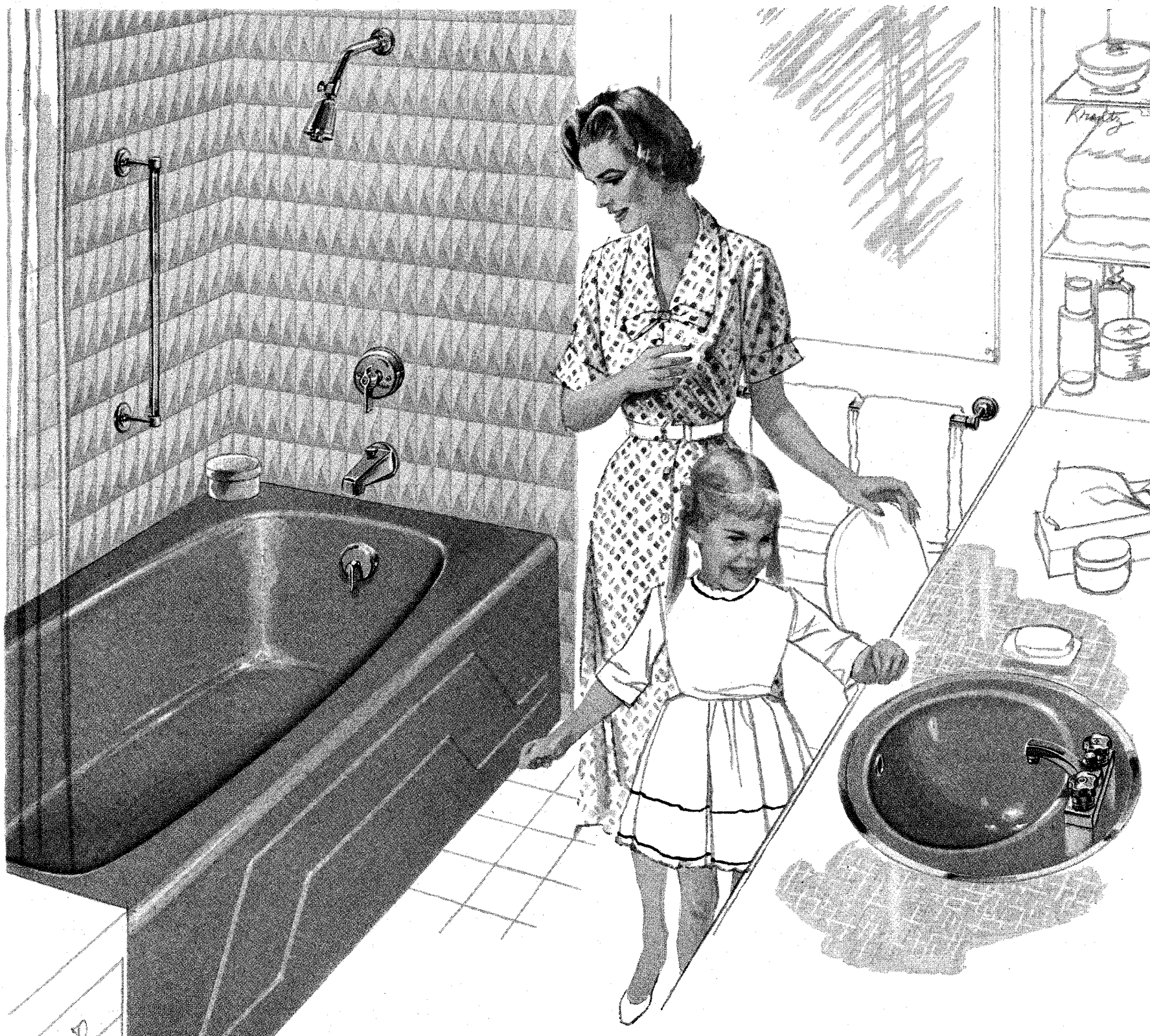

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(*Continued from Page 163*) around the knob of his dressing-room door. "This gook was all white in the toe of the stocking," Burr says, "so I thought, 'H'm-m.' And I sent one of the boys down to a pet shop and I got a white mouse. I took the cigarettes out of the stocking and put the mouse in, and it looked just like the little pile of cut-up cigarettes. So I took the stocking and slipped it in the drawer; when she went to put her stuff away, she opened the drawer, saw the stocking with what looked like a little pile of cigarettes in it and started to laugh. And all of a sudden it stood up. Well, you have never seen anybody leave a place so fast in your life."

"Someday I shall get even," Barbara swears. "But you know, seriously, the show is of a serious nature, and with work being like it is, these little gags break the tension that otherwise would be absolutely unbearable."

Burr pulls the gags with this in mind, of course—although he does genuinely love a good joke. But it's important to him, both as an actor and as a person, that people enjoy working on the *Perry Mason* set. "We work extremely hard," he says, "probably harder than any other show that's ever been done; and yet in over two years' time we have never had one point of dissension, or any one time when any actor of our permanent group felt he was being put upon. We love working together, and I love working with this crew. It's like walking into your own home when you walk on the stage here."

This is a factor not to be minimized, since Burr at least spends far more time on the sound stage than he does at his own home—a friendly, relaxed house with polished cement floors, white brick walls and open-beamed ceilings, on a cliff overlooking the Pacific, some fifteen miles up the coast from the town of Malibu. With the hours he works it is scarcely practical for him to commute to the studio—an hour's drive each way—so except during the summer layoff, he rarely sees his house between weekends.

Each week's show requires six shooting days, plus one day of preparation; thus, if preparation day falls on a Monday, shooting will start Tuesday and run through the following Tuesday, and Wednesday will be the next preparation day, with shooting running from Thursday through Thursday. And so on, week after week—with work on each episode extending over approximately ten calendar days, counting weekends.

The first (1957–58) season they made thirty-nine shows, finishing work around the end of May—having started the previous April fifteenth—and began production for the second season four weeks later. Even with so short a layoff time, however, Paisano managed to squeeze out only thirty shows before air-time deadlines overtook production output; the rest of the season was fleshed out with reruns. And for the present third season shooting began July thirteenth, with a target of twenty-eight new shows, plus twelve reruns—for a series extending forty weeks.

But even as tight as the shooting schedule must be to turn out an hour-long show every ten days, actually one of Paisano's greatest problems is the difficulty of cramming a *Perry Mason* story into the space of an hour—or rather, forty-nine minutes and forty seconds, after subtracting commercials and whatnot—without sacrificing much of the characteristic flavor.

It's a tossup whether this was more of a challenge during the first season, when all the shows were taken from actual books, or now, when Paisano has run out of original Gardners and must find new script material. Either way, however, Gardner says, "I think on the whole they've kept very faithful to the general background of Perry Mason."

A particularly crucial point in maintaining the flavor, of course, was the matter of casting. Erle Gardner had been none too pleased with what Hollywood did to his characters in the half dozen Perry Mason movies made between 1934 and 1937, and he kept much tighter control of the television show—as, before that, he had done with the radio show which ran for twelve years, through 1955, as a fifteen-minute daytime soap opera.

Of the five "permanent" parts, the most critically important one to cast right, naturally, was that of Mason himself, and Paisano tested at least twenty actors for the role. Ray Burr was not, in fact, originally considered for Mason at all; Gail Jackson, remembering some of his movie work, thought he might make a good Hamilton Burger. "But fortunately for us," she laughs, "he said he would test for Burger only if we tested him for Mason too, and when Erle saw Ray's tests, he said, 'That's Perry Mason.'"

"Ray's got some inherent sense of what Mason would do," says Gardner; and Bill Hopper adds, "No matter what preconceived idea you might have had of Mason, this guy's going to fit it, because he plays it completely straight, completely honestly. He has stayed away from any kind of tricks, any kind of—you know—personality gimmick."

Burr's performance as Mason didn't just happen. "Before we started," he says, "I did a lot of thinking—about why a person becomes an attorney and what he hopes to be as an attorney." Nor is Mason by any means a typical attorney. For example, in case after case, he is almost the only person who believes his client innocent. "And when you try to figure out why does he believe this," Burr says, "you've got to know what kind of a person Mason is—because he's certainly given every fact to prove otherwise. But he has an instinct for justice and a fine instinct for people. You have to be able to look at a person sometimes and decide whether you're going along with him."

After making the pilot film in September, 1956, Burr spent much of the next six months sitting in Los Angeles courts, watching people—judges, attorneys, defendants—and reading up on courtroom procedure, as well as studying the works of Erle Stanley Gardner. "I went into the business of The Court of Last Resort that he is so interested in," Ray says, "trying to find all the keys to the background of Mason that he hadn't written."

The trait of throwing himself wholly into whatever he does is typical of Burr. All his interests—and they are many—call forth the most painstaking attention from Ray. As a cook, he is a gourmet chef; as a gardener, he is developing new strains of orchids and begonias; as an animal lover, he keeps six dogs, several cats, a burro, and countless ducks, geese, pigeons and peacocks—and keeps them in style—at his Malibu home, where his nephew Frank Vitti cares for them in his absence.

But of all his interests, none takes precedence over his genuinely warm and affectionate interest in people, and he is happiest when he can be doing something to make other people happy. During the Korean fighting, for instance, Burr decided that the most important thing he could do was to help entertain the G.I.'s in that embattled peninsula; and in 1953—on the third of seven overseas tours with USO troops between 1951 and 1955—he led a unit that spent six months in the Far East, longer than any such group had ever stayed before. Nor did Burr content himself with emceeing the nightly shows for units off the line; he insisted on going up to the front himself—as Maj. Stan McClellan vividly recalls.

At the time McClellan was commander of Company L, 7th Infantry Regiment, 3rd U.S. Infantry Division, occupying a sector less than half a mile from the Red Chinese lines. "At 0-four-thirty one morning," McClellan says, "as Des O'Keefe, my second-in-command, and I were just stirring out, into our bunker walked the most God-awful sight we had ever seen. Here was Ray in a red-knit short-sleeved sport shirt, blue civilian slacks, yellow buckskin shoes, dragging a U.S.M.C. armored vest in one hand and

IN THESE MOVIES BURR PLAYED A NOT-SO-JOLLY FAT MAN

Raymond Burr (left) grappling with Jimmy Stewart in the 1954 thriller *Rear Window*. Today, as television's Perry Mason, he never indulges in violence.

In *The Blue Gardenia* (1953), Burr forced his attentions on Anne Baxter.

For the 1956 movie *A Cry in the Night*, director Frank Tuttle coached Burr on the proper way to slap actress Natalie Wood. Burr used to weigh 340 pounds.

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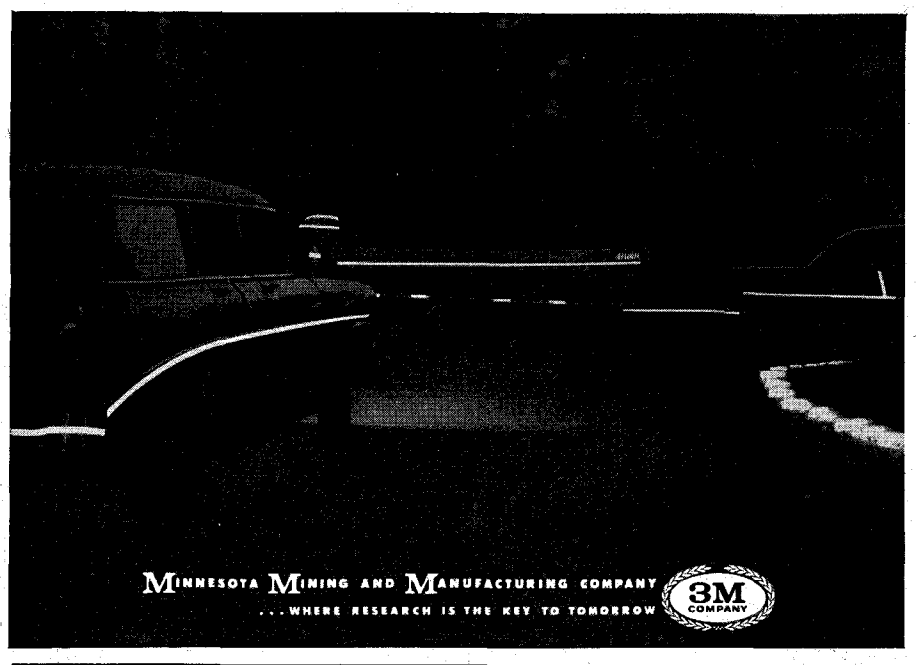

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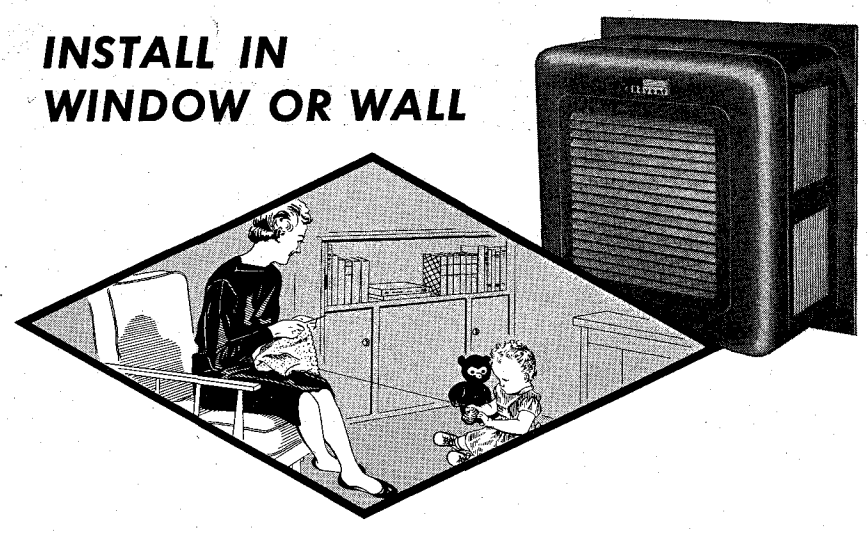

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a steel helmet in the other." In spite of McClellan's protestations Burr followed him wherever he went all day—"in and out of bunkers, weapons positions, half-destroyed trenches, ammo supply points. I can't describe the open-mouthed amazement with which he was greeted by every soldier we met! He stopped and talked to each of them. It did more than anything else to convince the men of this fighting outfit that the 'folks at home' were really not so far away after all."

That evening when Burr left, McClellan heaved a profound sigh of relief that the actor was still in one piece—and no longer his responsibility—but the relief was premature. At 0100 Ray returned, bringing his gear. "He was with us constantly for over a week," McClellan remembers. "He sat up with me night after night to monitor patrols, accompanied me through the mine fields and out ahead of our position to meet incoming patrols; visited them in their bunker after the debriefing session with a container of hot coffee, and was constantly on hand with a joke or cheerful word. Morale reached a peak never before experienced."

Burr's concern for American servicemen did not end with the fighting, nor has it been limited to overseas troops. In 1956 he suddenly realized that the Nike bases along the West Coast never saw any of the USO shows. For one thing few entertainers could readily get the necessary clearance; for another most top stars wouldn't bother to set up a show for the few men—around 100—at each installation, and then repeat it at perhaps a dozen installations in each area.

So Burr held an audition at the Nike bases in the Los Angeles area, picked twelve Army boys and put together what he describes as "the damnedest show you've ever seen, an hour-and-a-half show, a real great show." He chuckles delightedly, remembering. "So we played every Nike base and every gun site on the Pacific coast. Six and seven shows a day." Then they revamped the show and gave it for the Air Force, which had been flying them around. "We changed all the uniforms and all the nomenclature and you'd have thought we were all Air Force. And I finally ended up by saying, 'Fellas, look, I've been a Navy man, and there's one Navy place that doesn't get any shows either and that's Point Mugu, our missile place right up the coast here.' So we came down there and did an all-Navy show for them. And this is the damnedest thing, to see a whole bunch of Army kids playing to a bunch of whitehats and loving it, and kicking this Navy slang around. And, you know, you fall apart, because they're not quite easy with it and they've just learned the lines that afternoon."

Without doubt the prize sketch of the show was one that Burr has used often on these tours—and in which he stars. This is the *Stand-in Sketch*, about the process of making a motion picture. "They get this real dumb character," Ray explains, "and they bring him in—the stand-in—every time something is going to happen to the leading man. And all hell breaks loose: he gets hit with water and mops and pails, and slugged, and gets thrown down and stomped upon and finally gets hit with a pie—real slapstick."

Less physically wearing but more grueling emotionally are the many visits Burr pays to Veterans Hospitals—without a show—just going through the wards, talking to each patient. Whenever he can take time from his work, he does this "because I think it should be done, and there aren't enough people doing it."

As an extension of the same philosophy, he also feels (*Continued on Page 168*)

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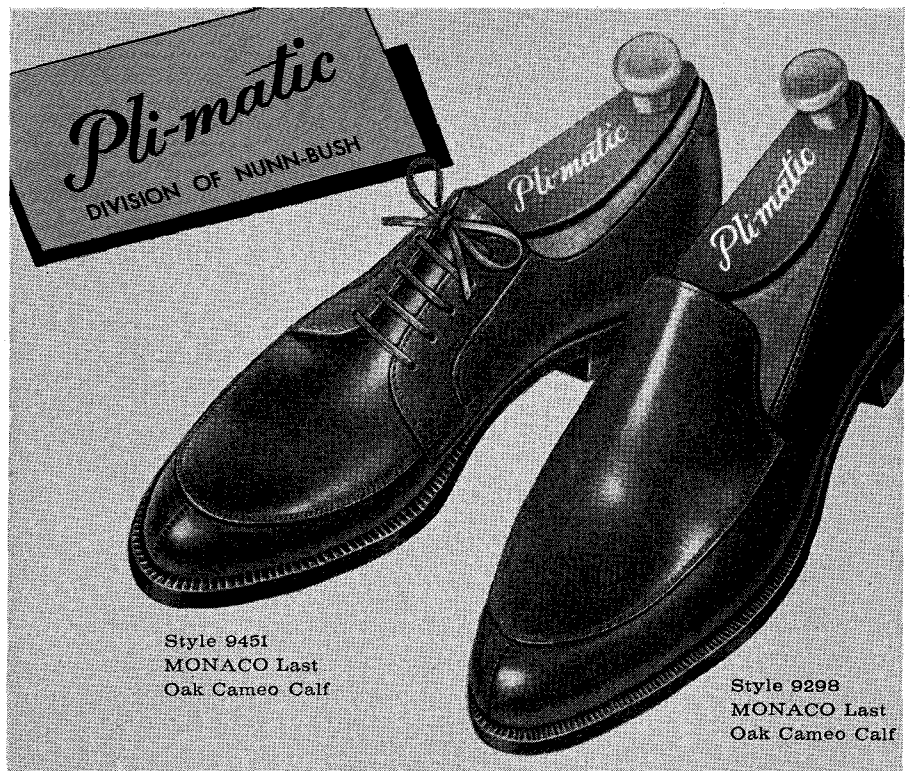

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(*Continued from Page 166*) that if people all over the earth would only bestir themselves more to get to know one another, the world's problems would come a lot closer to solution. People everywhere, he thinks, have far more in common than they generally realize.

Born Raymond William Stacy Burr in New Westminster, British Columbia—a town on the edge of Vancouver—on May 21, 1917, Ray is the oldest of three children of William Burr, a Canadian hardware dealer, and Minerva Smith Burr, the daughter of an American naval officer. When Ray was six his parents separated—they were later divorced and then five years ago remarried—and Mrs. Burr took her children to Vallejo, California, where her father owned a small hotel.

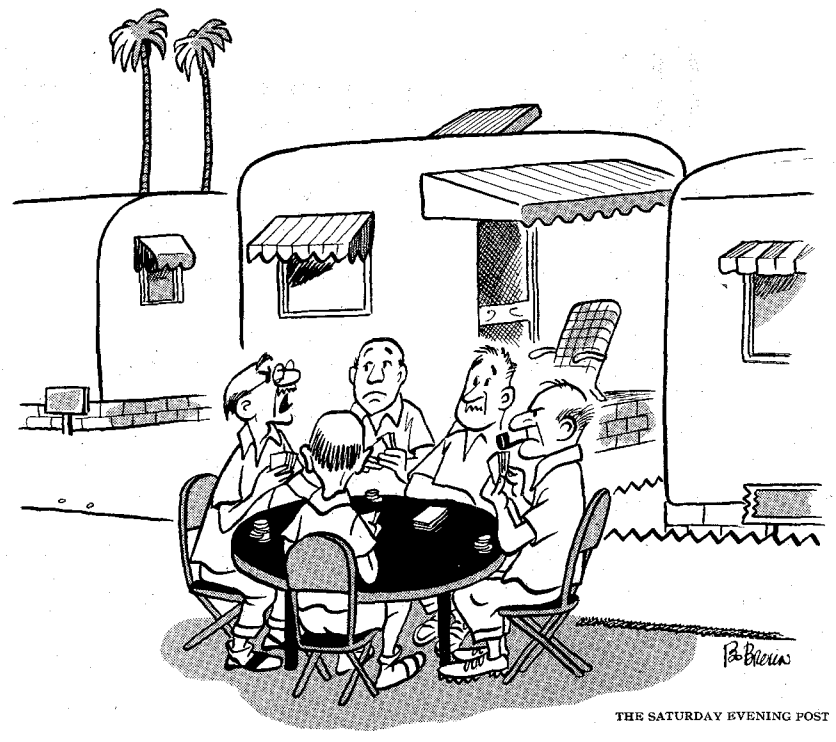
Ray was twelve when the depression hit, and though his mother helped augment the family's income by teaching music—"She's one of the finest pipe organists in the world," Burr says—there were times when the living became pretty thin. It was a real help to the budget when at thirteen Ray got a job for twenty-five cents a day and board at a cattle-and-sheep ranch near Roswell, New Mexico. "I mended fences and herded sheep and piled rocks from one place to another," he remembers.

A year later things were somewhat easier at home, and he started back to school; but from then on his formal education was sketchy. Although a thirsty mind has since led him to take enough extension and lecture courses from several universities—Stanford, Columbia, Chungking—to add up to nearly two college degrees, Burr never finished junior high school as a regular student. Instead he worked at a number of odd jobs: as a traveling salesman on the West Coast for a concern which made tinted reproductions of cherished family photographs; as manager of his grandfather's hotel; as a stock clerk—and later store manager—for the J. C. Penney Company; as his grandfather's agent for several months in China, liquidating family properties; and as a Forest Service fire guard, later running a weather station and a snow survey for the service in Oregon. "I was five months alone, snowed in," he says, "and I'll never do it again. But it's a pretty interesting kind of existence: you find out how little you have to rely on and how little you've learned and how insignificant you are."

All through these years, however, Burr's prime goal in life was acting. His first part had been in a religious play put on by the Presbyterian church in Vallejo when he was a boy, and in the years that followed he had worked in other church plays, in school dramatics and in civic theaters. When he was nineteen, a chance meeting with director Anatole Litvak won Ray a place with a summer theater in Toronto. And from there he joined a repertory group setting off to tour England. "This is the kind of guts that you have before you're twenty," he says. "You know, somebody asks you to play *Macbeth*, you say, 'I'll be ready tomorrow morning.' If anyone should ask me now, I'd say 'Yes, but I need a year to work on it.'" From England, after the tour ended, Burr drifted on to Paris, supporting himself by singing six nights a week in a left-bank café called the Ruban Bleu, before returning to America.

After this, bad luck rode his back: four times in the next few years he was signed to motion-picture contracts, and each time the film was either canceled or indefinitely delayed. A number of parts in stage plays—and, briefly, in vaudeville—kept him going; but it wasn't until 1946, after service in the Navy, that his career in the movies really began. Starting in an RKO western of little consequence, he went on to make precisely ninety films in the next ten years. The first of these to win him any real critical acclaim was *The Pitfall*, a United Artists 1948 release. Said *The New York Times:* "As the heavy, literally and figuratively, a newcomer named Raymond Burr does a sinister and fascinating job."

Burr had come out of the war years weighing a blubbery 340 pounds, about a third of which he has since shucked; but the physical grossness fitted him admirably for the bad-guy parts which he played in most of his pictures. Probably the best remembered of these now are *Key to the City*, with Clark Gable and Loretta Young, in 1950; *A Place in the Sun*—wherein he played the prosecuting attorney who sends Montgomery Clift to the chair—in (*Continued on Page 171*)



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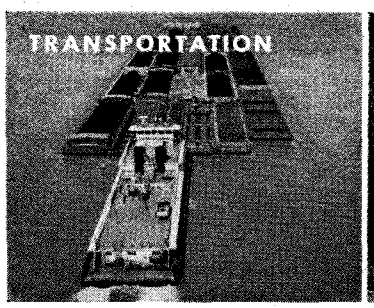

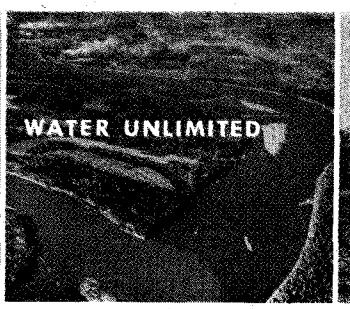

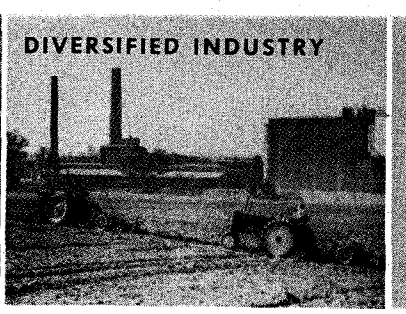

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(*Continued from Page 168*) 1951; *Rear Window*, the 1954 Alfred Hitchcock thriller starring James Stewart and Grace Kelly; and *Cry in the Night*, with Edmond O'Brien and Natalie Wood, in 1956. Burr's part in *Rear Window*—that of the murderer seen from Stewart's window—was, Ray says, "kind of a challenge. For the first part of the picture you don't see this man close up at all, but you have to know exactly what he is. From the way he walks. So I had to walk in a certain way, and I had to be kind of middle-aged and tired and beat."

As a successful free-lance actor, Burr earned more in some years than he gets from his present television contract—"Approximately one hundred thousand dollars per year," he says, "plus a provision for substantial compensation for reruns." And in addition to his film work, he made "probably a hundred television shows, live and on film," and played, among other radio parts, *Dragnet*'s chief of detectives.

Over the years, in fact, Burr has taken a hand in almost every facet of show business; and in these years he has formed a theory about acting: "You use a funnel," he says, "and you let in everything that's happening, everything you've read, everything you've seen, felt or heard or believed in or disbelieved in—and the wider you can make the funnel, the better off you are. Now, when you get a role, you turn the funnel around and concentrate so hard on the character that the right thing comes out of the funnel."

When he's playing an already established character—say, Henry VIII or Perry Mason—he goes a step further. "In order to portray these people properly," he says, "I have to delve a great deal into their background. And a nice thing about being an actor: you're apt to learn a great deal about history and human beings, and you become almost an authority on the subject. In going into those people's lives you find the tremendous thing that made them personalities, the reasons they did things. And now, consequently, I think very much about Perry Mason—I live, eat and sleep this. I'm thinking of Mason as an attorney and a human being; and the only problems I've really gotten into on the show are arguments that Mason wouldn't do or say certain things. You get very much involved in what a person will do. And you develop a language for the character, a kind of vocabulary."

Perhaps this "immaculate attention to detail," as Bill Talman calls it, is responsible for the show's steadily climbing television rating. Put in a time slot overlapping NBC's *The Perry Como Show*, a formidably popular competitor, the Mason show has nevertheless risen from an initial Nielsen rating of 18.7 to an average for last season of 27.5. The Como show, incidentally, is seen on a different day this season.

Another reflection of the *Perry Mason* company's success in putting out a high-quality program is, of course, the fact that the Television Academy of Arts and Sciences this year awarded the show two Emmys—one to Burr as the best actor in a leading role (continuing character) in a dramatic series, and one to Barbara Hale as best supporting actress in the same category.

But perhaps the ultimate accolade is Erle Stanley Gardner's less formal pronouncement. "It's got to a point," he says, "where people don't think they're watching an actor portraying Perry Mason; they think they're looking at a bit of real drama—that the television's glass is not a screen, that it's a window."

Indeed one of the odd things about this show is that it is less often criticized—or praised—as entertainment than as a sort of documentary of legal procedure. Last June, for example, Superior Court Judge Frank M. Armstrong of Troy, North Carolina, refused to attend a Bar Association convention at which Burr had been invited to speak, saying: "I see about as much of Perry Mason on television as I care to because of my children watching it at home. Perry Mason's program bears no semblance of the correct and proper means of administering justice, or the proper conduct of the lawyer in the trial of a criminal case."

Not being a member of the Bar, Burr refrained from debating the matter with Judge Armstrong—while noting privately that the judge apparently didn't object to his children's watching the show. Erle Stanley Gardner's comment was more forthright: "He's just completely, utterly wrong." Many of Gardner's lawyer friends have, in fact, complimented him on the show's faithful portrayal of courtroom procedure, an authenticity which everyone connected with the series goes to great pains to ensure.

Barbara Hale, for instance, attended night school to study shorthand for her part—learning enough at least to convince her eight-year-old son Billy. Last June, visiting his school, she found a picture he had drawn of her and labeled: "This is my mom. I live with her. She is a secretary."

And when some point of legal procedure is in doubt, Burr or Gail Jackson goes to a real-life expert for adjudication. Dramatic considerations, to be sure, are sometimes consciously given priority over minor matters of courtroom etiquette—though not over the law itself—when the two come into conflict; but, Burr explains, "First of all we have to be entertaining—and these 'mistakes' are not major enough to make that much difference."

Nevertheless, the show's format does call forth a number of reactions that have nothing to do with dramatic values. The fact that Hamilton Burger loses to Mason every week, for instance, has brought Bill Talman a spate of mail begging him to win a case—including one bona-fide offer from a professional gambler. "He wanted me to say the wrong thing, cross 'em up and win the case," Talman says. "He was going to cut me in, said he could get thirty-to-one on it."

In addition, people often stop Bill on the street and ask him why Burger never wins a case. If the question is put facetiously, it gets the retort brief: "I'm trying lady," or "Gee, I hadn't thought of that." But if the question is serious, it gets a serious answer. This has two parts: first, justice is always done since Mason, in getting his client off, always supplies the district attorney with the real murderer. Second, Perry Mason never defends a guilty person; so Hamilton Burger, to win a case, would have to convict an innocent one. "And," says Talman, "if he started convicting innocent people, think of where we'd be then."

District Attorney Edward S. Silver of Kings County (Brooklyn), New York, sees the same problem from a slightly different angle. He feels it is unfortunate that Burger "is depicted as a person who does not marshal his facts correctly and, indeed, is so negligent about doing it that he is always trying to convict innocent people." Silver is afraid people will get the idea that district attorneys are more interested in conviction box scores than in justice.

William B. McKesson, District Attorney of Los Angeles County—and thus Burger's real-life counterpart—shares some of Silver's misgivings, although he personally enjoys the *Perry Mason* show—"I accept it as entertainment," he says. But, he points out, what viewers of the show don't see is that at least the larger district attorneys' offices go to enormous lengths to avoid indicting an innocent person. Of the 28,012 requests for complaints which his office received from the police last year, for example, 10,592 were rejected "because we believed, as lawyers," McKesson says, "either that the crime wasn't committed by the person that they believed committed it or that there wasn't sufficient evidence to get a conviction." As a result of this screening, the conviction rate in Los Angeles is presently running about 85 per cent, not counting guilty pleas.

But even beyond the fact that Burger loses every week, the show troubles many prosecutors because of its possible effect on loyal but unthinking fans. District Attorney Silver cites an example. When he was quoted in a New York newspaper as deprecating the fact that courtroom dramas seem to have given the public the false impression that circumstantial evidence is worthless, Silver received a number of irate letters, one of which read in part: "For any district attorney to think that people should be convicted by circumstantial evidence is unheard of."

Now this, of course, is just plain poppycock. "Circumstantial evidence is the strongest evidence there is," Erle Gardner says. "With all of its troubles, it is a thousand times better than the average eyewitness testimony.

"There's no use tryin' to kid ourselves," he continues. "This show presents problems in the field of law enforcement—and I'm the first one to admit it. On the other hand, Perry Mason is getting just a lot of people interested in the administration of justice, which they weren't before. They're getting a lot better understanding of the function of an attorney in a criminal case. And for that reason the show is doing the Bar a great deal of good."

Ray Burr agrees: "There's not enough knowledge about our courts," he says. "People have been afraid to go to court. Just to go into court on a traffic charge is a shaking experience.

"I have an idea that someday, unless we blow up the whole blooming place first, our decisions in the world and our approach from one country to another are going to be handled by international law. And there's going to be no one else handling it but lawyers. Ninety-nine per cent of the attorneys are decent, God-fearing, hard-working, intelligent, helpful people; but I don't think there's enough known about them.

"Now we have opened up a public-relations situation for these people—what they do, how they fit into our society. And thank goodness we have the opportunity to do it."

Let's Stop Acting Like Sheep (Continued from Page 33)

physicians have occasionally been summoned by awed onlookers. The total effect is curiously paralyzing, so that resistance to my brother's just demands in the later phases of the row-making process is rare.

To qualify as a Master Row Maker it is necessary to master the technique of simultaneous eye popping and hopping and waving. I myself, I must confess, have never achieved that exalted rank—I am a mere Row Maker of the Second Class. I was not even a row maker of any sort until a few years ago, when a plane in which I was flying to Rome came down in the Azores. A new motor would have to be flown in, the airline official explained—might take a couple of days or so. Meanwhile bunks would be furnished the passengers. A couple of hours later an almost empty plane of another line landed on the Azores: its destination, Rome. I was in a desperate hurry to get to Rome, I explained to the official—I had a number of important appointments. Could I therefore transfer to the other plane?

The official laughed. It was a small, tittery, superior laugh, and I shall never forget it, for it marked a turning point in my life. It was out of the question, he said between giggles—against all regulations. It was the laugh that did it—as in a dream a mental image appeared before my eyes of my brother, hopping up and down, eyes bugging out, while the expression of pleased complacency on the official's face changed to horror and consternation. Suddenly I found myself hopping up and down too. By the standards of a Master Row Maker it was an amateurish effort, no doubt—eyes insufficiently popped, shouts not strangled or outraged enough. But it did the trick. Within less than an hour I was on my way to Rome.

Since then I have specialized in the art of "puce facing," as I have come to call it. Puce facing is a gentler technique favored by Second-Class Row Makers, who lack the inspired frenzy of the masters. Naturally somewhat rubicund of countenance, I have learned the technique—it consists largely of holding the breath while thinking angry thoughts—of causing the face to turn a shade described by objective observers as "brick red, tinged with a bluish black." The face simultaneously puffs out in the manner of the fish of the family *Tetraodontidae*, which blow up like balloons when their bellies are tickled. Puce facing is not as effective as really first-class eye popping and hopping and waving. But it qualifies a man for a Second-Class certificate.

Now here one point should be made abundantly clear. There are precisely two just causes for making a row. They are clearly defined on the Row Makers' Certificate: "ONE. Failure to honor a stated or clearly implied commitment. Two. Treatment of the Row Maker as a statistical entity or idiot child rather than as a sensible human being." The Row Makers' Certificate is also sternly explicit: "The making of a row for any cause other than the two just causes will result in the removal of the certificate and immediate expulsion from the movement."

Nothing has done the honorable cause of row making more harm than the phony row maker, the man who without real provocation makes a lot of fake-angry noise simply to show that he is important. You've seen him howling at some innocent waitress for no reason at all except to impress a lady friend or potential customer, or badgering a bartender for putting too much vermouth in his martini after failing first to specify what kind of martini he wanted. This man is the enemy of all true row makers. So is the man who takes out his wrath on some small

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and innocent person who cannot really do anything to right whatever wrong has been done. This may relieve the feelings, as does kicking a table after you have barked your shins on it. But it must be well understood that the true row maker is not actuated by such solely selfish motives as a desire to relieve the feelings. On the contrary, although private convenience may certainly be served, the first concern of the true row maker is the public weal.

Let us consider an example. As a qualified row maker, you have reserved a room at some vast metropolitan hotel. Your reservation has been confirmed. You arrive late and weary, longing for bed. There is a convention in town. You wait with your herd of fellow sheep for your turn at the reception desk—one very big hotel I know of even has roped-in waiting enclosures into which its guest sheep are briskly herded. At last you are permitted to ask for your room.

The clerk shuffles negligently through some papers. "Must be some mistake, sir," he says in a perfunctory tone, not even bothering to look up. "We have no record of a reservation. Sorry. No room available."

Because he is accustomed to dealing with sheep, he expects to hear you move on, perhaps muttering a bit under your breath. But he is in for a surprise. For this, as you instantly recognize, is Just Cause No. 1—failure to honor a commitment. Warned by some sixth sense, or possibly by the gasps of the onlookers, the clerk looks up to see the never-to-be-forgotten sight of a qualified row maker in the preliminary phase: face puce, eyes popped, rhythmically hopping and waving. This silent phase lasts for the prescribed minute—its purpose being to convince the clerk that you are angry. Not just a little bit miffed, mind you—the other side is accustomed to us sheep being a little bit miffed—but enraged, incensed, infuriated, wrathful, indignant and, in short, sore as hell. The clerk must be convinced that this is not a case that can be handled with a mollifying excuse or a tart rejoinder.

In the second phase of the process, the emphasis must be on noise, coupled with the insistence on seeing Someone in Authority. Mere assistant managers should be angrily dismissed, and highly audible demands—audible, let us say, to approximately the sixth floor—should be made for the manager himself. "He's in bed? Then GET HIM OUT OF BED. Why should he be dossed down like a pig in straw while I am condemned by his unpardonable incompetence to sleep on a park bench?" Suits should be threatened. Letters to the president, the board chairman and the directors of the hotel company should be outlined in some detail. Names of local politicians or other persons of influence should be invoked—it does not matter a pin, of course, if they have never heard of you. It has even been found effective, when you cannot remember such names, to make them up—"Warren G. Smithers, who happens to be a close friend of mine, shall hear of this."

When words fail, a loud, wordless ululation is often most effective. Other techniques may occur to you. One of my acquaintances when sufficiently aroused barks like a dog. My younger brother, John, has mastered an original technique of shouting at the offending party in a sinister Russian accent which he has cultivated. By such means everybody within earshot should be made aware that a major public row is in progress.

The chances are then excellent that you will get the bridal suite at cut rates. It is also possible, of course, that you will get a punch in the snoot. But that is a risk which, as a public-spirited citizen, the row maker must be willing to accept. For in the future the hotel management will be far less cavalier about a failure to honor a confirmed reservation. And thus, as always when the true row maker is in operation, the public welfare is wedded to private interest.

How many well-traveled readers of this article have in the recent past suffered a failure to honor a reservation or some similar indignity? And how many, having uttered a few *sotto voce* imprecations, have turned sullenly away to shift for themselves? Far too many is the undoubted answer. For row making has become almost a lost art.

Let the middle-aged reader of this article think of his father. If his father was like most fathers, he was perfectly willing, if someone treated him like a fool or failed to honor a commitment, to make a row. Indeed, the chances are that he rather enjoyed it, and the noisier and more public the better. But our generation is increasingly conditioned to act like sheep. We get positively embarrassed if somebody makes a scene, no matter how justified, as though legs had been mentioned in a Victorian drawing room. Why have we become so sheeplike?

No doubt the war had something to do with it. "Don't you know there's a war on?" became an excuse for bad service during the war, and the bad service lingered on when the excuse had ceased to exist. Maybe expense accounts have something to do with it—some travelers on expense accounts have a mistaken notion that, since the dollars they are spending are not their own, they have no right to complain.

But I'm inclined to think there's another, deeper reason for our increasing sheepishness—the curious "life-adjustment" theory that has been taught in a lot of schools for many years now. If you are brought up to believe that life is something you adjust yourself to and that it is wrong and even immoral to expect life to do a little adjusting to you, all you can do is mutter "kismet" or the equivalent, and placidly accept such blows as fate or the hotel manager may have in store for you.

This conditioning to sheeplike behavior has infected our political life. There is, for example, nothing more enjoyable than a good, loud political argument. Winning a political argument requires very specialized techniques, such as The Irrelevant but Impressive Historical Allusion, The Use of Made-up Figures to Overwhelm the Opposition, The Amused and Condescending Laugh and The Prolonged, Contemptuous Silence. But that is another subject. The point I want to make is that even in Washington, the most political of towns, a good, angry political argument is getting harder and harder to stir up. And when you do get one going—with both sides shouting at one another, banging on the table, employing such techniques as those named above with great enjoyment and ruthless dexterity—there are apt to be some in the company who display a pained embarrassment, as though there were something wrong about having a fine old political dispute.

Nowadays you hear people saying that something is "a controversial subject" as though that meant it was a subject which ought not to be discussed. Good heavens! Controversy is the wellspring of freedom. Maybe this fear of controversial subjects is what's wrong with our conduct of foreign affairs. As we all become more sheeplike, our Government does too. The American Government never puce faces, or ululates, or eye pops. It leaves all the row making up to other people—South American dictators or Nikita Khrushchev. The first necessary qualification for the next President ought to be a certificate as a Master Row Maker.

I think a lot of the trouble comes from Efficiency—not real efficiency, but the kind spelled with an audible capital letter by its worshipers. According to the doctrine of this kind of Efficiency, we are no longer individuals. We are means, or averages, or statistical entities. Means, averages or statistical entities don't get angry, so they can therefore be handled in an Efficient way. Let me give you a couple of examples of what I mean.

Recently a customer ordered Asparagus Hollandaise in one of the very toniest restaurants in New York. The asparagus, when it arrived, was asparagus all right, but the sauce was a rather tired white sauce laced with lemon juice. Under Just Cause No. 1 above—"Failure to honor a stated or clearly implied commitment"—the customer, a well-known row maker, made a row. The headwaiter, when summoned, confessed with a shrug that the chef had been expressly forbidden by the management to serve real hollandaise sauce—it took too much time, and besides most of the customers didn't know the difference anyway.

Another example. The editor of our Greatest National Magazine—modesty forbids us to identify the periodical in question—was due to appear as an honor guest at a banquet at one of New York's plushiest hotels. For convenience, he made a reservation at that hotel. On arrival he found two long lines of weary passengers herded in front of a couple of reservation windows. He shuffled down his line for a full half hour, and just as he arrived at the window, a clerk slammed down a sign—NEXT WINDOW PLEASE—and disappeared. The editor had another half hour of shuffling in line and he was late for his banquet.

It was Efficient to serve white sauce instead of hollandaise—as means, averages, or statistical entities, most of the customers of the tony restaurant no doubt did not know the difference. It was Efficient for the hotel to keep its customers waiting in line—money was thus saved on clerk hire. But sure as fate, that restaurant will lose its reputation, which is as important to an expensive restaurant as it is to a lady. And although the editor did not make a row—he is not a row maker—he will never go back to that hotel again, and in this determination he will not be alone.

Efficiency—in short, the kind of Efficiency which treats people like statistical entities—is very bad business in the long run. It is the noble mission of us row makers to remind the worshipers of Efficiency of that simple fact.

Mind you, there is such a thing as genuine efficiency. And although the purpose of this article is to carp, it must be said in all justice that the American traveler runs into a lot more real efficiency than the phony kind.

There was a time when, if you were rich, you could enjoy a kind of luxury which has now disappeared in this country and is fast disappearing even in Europe—the luxury of hands. Its symbol is the little box with four bells which you still find beside your bed in a European luxury hotel. Beside each bell is a little figure, representing a lady's maid, a valet, a waiter, a chambermaid—eight hands to serve you.

Ring a bell, and almost immediately one of these little figures will appear in the flesh to clean up after you, or shine your shoes, or help you on with your clothes, or bring you anything from a repast of the *haute cuisine* to a chicken sandwich. You don't find this sort of thing in an American hotel—although in a good hotel, room service is an adequate substitute. And it is quite sensible and right that the bells with the little figures do not appear beside your bed in an American hotel.

(*Continued on Page 174*)

What Would You Have Done?

As deck hand on a two-man shrimp boat, I was washing nets before dawn while the captain steered offshore. I had a ten-quart wooden bucket on a line. One end of the line was secured to the bucket, the other was tied around my waist. Suddenly the boat rolled. The bucket dipped deeper than usual and the rope gave me a tremendous yank. My rubber boots skidded on the wet deck. Splash! I found myself in the Atlantic Ocean, far from shore. I yelled, but the captain couldn't hear me above the engine. My boots, which I couldn't shuck, made swimming almost impossible. What would you, in my place, have done?

• •

The bucket, although full, was floating nearby. I drew it to me with the line, inverted it so that it was full of air, and had a perfect lifesaver. Soon the captain, having missed me, picked me up.

JOHN W. NEWTON

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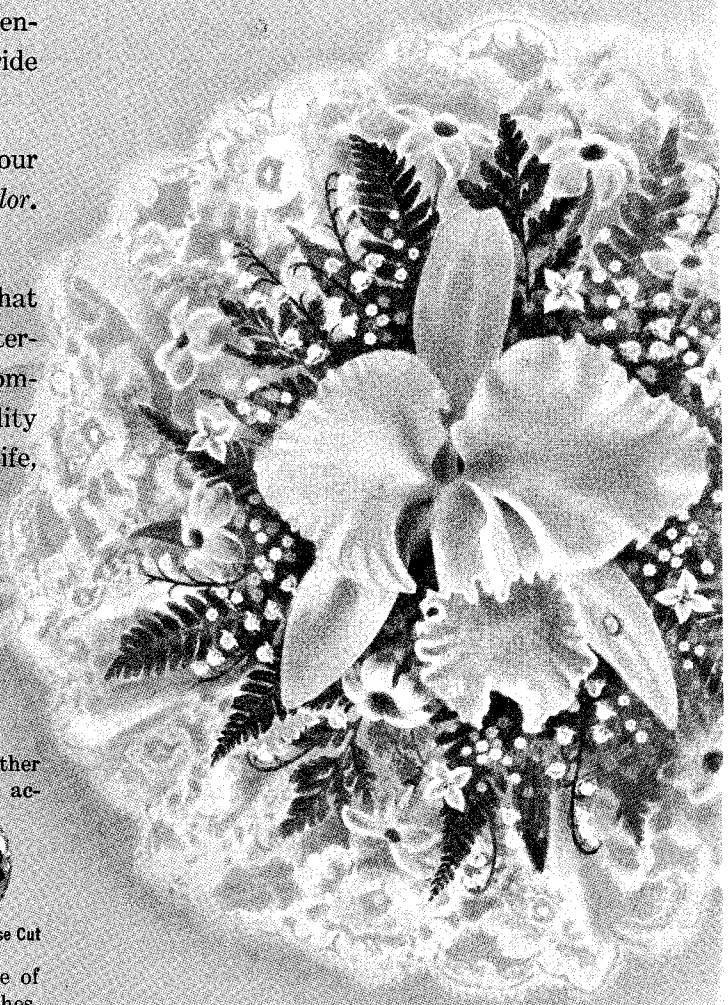
A Diamond tells of Love

It is also an important investment. To help you choose wisely, here are some facts to guide you in judging quality and value.

Much of a bride-to-be's radiant happiness traces directly to the beam of light on her third-finger-left-hand. She sees, in the fiery beauty of her diamond engagement ring, the message of immutable love. For five centuries this precious gem has been man's chosen way to declare his pride and faith in a woman and to tell of his marriage promise.

In choosing a diamond, *the rule of the Four C's* will help you buy your dollar's worth. These Four C's are: *carat weight, cutting, clarity and color.* Each of the C's has great significance in determining quality and cost.

There is also another C of importance to you. This is the C that stands for confidence in your jeweler. A reliable retail jeweler takes interest and pride in advising you honestly and will stand behind his recommendations. As a specialist in gemology, he can show you just how quality is judged, help you choose a diamond you'll be proud of all your life, proud to pass on to your children, too.



What is carat weight? The size of a diamond is measured by weight, in points and carats. The carat is composed of 100 points, just as a dollar is made up of one hundred cents. If a jeweler shows you a diamond weighing 85 points, it is between three-quarters and a full carat weight.

So you'll have an idea of what to expect, here is a range of sizes:

25 points (¼ carat) · 50 points (½ carat) · 100 points (1 carat) · 200 points (2 carats)

Often, you will find superior quality in a small diamond. Such a diamond may be worth more than a considerably larger one of less choice description.

Larger stones of fine quality are more rare than smaller ones and they cost more per carat. For instance, if two stones are of like quality, but one is twice the size of the other, the larger stone will probably cost you more than twice as much.

What is meant by cutting? As a price-setting factor, cutting refers to the quality of the workmanship. How well is the diamond cut? A well-cut diamond is at its brilliant best when every facet has been placed on the stone at the correct angle and in correct proportions. Diamond cutters are highly skilled craftsmen and highly paid, for this is one of the most painstaking trades and there is scarcely any margin for error.

Cut also refers to the shape of the stone and the arrangement of the facets. The most popular style for the engagement ring solitaire is the round brilliant-cut with 58 facets. There are, of course, other shapes, too, so that you may choose according to your individual taste.

Round Cut · Emerald Cuts · Marquise Cut

What is clarity? This is the absence of carbon spots, bubbles or other blemishes. Under Federal Trade Commission rules, a diamond may be described as flawless only if it shows no such blemishes to a trained eye when magnified ten times. A tiny inclusion that cannot be seen with the unaided eye may have little effect on the brilliance and beauty of a diamond, but the price you pay should be less than for a flawless stone.

What is meant by color? While a diamond breaks up light so that it gives off every color in the rainbow, the material of the stone itself is ideally free of any color—a crystal-clear white. However, really fine whites are extremely rare and very valuable. The term "blue-white" is considered inaccurate today and is seldom used by reputable jewelers. The variations in color in diamonds are so delicate they can rarely be detected, except when one diamond is compared with others.

What does a diamond cost? The cost of a diamond varies widely, according to the qualities mentioned (cut, clarity, color) as well as size. For your guidance, price ranges at right are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in July, 1959.

Published by De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., to help you in your selection of your engagement diamond.

25 points (¼ carat) $80 to $320

50 points (½ carat) $175 to $615

100 points (1 carat) $495 to $1590

200 points (2 carats) $1150 to $3865

(tax is additional)

A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

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(*Continued from Page 172*) No doubt the Englishman in India in the days of the Empire lived in high old style, with one bearer to tie his shoe laces, and another to rub his back in the bath. But an American would be an ass to want, or to expect, that kind of personal service. The luxury of hands was no doubt very pleasant for the very rich when it existed in this country, and it is still pleasant for the rich where it can still be found in Europe. But as soon as you begin to pay the hands a living wage, you can't afford the luxury of hands any more. The fact that we lack the luxury of hands is a reflection of another fact of which we may be proud—that we are both the richest and the most egalitarian society that has ever existed. And we are slowly evolving in this country a sort of sensible luxury-for-everybody, with a minimum of personal service. When it is really efficient instead of officiously Efficient, this system works very well.

For example, in many parts of the United States a genuine and delicious American cuisine is developing. The emphasis is on freshness—as in salads, which are particularly good on the West Coast—and simplicity and rapidity of preparation. Just remember not to order anything that requires a lot of time and manpower—except in the very few restaurants which actually do reproduce the European *haute cuisine*—and you can get an excellent meal almost anywhere in the United States. In other ways, real efficiency has made travel—on almost any airline, for example, or on a really good train, or in a good hotel or motel uncursed by Efficiency—a pleasure in this country, despite the lack of the luxury of hands.

But travel in this country is by no means always a pleasure, and that is where we row makers have our inspiring mission to perform. My own special project is the opening of hotel windows. Winter or summer I hate to sleep with my windows closed—maybe I have some peculiar complex about it. At any rate, as a statistical entity, the American hotel customer apparently fears and dislikes open windows. In some hotels, as a consequence, it is impossible to open the window without a crowbar. In others I have had to go through an extraordinary amount of puce facing and ululating just to get a window open and, in winter, a couple of blankets for the bed.

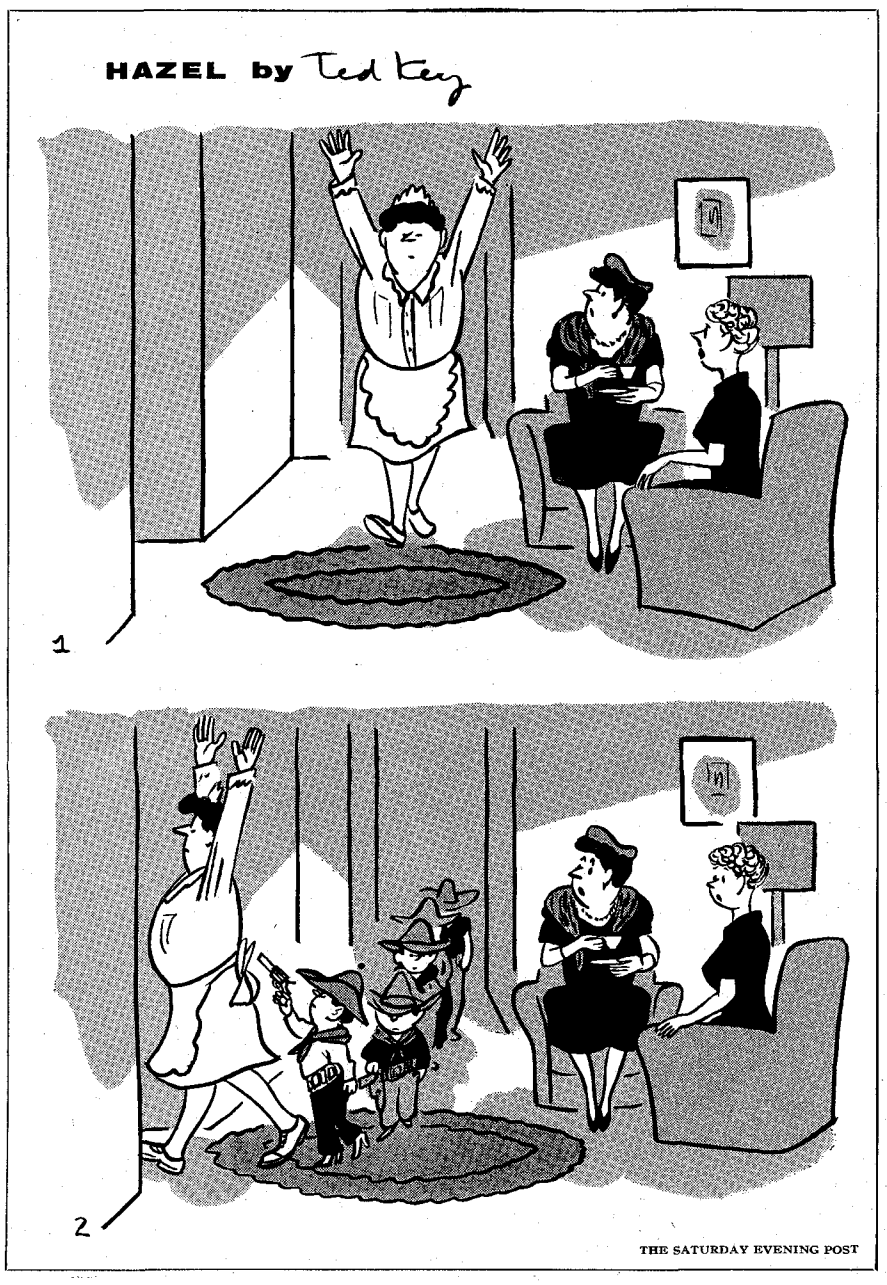
Often the reaction has been one of sincere surprise. "But it is cold outside," I will be told—or, "But your air conditioner is working, isn't it?" Fresh, unprocessed air has become downright unfashionable, like double-breasted suits. Those who have attained a respectable "status" will have no traffic with the stuff. Maybe it is because nobody advertises air. One can almost hear the television commercials: "Air, spelled *A—I—R*. Air contains that Magic Ingredient, the Miracle of Modern Science, Oxygen."

As for the airlines, my quarrel with them—or some of them—is summed up in one question. Why can't they treat their customers the same way when they're on the ground as when they're in the air?

Once in the air—on almost all lines—the customer is king indeed. He is pampered, cosseted, his hand held, his brow soothed, his cigarette lighted, his diaper, if that should be necessary, changed. But on the ground, on some lines at least, the customer, instead of being king, is either a statistical entity or an idiot child.

Take this matter of confirming reservations six hours before flight time. No doubt there are excellent reasons for this policy. But does the customer have to be driven loony before he can get his bought-and-paid-for reservation confirmed?

Any habitual air traveler knows what happens all too often. You have a crowded schedule. A good six hours before flight time you telephone the airline to reconfirm. Busy signal. Blast it. You have an appointment in a few minutes you cannot afford to miss. You call again. Busy signal. Damn and blast. You feel the urge to make a public row coming over you, face pucing up slightly, eyes protruding a trifle. You call again. Another busy signal. Six calls in a row—and at last, a sweet, ladylike voice: "Reservations are busy. Would you care to wait?" Click. No, you would *not* care to wait! Two minutes pass. Five. Perhaps ten. Then, your appointment missed, your day ruined: "Thank you for waiting. May I help you?"



By this time, of course, you are wholly prepared to make a row, face fully puced, eyes entirely popped, already hopping and waving. But there is really not much to be done. It is not the fault of the lady with the sweet voice. It is the fault of Efficiency.

My other complaint about the airlines concerns the weather. Everybody but an idiot child knows that flights are sometimes delayed or canceled because of the weather. No sensible person blames the airlines for this fact of life—it is a drawback more than compensated for by the speed, comfort and increasing safety of air travel. But, why do some airlines have to treat their customers like idiot children where the weather is concerned?

Suppose you are in a Midwestern city, and that it is absolutely imperative that you make an appointment in New York the next morning. You can take an overnight train and be sure of getting there. Or you can take a plane and if all goes well spend the night in a comfortable and motionless bed. But the weather looks ugly. What to do? You call the airline. "Our flights have been taking off on schedule, sir." Yes, but what about flight so-and-so to New York? "Flight so-and-so is expected to take off on schedule, sir." You risk the plane—and of course it is canceled at the last moment, too late for the train.

This happened to me recently, and I asked the ticket agent to get me a reservation on the next plane and to send a telegram explaining why I would be late for an appointment. He looked at me as though I had taken leave of my senses. What did this sheep think he was—a human? Inspired by emotion, I made a row which almost qualified me for a Master Row Makers' Certificate, and of course the reservation was made and the telegram sent. But the harm was done already. The airline couldn't control the weather. But its meteorologists certainly knew well in advance that things looked a bit sticky and that perhaps the flight would have to be canceled. Why not tell the passengers just that, so that they could make up their own minds in a sensible way?

Naturally you have to make distinctions—some airlines long ago realized that the kind of Efficiency which calls for treating customers like sheep on the ground, while treating them like kings in the air, is bad business in the long run. An even sharper distinction has to be made about railroads.

Certain trains, especially on the Western runs, treat their passengers to the luxurious attentions which our fathers expected and got. I know one husband and wife who take long trips on a certain line, not because they want to get somewhere, but because they consider it the most agreeable and luxurious vacation available at the price. But alas, other railroads have clearly concluded that it is more Efficient to carry hogs than humans and that it is therefore a good idea to treat humans like hogs. Last winter my mother made an overnight trip on a train which had (a) no heat, (b) no light and (c) no water. Nobody seemed to think this state of affairs particularly unusual. On one line I suspect that a Vice President in Charge of Stopping Up the Toilets has been appointed. In this situation the unfortunate row maker must admit defeat, for he has no bargaining power.

And yet we row makers must, in the words of that immortal row maker, Sir Winston Churchill, "never surrender." We must fight on, against whatever odds. And we must be forever on guard against such subtle weapons in the hands of the enemy as Professional Politeness. We have been conditioned to doing what we are told, no questions asked, so long as we are called "sir" or "madam" and the word "please" is added. This conditioning is so effective that the time may come when an enemy could dispose of the whole fighting population of the United States simply by broadcasting: "Please go jump in the river, sir."

We have also been conditioned not to ask inconvenient questions—above all such lower-status questions as "How much does it cost?" We are supposed to be above such crass considerations. Take the matter of paying restaurant checks. When we get a check, we are expected to sign it with a flourish, or if we are so old-fashioned as to use real money, to cover it with a flutter of bills, with hardly a glance at the total. It was not always thus. John D. Rockefeller Jr. has described his father on a trip to France, examining all his bills with minute care, and asking, "What are poulets?" or "What in the world is a bougie?" The old man had around a billion dollars stashed away at the time. Surely we lesser mortals should have the courage to hail a waiter occasionally to ask, "What is this K-rmpf for which I am being charged eight-fifty?" Or, "Since when do six-seventy-five and three-fifty add up to eleven-fifty?"

Mind you, it takes courage these days to ask such questions. You must expect a haughty glance of contempt from the waiter, a look of pained embarrassment from your guest. Indeed, it takes courage not to act like a sheep. But in this respect as in most others, courage is rewarding.

Try making a row once in a while and you will find that, with a bit of practice, it becomes a positive pleasure to display what the late Frank Lloyd Wright, himself a Master Row Maker, called "a little honest arrogance." Just bear in mind the sequence—the pucing of the face, the popping of the eyes, the silent preliminary hopping and waving, the climactic outraged shout—and you, too, may qualify for a Row Makers' Certificate. In time, perhaps, you may even scale the heights to become a Master Row Maker. And always remember that when you make a row for one of the two just causes, you are serving far more than your own selfish convenience. At considerable personal risk—for there is always the chance of that punch in the snoot—you are serving your fellow citizens, even the most sheeplike. And so, sheep of America, arise. You have nothing to lose but your tempers.

THE END

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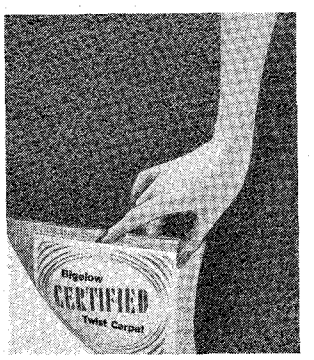

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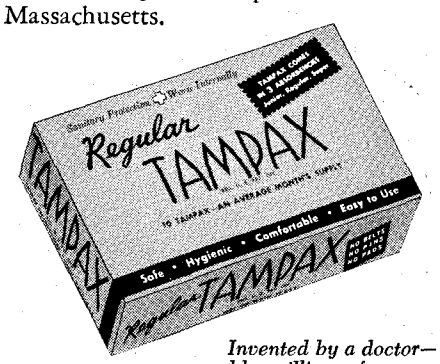

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

Keeping Posted

Concerning Lawyer Mason

Actor Raymond Burr, alias television's famed Perry Mason, dropped into Philadelphia out of the airways one day, and there you see him with associate editor **Robert Johnson,** who previously had dropped into Hollywood to research the Burr article on page 26. In the photo are former *Post* illustrations for Perry Mason stories; artist James Bingham uses the principal TV series actors as his models. To wrap things up neatly, on page 53 is running a new Mason serial by the man who started all this, **Erle Stanley Gardner.** Folks around the *Post* editorial rooms liked Ray Burr; he pleasantly combines a deep seriousness about his work with an outreaching personal warmth and a ready fund of humor.

In a week of tightly packed interviewing in the Los Angeles area Bob Johnson cased all the people he writes about, including Erle Gardner, who flew in to join the proceedings. Sometimes he switched from an orthodox tape recorder to a pint-sized item which fits better into

Actor Burr and author Johnson talk things over.

localities like the Brown Derby or Romanoff's. He brought back three and two tenths miles of tape, which made 250 typescript pages of raw material, which he made into a sixteen-page article.

Tales of the Authors

Sean O'Faolain.

Richard Macaulay's wife Mildred is also his secretary.

During the Second World War **Sean O'Faolain,** the distinguished Irish author, started a long novel, worked on it four years, then, dissatisfied with it, took the manuscript into his garden and deposited it chunk by chunk on an autumn bonfire. However, when he came to a certain portion that he did like very much, "I granted those pages a respite." A while ago he reread those pages—and they became the novelette on page 40.

Every night **David Yellin** tells a different bedtime story—fiction or fact—to his three young sons, and his page 36 article is one of nearly 2500 tales he has spun during the past seven years. Papa Yellin, a veteran of the entertainment business, is associated with actor Lloyd Nolan in Nolan-Yellin Productions, and mother Carol Yellin is an associate editor of *Reader's Digest*.

After a long period of living and writing in the Bahamas, **Richard Macaulay** has moved back to "Hollywood"—Beverly Hills, to be exact. His first *Post* story appeared in 1934 and his latest appears on page 44.

The Senate and the Fair Sex

Sen. Gale McGee of Wyoming recently asked for three minutes on the United States Senate floor to talk about women, then requested unanimous consent that "an exciting article"—WYOMING'S WONDERFUL WOMEN by **Paul Schubert** in the August-first *Post*—be printed in full in the *Congressional Record*. No objection; so ordered. Speaking of "notable pulchritude," Senator McGee said he wished *The Post's* color photographs could appear in the *Record;* later he explained that Wyoming women do not "confine their talents to the beauty which blends in with the beauties of the surrounding mountains and terrain which God provided in our area," and he spoke of intelligence, leadership and greatness. He asserted that only a long *Post* serial could cover the subject in all its ramifications.

When Senator Long of Louisiana objected to trying to discuss women under a time limitation [laughter], other gentlemen began chipping in their three minutes' worth. Senator Neuberger of Oregon—a *Post* contributor—said, "I want to caution the distinguished senator from Wyoming lest he wax so eulogistic about beautiful women from Wyoming that he be confronted by a dilemma that has confronted me." It seems that Mrs. Neuberger wrote a magazine article urging that the next United States President be a woman, after which somebody in an Oregon audience asked the senator if he didn't think both of Oregon's senators should be women. Senator McGee said, "Perhaps we can channel the energies of women to running for the Senate. I say this with all humidity [laughter]—with all humility, in view of the many potential presidential candidates in the Senate." Later discussion developed the fact that a granddaughter of Senator Wiley of Wisconsin had just been elected president of Girls' Nation, a project of the American Legion Auxiliary, and there was unanimous support of Mr. Wiley's request that a newspaper article about this be printed in the *Congressional Record*. So far as we can determine, none of the senators lost any votes, female or otherwise.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"My Father F.D.R."

The most intimate story yet written about the late President. By his eldest son, James Roosevelt.

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